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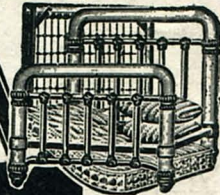
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. VIII

No. 4

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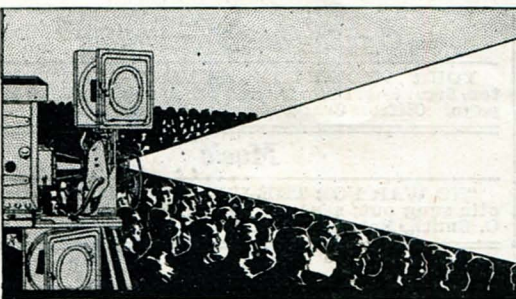
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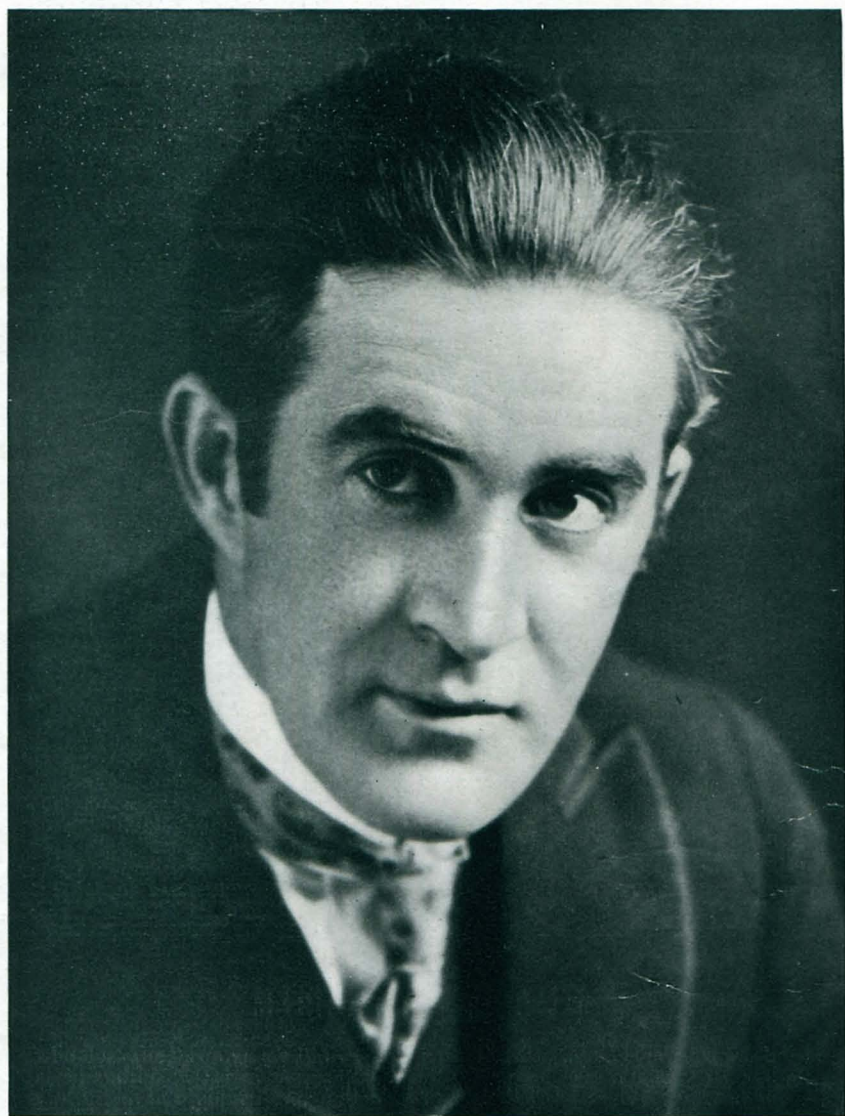
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POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



PAULINE BUSH

is the girl who dashes into those Western pictures in a cloud of dust, wherein may sometimes be seen "Big Enough," her famed steed. Miss Bush is a native of Lincoln, Neb., W. J. Bryan's birthplace. The first moving picture she ever saw was one in which she played. Married? Oh, yes! Quite recently, to Allan Dwan, who directs some of Mary Pickford's pictures.



FRANCIS FORD

Universal director and leading man was born in Portland, Maine, and served through the Spanish-American war. On his return from Cuba he went on the stage in stock, and was drafted into the moving pictures in the infancy of the business. He is best known for his work opposite Grace Cunard in the Universal serials.



NORMA TALMADGE

piquant Vitagraph star, went straight from her high school sororities and fudge cliques to moving pictures without using the stage sock or buskin en route. She is nineteen, a brunette, loves to swim—who wouldn't with such a figure?—and rides horseback. She grew famous through the "Belinda" series of pictures. Born in Niagara Falls.



Photo by Floyd

NAOMI CHILDERS

the "Grecian Girl" of the Vitagraph, so dubbed by renowned artists, who have painted and sculpted her, is a native of "ole Sain' Looney." She was greatly in demand for classic society readings, before the pictures came to divide her with the common people. "Hearts of Women" and "The Crucible of Fate," are among her best picture plays.



LILLIAN GISH

whom D. W. Griffith called "the most beautiful blonde in the world," has in spite of her youth, had many years of stage experience. She was the most famous of all "Little Evans," (Uncle Tom's Cabin) at six, and was featured in "The Birth of a Nation"—both plays the objects of narrow sectional wrath. Miss Gish collects rare books as a hobby.



MRS. MARY MAURICE

the Biograph "mother lady," is a native of Philadelphia. She supported Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Modjeska and Robert B. Mantell during her long stage career. She doesn't mind admitting that she's past sixty, but she has the heart of youth and is the best loved of "screen mothers."



PAULINE MORAN

of the Keystone comedies is known as "Polly" all over Los Angeles. Before going into the movies she was a vaudeville favorite of international fame. Miss Moran is being shown in many of the recent Keystone releases, and soon she will be as popular on the screen as she was on the stage.



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JAMES MORRISON

is one of the handsome and gifted young men who make the Vitagraph photoplays. He is a native of Mattoon, Ill., and attended the University of Chicago. He appeared in stock before he entered moving pictures, where he attained almost instant success. Mr. Morrison enjoys athletics of all sorts.



ORMI HAWLEY

beautiful, talented Lubin star, was born in Holyoke, Mass., and lived there until a few years ago when she accepted her first engagement on the stage. After a short experience in stock she was drafted into the Lubin company at Philadelphia. She has clear, steady gray eyes, hair of old gold and a pure, classical profile.



MARGUERITE COURTOT

who does the "a-going a-milking, sir!" parts for the Kalem company, was born at Summit, New Jersey, August 20, 1897. Nature was in a merry mood that year. She has auburn hair and blue eyes, and sh-h-h!—loves to read those naughty books by Alexandre Dumas. "The Octoroon" and "Shenandoah" are her most notable photoplays.



ALICE BRADY

is the daughter of the famous theatrical manager, William A. Brady, and is herself a former star of the boards. She is tense, magnetic, emotional. Add that she is one of the most beautiful girls in moving pictures, and you have some of the reasons for her popularity. Some of her best work is seen in "As Ye Sow," a World Film release.



PAUL SCARDON

was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1880. His first public appearance was as a child contortionist in his native country. He later toured the Pacific islands in stock, playing Don Quixote. Mr. Scardon entered moving pictures with D. W. Griffith, but is now with the Vitagraph. "Counsel for Defense" is one of his best pictures.



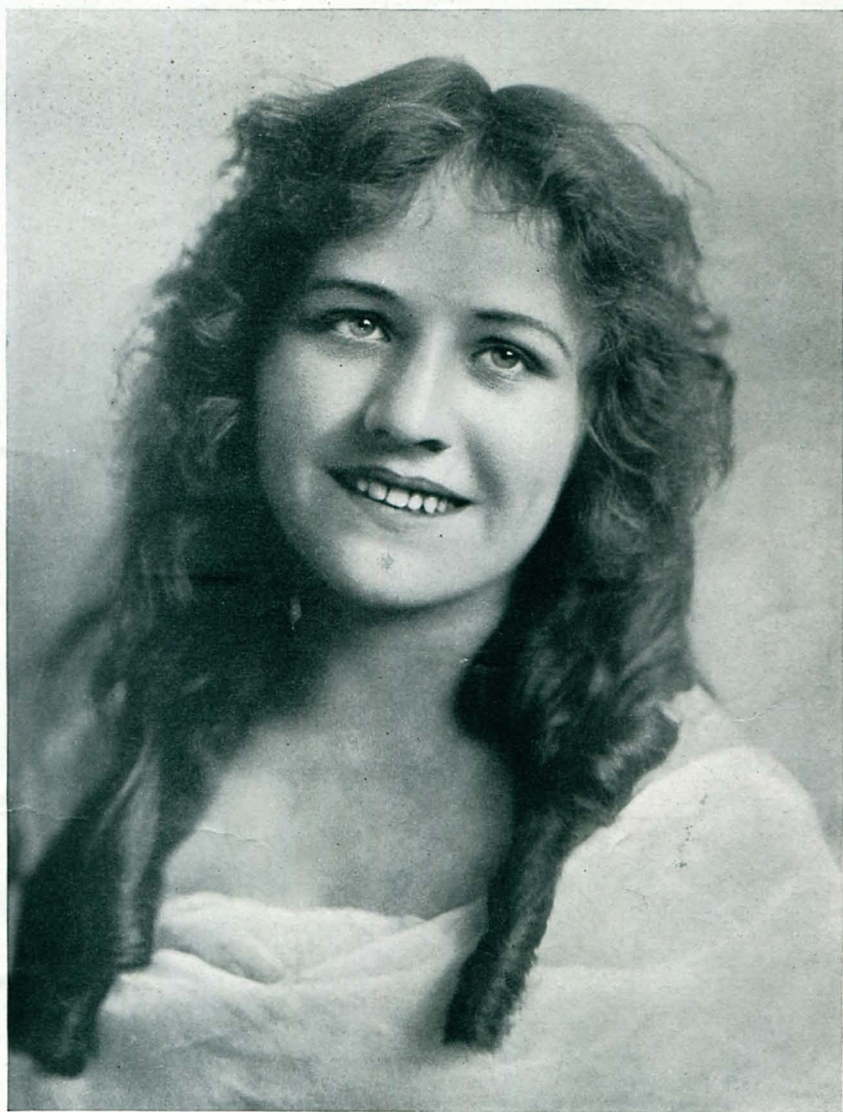
LILLIAN WALKER

is a feminine confection composed of dimples, golden hair and curves. She was born in Brooklyn and as an artist's model her beauty attracted attention and she got her opportunity on the stage. All her picture appearances have been Vitagraph productions, and she is best known for her work in "Cinderella's Slippers" and the "Miss Tomboy" series.



WILLIAM RUSSELL

is a man's man. He's six feet two and is one of the country's cleverest amateur boxers. "Big Bill" his friends call him. Mr. Russell made a reputation on the stage before he joined the pictures. He has been starred in Famous Players Productions and is now winning honors as the "heavy" in "The Diamond From The Sky."



EDNA PAYNE

says she was born "in a trunk," while her actor parents were on the road. This trunk may be pointed out by posterity along with Mt. Vernon and other noted birthplaces, for Miss Payne is making herself famous with the Biograph. She loves to get letters from "dear old ladies, and school girls who have liked my pictures."



Copyright, 1915, De Gaston

Mary Pickford believes that weeping is but a part of an actress' calling.
From article on "Tears" in this issue—Page 77



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Vol. VIII. No. 4

September, 1915

Watch for the Great "BEAUTY *and* BRAINS" CONTEST

(Full Announcement in the October Issue)

IT is the object of this contest to find the ten most beautiful and intelligent girls in the United States (one from each of ten geographical divisions) and give them an opportunity to become moving picture actresses in one of the greatest producing organizations.

¶ The winners will be brought to New York under proper chaperonage, and will stop at one of the famous hotels of the city, all expenses paid.

¶ They will then start a course of training under one of the greatest moving picture directors, and will be given roles in big productions.

¶ The girls who demonstrate dramatic possibilities will then be given contracts with the producing company.

¶ Those who, in the judgment of the director, do not possess qualities which make a successful star, will have their expenses paid in full to their homes.

The method of judging and full details of this remarkable contest will be given in the October issue of Photoplay Magazine (Out September 1st).

The Virtuoso Who Plays on a Camera

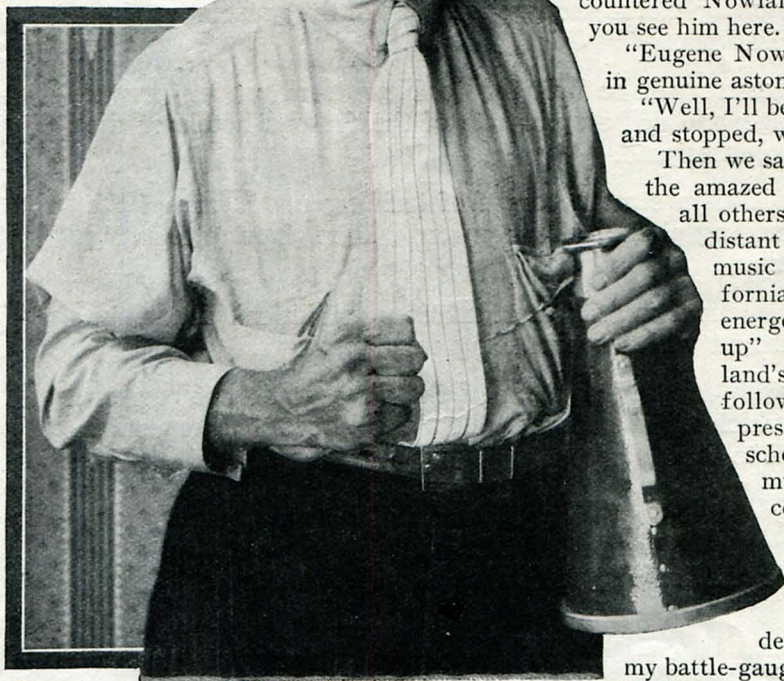
SOME PARAGRAPHS ON NOWLAND,
EDISON'S MAESTRO OF EMOTIONS
WHO WAS A FAMOUS VIOLINIST

By Johnstone Craig

NOT long ago I spent a day in those foothills at the end of New York's Third Avenue "L"—straight ahead the New York Central, destining its steel ribbons to eternal continuance; at the right, the rolling greens of Bronx Park; to the left, a village street, a steep incline, the Edison Motion Picture Studio.

It was with the Studio that I was concerned. After

Eugene Nowland, artist, musician, historical authority and director!



some pleasant hours within it H. G. Plimpton, its suave Colonel-General, called my attention to the company plans for their biggest feature, "Vanity Fair," in which Mrs. Fiske is to perpetuate in white-and-black her remarkable study of that most remarkable of all fiction women, Becky Sharp.

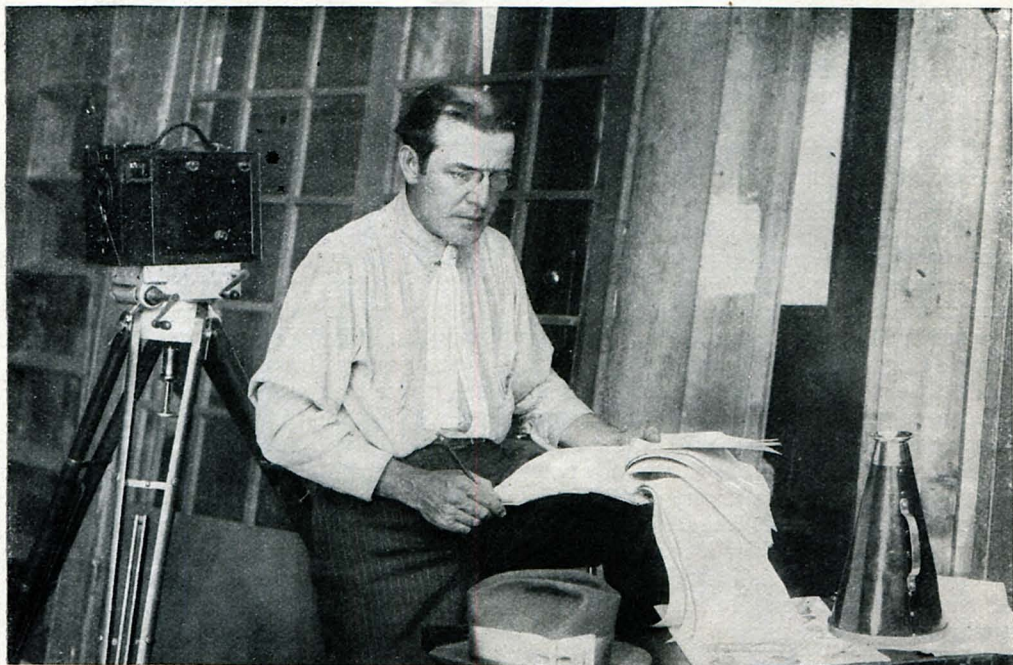
"Some tussle to decide on a director, too!" exclaimed Plimpton. "Finally we chose a remarkable young chap named Nowland. Seems to be everything—artist, musician, writer, historical student and authority—and dramatic? Intensity to his finger-tips! You must meet him."

So I met him, in courtesy to Mr. Plimpton. The name meant nothing to me—and yet what Plimpton said sounded interesting. So we went down the stairly labyrinth into the main studio, and there we encountered Nowland, looking just as you see him here.

"Eugene Nowland!" I exclaimed in genuine astonishment.

"Well, I'll be ——" he returned, and stopped, wordless.

Then we sat down, oblivious of the amazed Mr. Plimpton and all others, and recalled those distant days when, as a music reporter on a California newspaper, I used energetically to "write up" young Mr. Nowland's violin recitals, and follow with warmly expressed approbation his schemes for chamber-music quartettes, concerts of programme music, and "purpose" recitals. A number of years ago I came East, determined to fling my battle-gauge right around New York's neck and choke it to death.



His most remarkable achievement was conceiving a photo drama, writing the scenario and taking half the picture in 24 hours.

Nowland, pretty soon, did the same. He changed his trade entirely; I went to another branch of mine; we quite lost each other. And though New York, strangely, still lives—so do we!

Plimpton tells me that Nowland is his most enthusiastic director. The Edison people, that he is the greatest experimenter, the most intense emotionalist, they have ever seen. They say he tries for, and secures, effects that no other man would dare try for, or even imagine.

After we had recovered from the momentary aphasia of auld lang syne Nowland took in hand a wonderful pretty girl who, he had an idea, would make a capable Amelia Sedley, in "Vanity Fair." Really I'm not susceptible, but I can't forget that girl's beauty. She was just an extra girl; had worked at Lubin's; wanted to be in New York because her people lived there. In the morning, she had been one of twenty honored guests at a picture banquet in some feature or other. She still wore her pretty evening gown, and though her cheeks were damask and dusk, and her eyes darkly lustrous, I remember trying to get behind her just to feast a pair of really chaste eyes on shoulders that were absolutely sculptured.

I could only have shouted an enthusiastic "Hurrah!" but Nowland, being all for art, just wanted to make her cry. And cry she did. I don't know what he said, but in a moment, in response to his words, and fingers that gesticulated through a whole chromatic scale of imaginary sorrows, a languid camera-man was winding in as fine a human Niagara as you ever saw.

"You'll do," said Nowland, quietly, backing away from her.

"Thanks!" she tried to smile, but she couldn't quite instantly freeze the fountain that he had broken open, and so she went away laughing hysterically.

"As I remember you," I remarked to Nowland, "you were some bear with the bow; you had as fine a following of rapt old ladies as any Belgian virtuoso; your art had made you independent, and it was making you famous. Besides all that, you lived in California. Why this learning of new tricks?"

"I was restless. I think you knew that. It isn't that I love violin playing less, but a bigger art the more; that's all. My friends—when I announced my decision—said I was all to the harrythaw; my family threatened to leave me. In fact, I was a

sort of alienist's exhibit A, for I had determined to be a director, yet I knew no one in the picture business. Details are for tombstones or court records. So I'll just say that I started—and here I am."

That's the story of Nowland as told by himself: one cover and then another cover; you imagine the contents.

His career, however, is far from being as tombstonish as he would have one believe.

For one thing, he is an all-American musician who actually won the summit.

Born in Memphis, Tenn., he went to New York as a violin prodigy at the age of 9. At 10, he was a member of the great orchestra of the elder Damrosch, and was a concert soloist. As a boy in the first of his teens, he represented the South as soloist in the festival concerts at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago.

Soon after, he left for Berlin, where he studied with Wirth, Zajic and that teacher of teachers, Joachim. In his first year in Berlin he appeared as soloist with the Philharmonic Orchestra, and at the Singakademie.

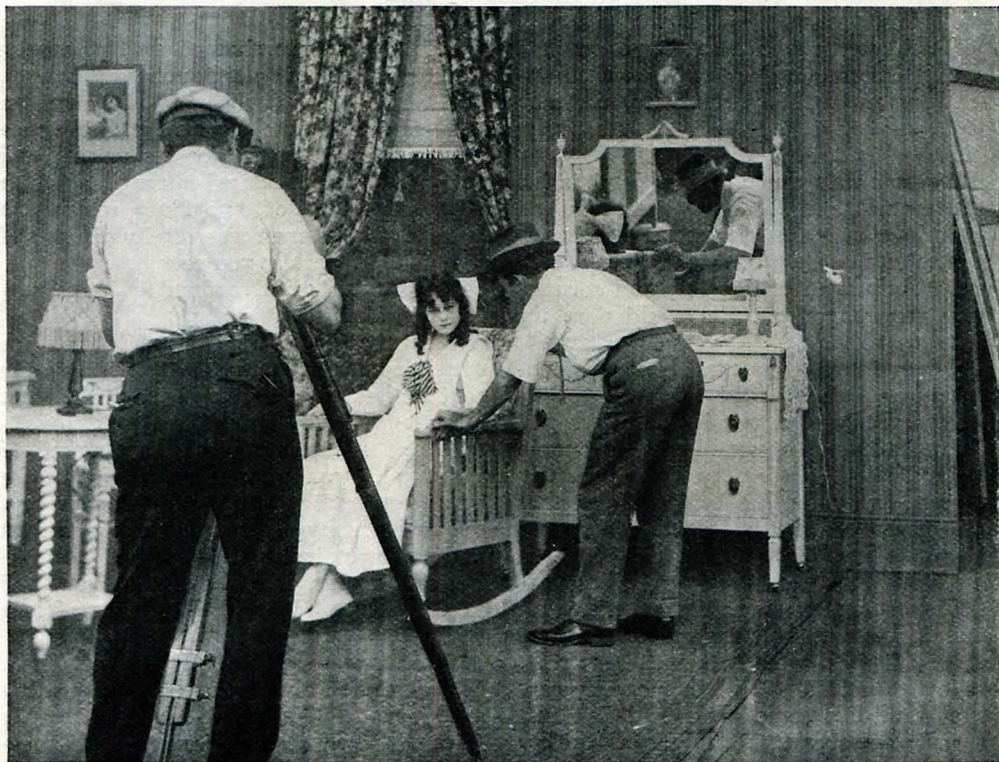
After a comparatively short time in Berlin he went to Brussels, and there studied under Eugene Ysaye.

He toured America, as a violin virtuoso of the first rank, in 1896 and 1897. In 1898 he stopped all artistic work, and organized a Red Cross group of surgeons, nurses and equipment, which he took to Cuba during the Spanish-American war.

After the war he returned to Europe, and lived for a time in the now-destroyed Liege. Here he studied with Cesar Thompson. In Brussels, while helping an old lady who had fallen from a 'bus, he fractured his hand, and avers that ever thereafter it seriously interfered with his playing—though he is perhaps the only one who noticed it.

He started the picture craft as assistant to the scenario editor of a Western company. He soon became an assistant director, and from that time his progress was rapid.

He says that his most remarkable achievement to date was conceiving the photoplay, "According to Their Lights," writing the scenario and taking more than half the picture in twenty-four hours.



Nowland, being all for art, wanted to make her cry, and cry she did.

The HOUSE of a THOUSAND CANDLES

By Edith Huntington Mason

THE SEARCH FOR A MILLION THAT
DISCOVERED LOVE ALONG THE WAY.

Illustrations by the Selig Co.

IN every gabled window tall tapers gleamed sending forth a welcome to any who might be travelling toward Glenarm House that night.

Upstairs in the squire's bedroom a fire burned. He was smoking his long pipe in quiet meditation when his goddaughter burst into the room. There was nothing Marian loved better than her evening talks with Squire Glenarm.

"How I love the wind and the fir trees tapping on the windows and your dear candles, dear Godpapa!" she said, snuggling down into his arms.

"And to think you came over tonight," he said, "just when I have such news to tell you!" He beamed down at her as the girl sat suddenly erect.

"What news!" she cried, "what news!"

He pinched her cheek.

"Well," he said, "somebody is coming home tonight on the nine-thirty, somebody tall and slim—always laughing, somebody who loves my little Marian!"

"Jack!" cried the girl and burst out sobbing.

The violence of her grief alarmed the squire. There was something wrong here.

"My little girl," he said tenderly, "what is it?"

His ear, bent to her lips, elicited a pitiful story. When Jack had been home two years before, it seemed, he had told Marian he loved her, had stolen a kiss, had promised to write her from New York. But she had had no word from him in two years, and now, just lately, she had heard that a wicked dancer woman

called Carmen, had won his heart.

A shadow came over the squire's face.

"When I was Jack's age," he said, "I was wild, too. Once I persuaded a lovely young girl to say she would marry me. I was going away but I promised to come back. Instead I gambled at the race tracks for three years, and when I returned at last, it was to find that she had married some one else."

Marian tightened the clasp of her arms about him. He smiled down at her.

"But I think she must have cared a little for me," he said, "because when she died, she made me godfather for her two little girls, Marian and Olivia Evans."

Bates, the butler, entered. "Almost time

for Martin to be back from the station, sir," he said.

"Light every candle in the house," ordered Squire Glenarm, whose eccentric love for his collection of gold and silver candelabra had earned for his home the title of the house of the thousand candles.

They sat in silence, the two, waiting while the stubborn clock ticked away the moments. A motor horn sounded down

the drive, and presently Bates reappeared.

"No one for Glenarm House on the nine-thirty, sir," he said.

The squire's brow contracted as he felt the girl shudder in his arms. "Extinguish the candles, Bates," he said. "We shall not want a celebration now."



Upstairs in the squire's bedroom a fire burned. He was smoking his long pipe in quiet meditation.



At the table sat a young man of Unusual good looks. As Carmen came on, bowing, he half rose in his chair.

Arthur Pickering had known his friend and patron, Squire Glenarm, a long while, but the lawyer had never seen him in such a resolute state of mind as that in which he found him the morning after the scene with Marian.

"I'm going to New York, Arthur," said the squire, "never mind what for, and when I return, I'm planning a trip to Italy, and there are a number of matters I want you to take care of for me during my absence."

The two men talked an hour or more over their cigars and there was some sorting and signing of papers. Then the squire was at the door with his valise in his hand.

"And mind, you needn't tell Jack or Marian, of course," he said in parting, "but before I go abroad, I'll draw up a will leaving the bulk of my fortune to Marian Evans, if Jack fails to discover the hiding place of the million in securities which I have hidden in Glenarm House; and another thing, don't forget to tell him about those clues to its location, which I have concealed in a candlestick. I leave it to you to choose the psychological moment

when he needs help the most. Good-bye, Arthur—good-bye, I'm off!"

The lawyer, a fine looking man, except for his rather sinister expression, watched the motor whirl down the drive, then returned into the house which was to be his home for the next year, while he saw that his friend's schemes were carried out.

"So Marian Evans will inherit the money if that young fool of a Jack fails to find the secret wall safe, where it lies," he murmured to himself; "well that's very interesting; I always did think she was a very beautiful girl!" He laughed softly to himself.

* * * * *

The roof garden was as crowded as it usually was when Carmen, the latest dancer to captivate New York, came on the stage. Beneath the sky of indigo blue plaster, spangled with electric stars, hung hundreds of Chinese lanterns of every shape and size, and canary bird cages, from which poured the music of a thousand bursting little hearts.

At a table near the stage, sat a young man of winning appearance and unusual

good looks. As Carmen came on, bowing, he half rose in his chair.

"Look at her!" he said, "isn't she exquisite!"

His companion, an older man laughed sneeringly.

"What it is to be in love!" he said. "On my word, Jack, I believe you're so infatuated you'd even kill that lover of hers, with whom she is dancing, if Carmen only gave you encouragement enough!"

Quite different from the excited, reckless youth of the roof garden episode, was the pale, dispirited young man who entered next morning, the office where he was supposed to be studying law.

"My head feels like a turnip," he told the office boy, who replied by informing him that some one was waiting to see him in the other room.

"Grandfather!" cried Jack, at sight of the visitor, "Grandfather! by everything that's good!" and he hugged the old man right before the stenographer.

The genuineness of Jack's greeting almost robbed the squire of his resolution.

He hardly knew how to tell his grandson that he disapproved of the way he was

living, and that he intended to cut him off with a shilling if he didn't leave New York and settle down at Glenarm House for a while.

"This business of inheriting my money makes life a little too easy for you!" he said. "I'm going to make it more difficult. I have concealed, somewhere in my house, a fortune in securities, in a wall safe with a secret spring. If you fail to discover it during your stay you must forfeit it."

If the old man expected to dash his grandson's spirits by the announcement of this string which he had tied to his inheritance he found himself mistaken.

Jack rose to his feet with a shout. "Hooray! A million dollar mystery! Grandfather, I'm your man; I'll go down to the old place tomorrow!"

The squire smiled. "Good!" he said, "but don't forget that one of the conditions of my scheme is that you are not to go to New York, or even set foot off the estate, the whole time you're there! I want you to take plenty of time to learn how to manage it."

Clever old man! He emphasized the importance of his grandson's learning how



He hardly knew how to tell his grandson that he disapproved of the way he was living, and that he intended to cut him off without a shilling.



Girls and gardens, gardens and girls, how much of romance they imply!

you'll forfeit your fortune!"

He stopped, and looked down at those clinging arms, so eager to save him from his folly, and bent his lips close to her cheek. Olivia and Larry were out of sight behind the hedge.

"You're a dear child, Marian," he said, "I don't know how I've stayed away from you so long. You've been sweet to forgive me. I can't tell you how I—"

A shadow fell between them. The cool equable voice of Mr. Pickering broke on their ears.

"Pardon me, Mr. Glenarm, sorry to interrupt you, but I came to tell you the superintendent of the estate wants to see you in the library."

He bowed smilingly, and Jack, in confusion, muttered an excuse to Marian and left. But he saw over his shoulder how devotedly the lawyer bent over the young girl as he walked back with her to her home.

Olivia took it upon herself to remonstrate with her sister for encouraging the lawyer's atten-

tions, which from that time became pronounced. It worried her because she saw that Marian was flattered.

"I don't see how you can like him," she said; "he's so creepy-mouse, always poking about in the rooms, for all the world, I tell Larry"—Olivia was by way of telling "Larry" everything, these days—"as if he were searching for the million himself!"

Weeks passed but young Glenarm made no progress in the search for the squire's fortune.

"I wish grandfather had left me a clew of some sort," he remarked to Pickering one day at breakfast, but the lawyer, for some strange reason, did not seem to make any effort to obey his old friend the squire's last injunctions, and advise Jack to search for a clew in the hundreds of candlesticks with which the house was filled.

A masquerade ball was to be given in the neighborhood and great was the grief of Marian and Olivia to think that poor Jack, imprisoned on Glenarm estate, would not be able to go.

"It's a hanged shame, old man," said the round-faced, happy-go-lucky Mr. Donovan,

to work, but said nothing at all about the charming young girl who lived next door to Glenarm House, with whom he hoped the boy would find himself in love!

Girls and gardens, gardens and girls, not forgetting garden gates, how much of romance they imply!

What fun they had, the four of them, Jack and Marian and Olivia, and young Larry Donovan—the friend whom Jack had brought with him to share his exile—playing Hide-and-go-Seek through the old house; with a fortune for a possible prize, if one happened to find the secret spring to the wall safe!

"Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, Jack jump over the candlestick!" cried Larry Donovan, as he vaulted lightly over the forbidden hedge which marked the boundary beyond which Jack was not supposed to go.

But his friend's feat, and the applause of the two girls stirred Jack to recklessness, and he was on the point of following suit when Marian sprang at him.

"O Jack!" she cried, her arms tight around him, "don't jump! You mustn't or

in his most sympathetic tones, "now Marian wont have anyone to go with her."

But he was mistaken, there was someone else beside Jack who wanted to take Miss Evans to the ball.

Marian was standing out on the lawn by an oleander bush when Mr. Pickering spied her. He hurried to her side.

"Let me take you to the ball," he said eagerly.

He had a certain charm of manner, a kind of magnetism which the girl had long acknowledged to herself. But now as she looked up at him there was something about his expression almost savage, as if he might be some great hawk, and she his prey.

"No thank you," she said.

Pickering had always admired Marian Evans, and now her nearness, the curve of her cheek, made him lose his head.

"But Marian," he expostulated, "why not? You know I'm mad about you, I—"

"Take care," said the girl, her eyes flashing.

The rebuff angered him past caution.

"You are the one to take care," he said, "how you despise me! Perhaps I know a secret that might rob you of a fortune!"

But Marian hardly heard him; she was speeding over the lawn toward Jack, who had just come out of the house.

"Do you know," she said to him, "I begin to think you and Olivia are right, there's something very strange about that man, almost sinister; I don't like him at all!"

The sight of the two, Marian and young Glenarm,

walking together, heads close—brought the blood to Pickering's forehead, and roused him to action.

"I'll put a stop to that, at any rate," he said to himself, staring furiously after them, "if she won't have me—" He turned and entered the house, head bent, musing.

That night a special delivery letter left Glenarm House. It was addressed to Carmen, the dancer at the Astor roof garden. The lawyer's prowlings in Jack's room, his examination of certain photographs on the mantel, had not been in vain, as far as discovering an address was concerned. Besides, he and Carmen, the dancer, were old friends.

A woman in a New York apartment received the letter, a long hipped, handsome woman, with a Castilian type of face. She read it through, then stretched her graceful body and snapped her white teeth together triumphantly.

"Do you hear that, my Jose," she asked, addressing a slender, fierce browed man who sat near, strumming a guitar, "500 dollars for an evening's dancing, and the chance of attaching to my train again a sucker whose generous folly we have long missed, Mr. Jack Glenarm, if you please!" She laughed. "Shall we go, Mi Rey, shall we go?"

* * * * *

Marian and Olivia Evans were getting ready for the ball. Marian's fair face was troubled and preoccupied, such a strange thing had happened that evening! She and her sister had gone over to Glenarm House after supper to say good-bye to Jack before going to the



The two girls had stood peering at him through the half open door of the library.

ball, and had unexpectedly come upon Mr. Pickering in the act of cautiously removing from the depths of a silver candlestick two pieces of paper over which he seemed greatly excited. The two girls had stood peering at him through the half open door of the library, in surprise, then suddenly, overcome by an unaccountable feeling of terror, they had fled back to their home.

"I do wish we knew, Olivia, what it was he found, and why he wanted it!" said Marian, adjusting the veil of her costume.

But Olivia was too busy anticipating the joys of one-stepping in Larry's arms—to care.

"O never mind about it now, Marian," she said. "Do hurry, we'll be late!"

Carmen the dancer had not counted in vain on her power to make Jack Glenarm come to the masquerade ball.

To the young man, moping disconsolately in his room, after Larry had left him—her pathetic little note, begging him to see her just once more, as long as she happened to be for that night in his neighborhood, roused echoes of an old desire, and suddenly, on impulse, he resolved to go.

What harm would there be, he thought, in taking a whirl at it, having just one dance with her? No one need know him in his disguise, and he could return to Glenarm House before they unmasked, and lawyer Pickering would never be the wiser for his breach of faith.

Not half an hour later a man in a black and white Pierrot hurried down the road toward the house where the ball was being given. In his haste he did not observe the shadow that followed him all the way, slinking behind lilac bush and box hedge.

Something that Carmen had not counted on, when she made her bargain with Mr. Pickering to lure Jack to the ball and there unmask him so that Marian might be confronted with his perfidy, was the jealousy of her lover, Don Jose. Don Jose was always jealous, and especially so when he had had too much to drink.

Jack had hardly stepped inside the ball room and was bowing low over the hand of the beautiful Spaniard when a pistol cracked just outside the long window in front of which he was standing.

He dropped where he stood, with a flesh wound in the shoulder, and in a trice Carmen leant down in pretense of giving him air and snatched aside his mask.

Marian Evans never forgot the scene that followed, the confusion, the screaming, the stampede of men for the lawn to find, if possible, the would-be assassin. It all held for her one meaning, Jack had been false to her, he had come to the ball, broken the rule governing the disposition of his grandfather's fortune, for the sake of another woman.

She said nothing, but set her lips, and helped Larry and Olivia get the wounded man back to Glenarm House.

Bates met them at the door, full of excitement. "I can't make it out," he said, hardly taking in the fact of Jack's hurt, "Mr. Pickering does act so strange! He's been down in the old wine cellar this hour past and wont let me in or unbolt the door!"

All Marian's distrust of the lawyer which she had almost forgotten in the excitement of the dance, rushed back upon her full tide.

"Jack! Jack!" she cried, "I know! He's after your inheritance, he's discovered the million!"

Jack was a wounded man, but he was young and strong. Clinging to Larry, and with Bates leading the way, he rushed toward the cellar, and the two girls followed in trembling excitement.

Their combined strength soon forced the door and they burst into the cellar just in time to be present at a remarkable scene.

Lawyer Pickering, his face distraught, his hair clingly damply to his brow, was just opening the door to the wall safe, the secret spring of which he had discovered from the clew in the candlestick. But instead of the million in securities which he expected to find, who should confront him but Squire Glenarm!

"Grandfather!" shouted Jack when the first moment, during which all stood stupefied, had passed, and threw himself on the old man.

The squire's warning, "Catch that rogue! Catch Pickering!" came too late. The moment's delay had sufficed for the discomfited lawyer to reach the stairs, and already they heard his fleeing footsteps on the floor above.

It all came out afterward, how the squire had lived in the secret suite of rooms behind the wall safe all these months, busy with the scientific book he had been writing so long, content, in the thought that his

grandson was working out his own salvation, and hoping always that it would end in marriage with Marian.

But his hopes met with a bitter disappointment as far as Marian was concerned. Now that the squire had returned to Glenarm, and Jack's wound healing rapidly, she refused to have anything to do with the young man. The incident of the Spanish dancer was apparently unforgivable, and the young girl had made up her mind to take a trip South, with some friends.

"There is always a punishment for the transgressor, Jack," said the old man sadly, they were sitting in the library talking over the situation. "Your folly of the other evening has cost you a fortune, for I arranged to have it go to Marian in case you broke the rules of the contest."

Jack raised his head, his wan face brightened. "You did?" he said; "that's the first piece of good news I've heard yet. My folly has brought her some good, at least. Give me the securities, Grandfather, I'll take them over to her myself."

His grandfather watched him cross the lawn, then gave orders to have lighted every candle in the house. With the illumination, hope sprang into his heart. "If he doesn't come back right away, if he stays," he muttered to himself, "I'll know that she has forgiven him!"

Jack found Marian sitting in her aunt's library, her face turned toward the back of the chair in which she sat.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, but I came to say good-bye." Then he told her about his grandfather's wish in regard to the fortune.

The girl stood looking down at the package he had placed in her hands, her fair face flushed—her lip trembling. She heard him wish her "a pleasant journey," she heard him at the door.

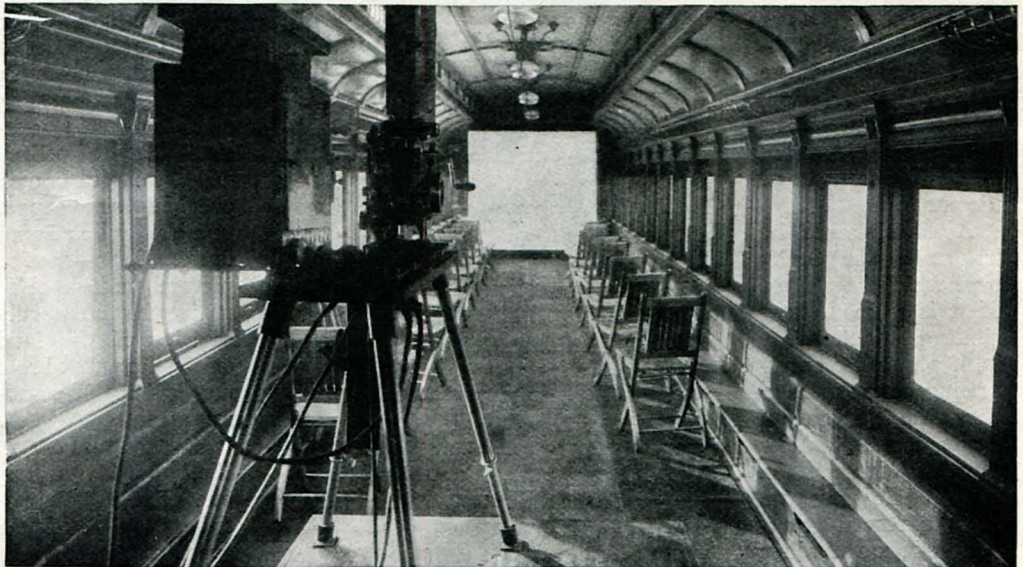
"Jack!" she cried.

He turned and came back. She was crying. "O dear!" she sobbed, "I don't want the money, I want you to have it, I want you to have it!" He eyed her keenly, then gently dropped to his knees and took her into his arms. Neither noticed Olivia walk in, give a pleased little look and walk out very quietly.

"Darling!" he said, "I don't want it either, I want you, only you!"

It had been nearly eight o'clock when Jack crossed the lawn to say good-bye to Marian, but nine o'clock came, and still he did not return to Glenarm House.

"The next time they are all lit," murmured the squire to himself as he sat and nodded in the library, "I think it will be for a wedding, I think it will be for a wedding!"



This is the moving picture car of the Pittsburgh division on the Pennsylvania railroad. It is the railroad man's school house, and is equipped with projector and films to show the operation of railroad signal apparatus. C. L. Harrod, of the signal department, suggested the innovation.

Grand Duke of Hollywood

By K. Owen

BEING WHY THEODORE ROBERTS GAVE
UP BUCKO-MATING FOR THE GENTLER
ARTS OF PAINT AND POWDER

IF he were more militant, more prodigal of dentine display, more prone to argify, they would probably just call him "T. R." and let it go at that. As he is none of these, but just a courtly gentleman of impressive stature, regal bearing and pleasant manners, they have dubbed him "The Grand Duke of Hollywood."

Scads of folks who have never heard of Hollywood have seen and admired Theodore Roberts on the stage during the last generation. He was one of America's leading character actors long before the advent of motion pictures, but his fame was confined largely to Broadway and theatrical thoroughfares of other large centers of population. A year on the screen has spread his fame to the four corners of the earth.

A duke should be known by the duchy over which he reigns. If it is a good, law-abiding principality with plenty of enterprising newspapers to chronicle his good deeds, it must follow that His Grace is the real McCoy, as we used to record greatness out on Archey Road.

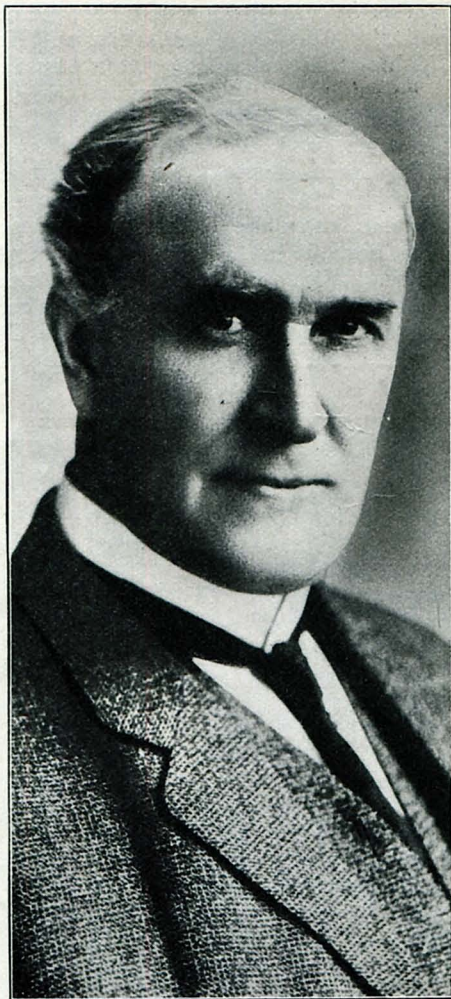
Hollywood, be it known, is the most

beautiful spot in the world. (See Chamber of Commerce Booster Pamphlet No. 1186.) It lies contiguous to, and within the corporate limits of Los Angeles, the world's motion picture capital where 80 per cent of all photoplays are made. (See L. A.

Chamber of Commerce "Facts About Los Angeles.")

A word picture artist would say that Hollywood was some muchly adjectival gem in a setting of emerald, etc., hills. Most of our best known adjectives have been worn to a frazzle in conveying to the world the charms of Hollywood, so for humanitarian reasons we will give them a much needed rest. Let it be recorded, however, that the topography of Hollywood consists chiefly of rolling hills, beautiful homes, overhanging pepper trees, glorious flowers and—motion picture studios. Also it is the only subdivision of this land of the free that has a multiplicity of standing armies.

Stand on Mount Hollywood on any one of the 365 sunshiney days of the year and you can hear the crash of cannon and see the clash of armies. Over in one



If he were more militant, more prodigal of dentine display, more prone to argify, they probably would just call him "T. R." and let it go at that.



Theodore Roberts is probably the greatest of American character actors. He is here seen in three of his characterizations which reveal the range of his versatility as Simon Legree, in his noted Indian role, and as Svengali.

valley you might see a terrific combat between Federals and Confederates, while over on a verdant hillside a mile away a Charles Dana Gibson soldier of fortune is leading an "army" of spiggoty soldiers against the mythical fortifications of a mythical Central American dictator. Down on Hollywood boulevard, in the heart of the city, pretty high-school girls, undisturbed by these sanguinary clashes, are toying with ice cream sodas, perspiring comedians and comic policemen are inhaling cooling drafts of root beer and sport-shirted leading men are recklessly munching chocolate eclairs.

The California hills run away towards the big rumpled mountains, and the sunshine is splashed here more plenteously than anywhere else on earth.

So much for the dukedom of Hollywood. Now for Grand Duke Theodore.

I found him on the big stage of the Jesse H. Lasky studio, a few blocks from Hollywood's business center. Having seen him only as the big moustached rancher in "Arizona" and the hideously whiskered "Legree" in the all-star revival of "Uncle Tom," I had difficulty in recognizing him in the smooth shaven, mild mannered venerable lawyer in "The Marriage of Kitty." The veteran actor, histrionically speaking, was amid fitting environments. There was nothing but Class all over that

stage. Fanny Ward was making her debut as a film star in the same production. A few feet away Laura Hope Crews was doing a scene in "Blackbirds" and at the other end of the stage Geraldine Farrar of the golden voice was perpetuating "Carmen" at \$2.53 per second, or something like that, under the direction of Cecil De Mille. Charlotte Walker, who had just finished "Kindling," was an interested spectator, as were Blanche Sweet and Carlyle Blackwell, who had come over to rehearse a new production. Some—Class! Yes?

"This shows something of the progress of the photodrama," said Mr. Roberts with a sweeping gesture. "A few years ago motion picture producers regarded youth and beauty as the prime essentials to successful film plays. Youth and beauty are glorious things but they have their limitations. Without real ability as an added accomplishment they can go only so far. Producers of the early days of motion pictures who held to the theory that anyone with youth and beauty could be developed into a star are now robbing the legitimate stage of its great stars. The public demands real acting and the producers are meeting that demand with artists of reputation and proven worth.

"It is just a year ago since I forsook the legitimate stage. At first it was rather

strange and disconcerting. After years devoted to perfecting voice and articulation, it seemed like depriving a workman of his principal tools. I also found the narrow restrictions of the camera's vision an annoying feature. I could never tolerate the close proximity of another on the stage with me. I wanted lots of room and needed it because I am a large man. That was the most difficult thing I had to overcome, but I have overcome that as well as other pet aversions, acquired in my thirty-five years on the stage. Now, I like it so well that I will never go back to the spoken drama as long as they will allow me to remain before the camera.

"For one who has knocked about the world for a generation this is a wholly agreeable life. One enjoys that independence which only comes from living and working largely in the open with the nights your own without restriction. Unless some of our most widely read philosophers are radically wrong, the end of another generation will see me still in the harness."



Just a courtly gentleman of pleasant manners and regal bearing, they have dubbed him "The Duke of Hollywood."



Taking a snifter, as Joe Rance, in "The Girl of the Golden West."

Mr. Roberts' stage career dates back to May 1, 1880, when he made his debut in a minor part in *Richelieu*. It was in San Francisco, his birthplace. Incidentally this makes him a "Native Son of the Golden West," which perhaps has some bearing on his love for dominant out-door roles. He considers his "Joe Rance" in "The Girl of the Golden West" and his Ringmaster in "The Circusman," the Lasky picturization of "The Rose and the Ring," as his best work in pictures.

Early in life Mr. Roberts was compelled to make a choice between the sea and the stage, after the stage had first won his affections.

The more I sailed the stronger became my conclusion that the stage training I had had already should not be wasted bossing about a bunch of roughnecks to whom only muscle appealed. So the sea lost me and I have never regretted it.



The Exploits of Ebenezer

FIVE REELING REELS

By Thomas Harvey



REEL I

EBENEZER CRUSTY, of Hotrock Farm, Ind., is seen washing 114 dishes and darning 17 pairs of socks.

Registers disgust.

Picks up the Hotrock Hellion and scans advertisements. Smiles.

Registers hope.

On way to writing desk steps firmly on recently vacated banana and performs as did the first of the Shepherd Kings under similar circumstances.

Registers shock.

Passes table and lifts puppy off the steak. Lip readers will distinctly perceive him say "dog on it."

Writes ad and places it in letter marked "Matrimonial column." Seals letter and steps outside to mail it. Puppy chokes to death on steak. Re-enter Ebenezer, registering combined anticipation and hunger. Sees deceased puppy and registers grief.

Fadeaway.

REEL II

Ebenezer, in mourning for puppy (or steak) receives telegram. During Ebenezer's faint after reading it audience perceives contents: "Meet ten o'clock train Thursday. Will marry you. Am wearing Woodrow Blue. Muriel."

Ebenezer registers coming-to.

Ebenezer registers delight.

Rest of reel, Ebenezer housecleaning.

Ebenezer registers inefficiency.

REEL III

Ebenezer at Hotrock Station. Case of eggs disgorges twenty-four pullets. Other incidents characteristic of the fast freight business. Postmaster arrives in Ford, bringing the postcard mail. Richest man in town (*picture theatre owner*) rolls up on

Silvertown tires to receive his daily films. Station agent offers Ebenezer chew of tobacco. For first time in life Ebenezer cannot accept and cannot explain.

Registers secret rage and grief.

General excitement and confusion attending an important event. Ebenezer looks at watch, which records 2 o'clock. 10 o'clock train is seen approaching. Ebenezer bites off chunk of horehound candy to sustain him in this crucial moment.

Cutback of the pup on the steak.

Ebenezer registers tender memories, as it was a tenderloin steak.

Train registers stop.

REEL IV

Two women alight. Both wear Woodrow Blue. One seems to be Broadway's advance guard, and is apparently advertising Onyx hosiery, and should have her lamps regulated by the police when being driven through the business district. Local magnate upon seeing her honks his horn hopefully. Other Woodrow Blue resembles enlarged photograph of a nail, and has eighteen warts besides her nose. Ebenezer, rattling like a spring ungraphited, advances toward blue peach with arms outstretched. As he reaches her she feints for his wind, puts a hard left to heart, and rocks his head with a short arm one-two to the jaw.

Ebenezer settles to the platform registering despair.

Peach vanishes on the Silvertowns, and the gargoyle raises Ebenezer at the count of nine, crying "Darling!" Ebenezer casts one look, registers shriek and bounds off.

Fadeaway of Ebenezer running over the boundless prairie.

REEL V

Ebenezer running over the boundless prairie.



June Macgregor, daughter of the fur post factor. See Star of the North.

The STAR OF THE NORTH

By Frank Williams

Begins in this issue. We believe you will agree in proclaiming "The Star of the North" the best story of moving picture life yet written. With the certitude of an artist, Mr. Williams has felt his situation and his locale and has set them down with force, sympathy and clarity. We want you to follow June MacGregor and Paul Temple in this gripping narrative. We believe you will love them, and that you will like PHOTO-PLAY MAGAZINE better for having read their story.

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

CHAPTER I

LOST AND FOUND

AT the director's sharp bark of disapproval, Paul Temple, who commanded more film footage and salary than any young man in the movie business, stepped back from the clutch of the leading lady. It was the second time Tom Briscoe had barked at this scene, and it was plain that the field marshal of the Graphic forces was annoyed. He sat down in despair on a fallen tree, and the whole company waited in expectant silence.

The scene was redolent of the north country in which it was set. Two buckskin tepees, a smoking fire, and the usual details of a small Indian encampment, stood out vividly in the sunlight against a dark green background of virgin pine forest. And it *was* virgin pine forest. The Graphic company was filming this multiple-reeler a hundred miles from the northern terminus of the railroad, and not so far south of the oft-quoted "53."

Briscoe raised a face of martyr-like patience and addressed Marguerite French, the leading lady, who, garbed as an Indian maiden, stood in the camera's eye.

"No, French, that won't do," he explained with the sweetness of despair. "This isn't Fifth Avenue, and you're not welcoming your long-lost lover in a drawing-room. That 'Oh, Gawge!' you pulled would have registered in a blind asylum. You're an Indian girl and you're bang up against the fact that the man you love has just come north after a long absence with a beautiful white wife."

He bounded off the log and went forward with quick, short steps. Temple, a big, virile-looking man of thirty, with a kindly and rugged rather than handsome face, had drawn aside and was chatting

with good-tempered Elsie Tanner, his picture "wife."

The leading woman pouted and stamped her foot furiously, to a clicking accompaniment of porcupine quills on her buckskin Indian dress. She was of medium height with a good "taking" face of conventional prettiness, and a decided temperament. Now her popular blonde tresses were covered with a coarse wig of black hair bound with a beaded fillet.

"Good heavens, Mr. Briscoe, how am I to know what you want?" she exclaimed angrily. "I can't dream it."

Briscoe, in whose side she was a continual thorn, restrained himself. He had to. The outlay for this picture, for the support of the great camp a mile away in the heart of the Canadian wilderness, and the scenes already filmed, made a row with the lead at this juncture impossible.

Temple sensed the highly charged state of the atmosphere and interposed. He turned to Miss French with an almost boyish smile that belied somewhat the faint look of care across his eyes and the lines about his mouth.

"Suppose we have Tom go through the action for us," he suggested. "I wasn't quite sure of it myself."

The young woman agreed ungraciously, and Briscoe burst into new life.

"Right-O!" he shouted, and jumped forward, taking a stand in the doorway of the middle tepee. "I'm Na-shi-go, the princess, and you've just come back north with your white wife, Paul. Now, Elsie—" to the "wife"—"I want you to register a little more disgust at the apparent dirt and squalor of the Indian camp. This is the first time you've ever been in the woods, you know; your new sporting store clothes show that. All right, come ahead."

Tom Briscoe was not a director by chance. Before he had finished with the

princess and her emotions, the entire company was watching him, fascinated, forgetful of his chunky body, big round head, and short legs.

"Get me, French?" he asked, bounding away to his place behind Gene Perkins at the camera, a lanky man who ground miles of film with consistent melancholy. "Now go through it."

Somewhat humbled, the young woman rehearsed the scene creditably.

"All right," snapped Briscoe. "Now again, and this time for blood. Take, Gene."

The minor character men and women commenced their business, the camera clicked, and the scene proceeded without a hit.

"Fine! Now next scene." Briscoe whipped over the pages of his script. "French and Tanner. Temple, I'm through with you for this morning; and you, Wash, and you and you," pointing out minor people. "Remember, water stuff this afternoon."

Paul Temple filled his pipe slowly as he watched the preparations for a few moments. Then he turned away and strolled back along the plainly marked trail towards camp. The forest was first-growth timber of black spruce, balsam, birch and tamarack, with a fairly thick undergrowth of hazel and blackberry, and now under the hot August sun, it was sweet with piny odors.

There was in the peace of the untrammelled wild a sense of brooding immensity that awed him, for he was still new to it all. Crows cawed and fought among the tree tops, and red squirrels chattered at him as he passed. A porcupine scuttled across the trail.

But now, alone, a change had come over Temple. The cheery exuberance that had characterized him among the others was gone, and his face had settled into lines of weariness, almost of pain. He had the look of one from whom a mask is removed.

For a few moments he walked in heavy thought. Then he brushed his hand across his eyes as if dispelling an ugly vision, and forced his thoughts back to his work.

Not since his first part, three years ago, had he enjoyed anything as he enjoyed the making of this picture, "Wilderness Idyll." Here was realism with a vengeance. The word had gone forth to "get the stuff," and

the stuff was being got. It was a fortnight since the Graphics had left the last outpost of the railroad, and snow would fly before they saw it again.

As Temple walked softly along in his high, oil-tanned shoebacks, he saw off to the right of the trail a low, bare-topped hill which immediately suggested itself as a "location." There was to be an Indian council scene in the picture, he knew, and it occurred to him that this might do to stage it.

Turning off the trail, he pushed his way through the screen of hazel bushes towards the hill. Sharp outcroppings of gray rock and wind-fallen trees forced him to take a devious course, and it was half an hour before he reached the wind-swept summit.

It was all he had desired, however, and as he plunged down into the forest again, he thought of Briscoe's satisfaction. For a long while he walked, and then, puzzled at not having struck the trail again, halted. To get his bearings he looked back towards the hill from which he had started, but this was now blocked from view by a lesser height he had circled.

For a moment he was at a loss. Then he recalled the historic advice to green woodsmen.

"I must keep to the left," he thought. "I've probably been making a circle."

He plunged on again, bearing always to the left, but after half an hour of rough going he again halted. He had not crossed the trail nor seen any sign of it. An unpleasant conviction that he was lost forced itself on him.

"Steady now," he told himself; "don't get excited." He tried to think what to do.

But nothing suggested itself. All about the inscrutable forest seemed silent as if watching him. The romance was gone from it now. It seemed a grim, relentless thing, a great web in which he was entangled.

Because motion was a relief, he plunged on. His felt hat was in his hand, and his flannel shirt was torn where thorns had plucked at it. He was ravenously hungry, and from the length of his wanderings he knew that it must be past noon. He tried to get his bearings from the sun, but doubted his own judgment. He was thoroughly bewildered.

Then the constantly recurring belief that the camp must be just a little farther drove



"I thought you were a bear," she said slowly, "but you're a man!"

him on, in a last effort. But the fastnesses seemed only to draw more bafflingly close about him.

He was fingering the revolver in his hol-

ster with the idea of firing it to attract attention, when he heard the rushing of water and went towards it. The camp was on a river, and this directed him.

Parting the bushes on the steep bank, he looked down and stood riveted with astonishment.

In the stony shallows at the edge of the rushing brook stood a girl, fishing. Her skirts were pinned up well above her knees and revealed black hip boots. Beside her on the rocks lay a felt hat with a bright-colored feather in it, and a wicker hamper. Now as he watched she whipped her line back and forth with swift, lithe motions, and cast deftly into a pool across the stream.

Temple stood breathing heavily for a moment, the overwhelming surge of his relief measuring the fear he had not dared admit before. Then weary, dripping, scratched and torn, he started down the bank towards her.

CHAPTER II

A DAUGHTER OF THE WILD

So loud was the chatter of the stream that she did not hear him until the stones at the water's edge crunched beneath his feet. She was reeling in her line, but at the sound she whirled to face him as by one swift movement.

"I beg your pardon for startling you," said Temple, a sorry-looking object, "but I never was so glad to see anybody in my life."

She examined him fearlessly with clear, dark eyes heavily fringed with long lashes, apparently blissfully unaware of the state of her unconventional nether garments. Her blue flannel shirt was open at the throat, and her sleeves rolled up.

"I thought you were a bear," she said slowly, "but you're a man!" Her curiosity was child-like. "I didn't know there were any strangers in this country. Are you packing through?"

He laughed a little sheepishly.

"Well, not exactly. I'm—I'm lost and I'm terribly hungry."

"Oh!" Her small, red mouth seemed, in the forming of the exclamation, as inquisitive as her eyes. "I wondered where your duffle was. Do you mean you're a tourist up for the fishing? It isn't much good now."

Her voice was clear and cool like the water of the stream at her feet. Temple struggled vainly to accustom himself to her

heaven-sent presence in this howling wilderness.

"No," he admitted again, "not that, either. I'm with a moving-picture company and we're taking a big feature film up here so as to have the atmosphere correct. I left the trail to examine a location and got lost in the 'atmosphere.'"

Her big eyes studied him gravely as she finished reeling her line.

"I don't understand a thing you're talking about," she said coolly, "but—" with a keen appraising glance at his condition—"you're in bad shape and you said you were hungry, so I guess we'd better go home."

"Home! Do you live here, Miss—?"

"June Magregor is my name, and of course I live here. I've lived here all my life. I'm so sorry father is away—he's the factor at the post, you know—because he always likes to talk with strangers. We haven't seen a real stranger like you for almost two years."

Temple couldn't resist the opportunity.

"I hope I shan't always be as much of a stranger as I am now." His quick smile revealed teeth even and very white against his deep tan.

"Oh, so do I! You're so different from anybody I've met. And now will you turn around, please? I must get my boots off."

Delighted by an ingenuousness as fresh as the air he breathed, Temple grinned and presented his back. There was a minute or two of scuffling among the stones.

"Now I'm ready," she announced serenely, and he turned to find her in high-laced moccasins, her skirt let down. She glanced at the sun swiftly. "It's late—quarter of two at least—and we must hurry."

Temple pulled out his watch. It was seventeen minutes of the hour.

With swift, deft hands the girl packed her boots and paraphernalia into the hamper on the ground, and with one strong motion of her body swung it up to her shoulder.

"Oh, please—" he sprang forward. "I'll take that."

"Why?" she asked, frankly curious. "I always carry it. Besides—" with another appraisal of his condition—"I don't think you're up to it. You'd better let me go ahead. There isn't any trail." She turned up the bank.

Stung in every inch of his six feet of

manhood, Temple followed in chagrined silence. But he had not gone two hundred yards before his mood changed to one of thankfulness. Stumbling over stones and roots with the clumsy feet of inexperience, he found himself hard pressed to keep up with her. She walked with the springy, sure-footed stride of an Indian, and a free undulating motion that covered an amazing amount of ground.

There was no semblance of a trail, and yet she went on confidently, only now and then glancing at the sun over her shoulder.

Temple was humble and exhausted, and ready to cry quits when at last she broke through the underbrush into a clearing and turned to wait for him.

"This is the post, Fort Stuart of the Hudson's Bay Company," she told him proudly.

Temple saw a group of five or six log buildings in a sheltered untimbered hollow several acres in extent. Two of them were large, apparently a dwelling and store house, and were flanked by the others. Acrid yellow wood smoke was drifting from the chimney of the dwelling.

On the opposite side of the clearing stood three large Indian tepees, their dirty-looking occupants squatted about fires. At sight of the newcomers a number of half-starved husky dogs lifted their pointed noses into the air and howled.

"These people are the last of the summer encampment," explained the girl. "The rest have gone back to their hunting and trapping grounds."

She led the way towards the house.

"And this is where you live all the time?" Temple asked incredulously. "Don't you get horribly lonely?"

She laughed a gay, silvery laugh.

"Lonely? Why, how can I be, with the sewing and housekeeping for father, and hunting and fishing and trapping? Why, I got a hundred fox skins from my own trap line last winter."

Temple's ingrained Gotham superiority dwindled to the vanishing point as his wonder grew. Put her anywhere in the world, he thought, and she would take care of herself. Put him ten yards off the trail, and he would starve to death.

In front of the house he noticed for the first time that the clearing ran down and ended at the bluff-line bank of a broad river.

"Is that the Onipee?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes."

"Then I'm lost no longer," he cheered. "Our camp is on that river."

"Up or down stream?"

He had boggled his approach but he recovered quickly.

"The direction is a mere trifle," he grinned amiably. "The important thing is that I have found the river."

She sniffed at his evasion. "You're upstream. That explains the extraordinary things I've seen floating by for the last week. After lunch I'll paddle you up." Temple squirmed. "But now won't you come in, Mr.—"

"I beg your pardon. Temple, Paul Temple is my name."

"Won't you come in, Mr. Temple? I know you're starving."

He obeyed with alacrity, and as he removed the stains of his hard morning in the factor's own bedroom—a place of thick beams, rifles, and huge account books—he thought of her with wonder, so like a great breath of the piny air was she, wholesome, sweet, and clean.

Something strong and vital in him stirred as if from long sleep in response to her primitive appeal. After the stifling atmosphere surrounding the women he had known, her wind-swept freshness was bracing, and her virginal innocence of men a delight.

Fear seemed not to be in her. Not even at the moment of his surprising her by the brook had he detected it in her eyes.

A man's woman! he thought, and then, at the thought another thought came, and suddenly the exhilaration died out of his face and left it set in the lines of pain that had marked it in the morning.

But again, as he had done then, he brushed the thing that haunted him aside, and with a last rueful inspection of himself in the glass, summoned the gayety of spirits that all the world knew and loved, and went out to meet his strange hostess. Remembering his position in his own world, he laughed inwardly at this new role of the greenest, humblest and most helpless tenderfoot that had ever blundered off a trail.

There was a grave aspect also to his predicament, as evening began to come on, but he had to admit that he had earned it.

CHAPTER III

TEMPLE GETS A LETTER

June, who had changed to a becoming blue woolen dress that admiringly suggested her lithe, young figure, was waiting for him in the trophy-hung living room, and at once led the way to luncheon.

Temple's impressions were brief but satisfying. Everywhere were such comfort and luxury as environment and circumstances permitted, all heightened by unerring taste; heavy, hand-made furniture, many rugs of wild animal skins, rows of books along the wall. All made clear to Temple the girl's previously inexplicable cultivation.

At the table she seemed a different creature from the unconcernedly booted fisherwoman who had rescued him. Without losing any of her naive simplicity and charm, she yet filled this more difficult office with easy skill. And pondering on this, Temple glimpsed vaguely the centuries of good breeding and hospitality that distinguish even the loneliest posts of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"Please let's eat first and talk afterwards," she said tactfully. "I'm simply perishing."

He looked whimsical gratitude and put his finger on his lips as the golden glory of broiled brook trout was set before him. It was a moment for feeling rather than speech. A stout, wrinkled Indian squaw dressed in bright calico served them.

For a time they ate in silence, and finally sighed blissfully together. Then they laughed.

"May I speak?" he begged. "If I go on this way I'll get past the point."

"Yes." She pushed back in her father's massive armchair, seeming a little thing in its masculine width.

"I'm frightfully curious, but when you spoke to that squaw did you talk to her in her own language?"

"Yes. Ojibway. Old Maria was my nurse after my mother died, so you see I grew up speaking it. We used to be at Fort McKinnon on Hudson's Bay, but after I had finished mission school there, father came inland to get away from the salt water, and Maria came with us."

"And you're not uneasy here alone when your father is gone?" he asked, thinking of the women he knew.

"No. Why should I be?" She was honestly curious. "I camp all over the place alone winter and summer. But—" with the eager inquisitiveness of a child—"let's not talk about me; let's talk about you. Tell me again what you are doing up here. I didn't understand you at all. What is a moving-picture?"

"A moving-picture is a punishment inflicted on theatrical managers—" he began, and then stopped, shaking his head. "But no, I'll be serious. This is what it is," and, with the combined enthusiasm of a missionary and an artist, he explained the wonderful thing, watching with enjoyment her half-bewildered interest.

And gradually as he talked, their positions of the morning were reversed. She was as much at a loss in the environment he created for her as he had been in her forests.

"You shall see a movie," he declared, "if I have to send to New York for one."

She clapped her hands.

"Oh, really? How good you are!"

"Didn't you save my life?" His white teeth flashed.

"Did I? Anyway, I'd have *made* you come with me. When we see a stranger we bag him and bring him home."

"And you said you weren't lonely!"

"Well, one gets tired of half-breeds and trappers, sometimes."

"Don't you ever see any—white men?"

"Oh, once in a long while when tourists or hunters go through. And in the spring when the *brigade* is ready to start for the Bay with the furs our Indians have trapped during the winter. But they're usually men as old as father."

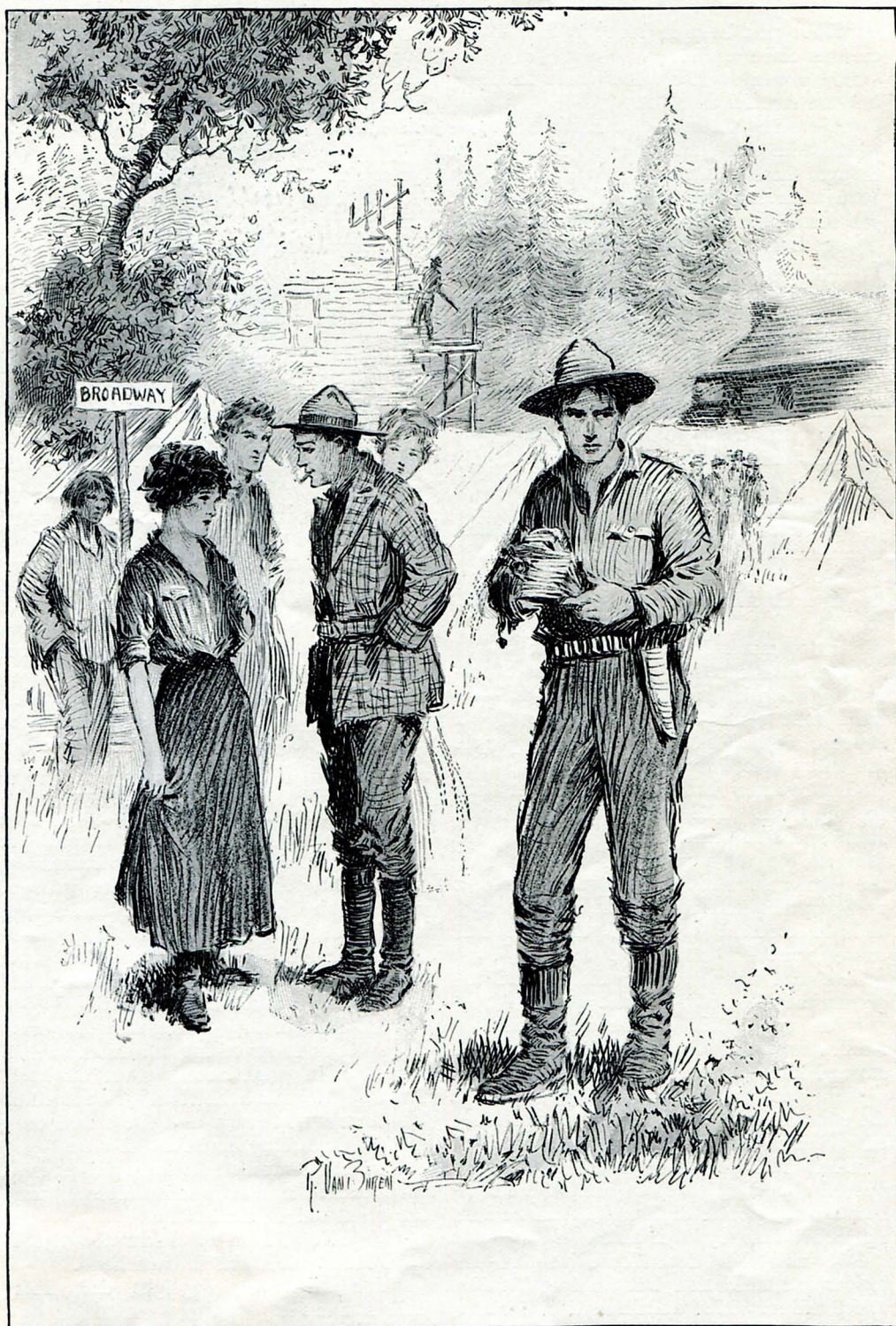
"I see. In the Spring a young girl's fancy—eh?"

She wrinkled her nose disrespectfully.

"What on earth did Tennyson mean by that? Poets never seem to think of anything else much but love, do they? In the Spring my thoughts turn to early fishing and the vegetable garden and the departure of the *brigade*."

"Oh—I see." Her words by some strange twist, touched a deep well of emotion in him. Somehow at that moment she made him think of dawn across a meadow, or little children singing.

"Love," he said with a half-wry smile, "is something that explains itself, but which no one else can explain."



Jack Bailie was talking to her in a low voice, with an assumption of intimacy that annoyed Temple

"Have you been in love?" It was the curious child again.

She saw a swift shadow cross his face, but the sun followed it.

"A moving-picture actor has been everywhere," he said; and then as if a sudden thought had occurred to him: "And, by Jove, that reminds me! I'll bet they've got searching parties out from the camp trying to find me. I never thought of it before. And oh, mama! I've broken up the water stuff we were going to take this afternoon, and with this good shooting light Tom Briscoe will tear out his hair in handfuls!"

A look of puzzlement had crossed her face, but now it cleared.

"Oh, you can't go shooting now," she warned him gravely. "Nothing is really very good to eat yet, you know."

He laughed out.

"Of course, I forgot. By 'shoot' I mean take pictures."

"O-oh!" A moment of silent thought. "And does fishing mean something else, too?"

"It does since I have seen you do it."

"Oh, how nice!" Her vivid face colored with pleasure. They had finished some time since, and now she rose. "I suppose we had better start if your people are going to be anxious."

Getting their hats, they started at once for the river. The bank at this point was steep and some thirty feet high, and bore near its top the marks left by the ice of the spring freshets. The two followed a narrow precipitate path to the water's edge, a little crescent of beach where several canoes were drawn up.

The girl indicated her choice, and together they hauled it to the water.

"Can you paddle?" she asked with a frank distrust of his accomplishments that amused him.

"Oh, yes," he said truthfully, and held the canoe steady. She leaped in sure-footedly, and ran to her place in the bow.

"Keep inshore," she warned him as he pushed off. "It's much easier in the eddies between the points of land." And he felt again her mastery over him.

But now his dependence seemed no longer a humiliation but an inexplicably sweet thing. He wondered if, by any miracle of life, she would ever be dependent upon him!

It was a two-mile paddle before, rounding a stony point, they came upon the first view of the Graphic camp—a cluster of white tents in a green hollow between two hills on the left bank.

June gave a little exclamation of surprise and stopped paddling.

"Oh, it's a big camp! You didn't tell me it was so big!"

"Fifty people, counting guides and cooks."

"But what about supplies?" she asked, a little bewildered. It was her first experience with the dare-all, do-all of the film world, and reason told her that, by all the laws of nature and experience this was a foolhardy expedition.

"Oh, that's done up at the other end," he told her. "They haul the stuff by team from the railroad to the headwaters of the Onipee, and send it the rest of the way by river. See, there are two scows at the wharf now that weren't there this morning."

They were within a few hundred yards now and the activity of unloading was very plain. Also a number of completed shacks detached themselves from among the tent colony, and the sound of hammering told of others under construction. June asked him about these.

"They say it will be cold for the women—our women," he added hastily—"to live in tents in another month, so we're getting up the shacks. We're going to wait for winter, you know, to get snow pictures."

Suddenly there was a white puff of smoke against the green background ashore, as if someone had fired a revolver, and in a moment later men and women appeared as if by magic, their white dots of faces turned in Temple's direction.

"By George, they *are* hunting for me," he said, and, snatching off his felt hat, waved it in great circles about his head. An instant later a howl of joy floated to him across the water, and the crowd commenced streaming down to the pier.

But now that he was safe, the remarks that reached him as he drew close in, were far from sad or sentimental.

"Hey, Paul, Tom was askin' about you."

"Yeah, with a gun in each hand."

"You will waste daylight, eh? Fifty dollars fine for yours."

"Potted plant 'atmosphere' for you after this."

Paul grinned cheerfully. Beneath the chaff he felt the relief and real pleasure at his return.

As he stepped out on the pier he was overwhelmed, and for a minute was busy with his tormentors. Then another gun on one of the hills was fired.

"Calling back the searching parties to make up your firing squad, Temp," drawled a languid-looking, handsome youth who wore a bright-patterned mackinaw and high yellow boots, and was smoking a cigarette. "But say," with an interested glance at June, "how do you do it, Paul? I think I'll get lost myself."

"Quite useless now," Temple returned blandly, but without warmth. He had been anticipating this development ever since sighting Jack Bailie, the Graphic's favorite "juvenile" on the pier. Then he turned to June, whom he had purposely left in the background for a moment, and held out his hand to her.

Her fingers barely brushed it as she sprang lightly ashore. She gravely acknowledged the introductions, and presently the whole group moved slowly from the wharf to the bank and up towards the tent colony while Temple narrated his adventures.

But his audience was small. June was the centre of attraction. Elsie Tanner, with characteristic warm-heartedness, had promptly attached herself to the girl, and Jack Bailie had usurped her other side, and was talking to her in a low voice with a cool assumption of intimacy that annoyed Temple.

As the crowd reached the strip of grass which bisected the camp, and which a painted board proclaimed as "Broadway," there was a whoop from the nearby woods, and Tom Briscoe bounced out through the underbrush holding in each hand a large black revolver with which he had been signalling his star through the forest.

At sight of Temple he stopped abruptly and rested his fists on his hips, the artillery jutting out behind him. Then he nodded his head slowly.

"Did hims little Paul run away from hims nurse and get lost in the woods?" he inquired witheringly. "You poor boob! You're fined a hundred thousand dollars! That's what you've cost me mentally today."

"I'm awfully sorry, really, Tom. But

I brought home two of the grandest locations you ever heard of."

"Locations!" babbled Briscoe. "Ha, ha! I suppose you want to take me out to look at them! Ha, ha! Suicide! Not much. The company can spare you but not me. Ass!" And he went off to his tent.

But Temple was not cast down. He had felt the relief and forgiveness beneath the rasp of the little man's tongue. And he did have the locations!

At this juncture a youth who was employed in the administrative department of the camp (already housed in a large log shack) approached Temple with a bundle of letters and papers in his hand.

"Mail arrived today, sir," he said respectfully, and handed over the bundle. A ten-day mail service from the railroad terminus was the first thing Briscoe had instituted.

"Oh, fine! I'd forgotten. And thanks." Temple turned to June.

"You'll forgive me if I read my mail?" he said. "I know I'm leaving you in good hands."

The girl did not hear him, so attentively was she listening to Bailie, and Temple accepted her absorption in lieu of dismissal, and walked away, his brow clouded. He would not have chosen Bailie as her companion, but there was nothing to be done about it. Moreover, another matter of importance claimed his mind.

Had this mail brought a letter—the letter?

Turning off Broadway to the left, he made his way to the little tent he had the distinction of occupying alone, and sat down on a camp stool.

It was a simple interior: a cot bed on one side, two trunks on the other, a packing box with a wash bowl on it at the far end, and, suspended above, a shaving glass. Worn earth was underfoot.

Throwing the newspapers aside, Temple looked through the letters.

There were at least fifty of them, the majority addressed in round feminine handwriting—the effusions of callow girls and romantically inclined women who had seen him on the screen. He did not despise them. Through them he was able to keep a finger on the pulse of his public, and this alone made worth while to him the enormous labor of answering them.

He would read them all carefully, but

not now. He put them aside and looked through the remainder, which comprised the usual miscellany. And then he found what he sought, a thick, scented lavender envelope addressed sprawlingly in blue ink. It read:

"My Dear Paul:

No, I shall not divorce you. You can't fool me for minute with your talk about my 'happiness.' Everybody knows that

French is crazy about you, and I suppose you want to get rid of me so you can have her. Well, there's nothing doing. I have suspected you would try something like this for a long while, but I won't stand for it. I am starting for your camp. Perhaps you will like that, you and French.

"Your wife,

"Gertrude."

(To be continued.)

The Ticket Taker Says:

BY THOMAS HARVEY

THE old man likes Helen Holmes and Clara Kimball Young, and he thinks Theda Bara's great.

*

I notice his wife's always around when Earle Williams is on the screen, and she sure has missed Francis X. Bushman.

*

But their kid—every show, every night—that's his motto!

*

I know it's a good picture when my ushers forget to ush.

*

Waiting in the barber shop wouldn't be so bad if they had pictures.

*

When a woman complains to me that she couldn't understand the picture I know she changed her seat only eight times.

*

What's that about two-dollar movies? Say, did you ever see the time when this here show right here wasn't worth a whole lot more'n we're getting?

*

Whenever a man jumps in here quick. I know he's dodging a creditor—or his wife.

*

Whenever a woman does the same thing I know she's hunting a dark place to powder her nose—or her garter has broke.

*

Why is it nobody ever gets in on reel 1 of a feature?

*

I can see a better show in the back row any Saturday night than you ever get on the screen.

Has anybody ever met the feller who's seen every chapter of a serial?

*

Look out for the feller who asks if it's a moral show. He's got a lead dime.

*

I don't need a newspaper when certain people come regularly to this show. I get all the news second-hand.

*

Sometimes I wish our organist would go to her little gray home in the west and stay there.

*

There was a girl here the other day who broke up the show without saying a word. She had her admission money in her stocking.

*

We ought to have some sort of electric hat remover for half the guys that come in here.

*

11:30 P. M. Nobody home but the hand-holders and the sleepers.

*

"Some class!" say the men. But the women say: "I wonder how old she is?"

*

Some actors put so much punch into their acting they make holes in the screen.

*

"Jitneywads"; the guys what stand on the sidewalk and see the show through the open doors.

*

All the actresses get lots of pity from the women for being so homely.

The Girl on the Cover

By Julian Johnson

A BUZZ ON THE TELEPHONE WITH "THE MOST BEAUTIFUL" WOMAN. INTERRUPTIONS BY "CENTRAL"—PROBABLY RED-HAIRED

IT is 5:30 o'clock. Although I am scarcely off the Lake Shore Limited, at Grand Central's upper level, it confronts me with painful certainty that what doesn't ride tomorrow's Twentieth Century won't get into the magazine.

What a roof is to a house, or pie to Thanksgiving, a cover is to any well-regulated periodical. And Anita Stewart is on our cover, and perforce must be commented upon within.

Now Anita Stewart is a foreigner. That is, she lives in Brooklyn, and although it is the Great Adventure lacking only a submarine to get anywheres in Brooklyn, the telephone service is admirable.

Scene II, I am in a telephone booth, and presently Arundel Court, the big, cream-colored octagon that lies miles on miles down Ocean Avenue, swims into my audible ken.

"Miss Stewart, or her mother, please?"

I am informed by an Ethiopian in charge of communications that Miss Stewart and her mother are in the country!

Yet when one has a brother-in-law who owns a country palace it doesn't need a Holmes by any other name to tell where, in fair probability, she is.

So I unhorsed the Ethiopian's ear, put in an assortment of silver and other chicken-feed, and got in line for Bay Shore 527.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Stewart; "Anita is here, but she hasn't been very well. Oh no, she isn't coming in tonight! What's the matter? Nothing serious; just tired—"

Whereupon mother was displaced with evident suddenness, and a voice that didn't sound at all weak or ill cried: "I'm *not* ill! I was, just a little bit, but I'm feeling fine tonight. It was 'The Goddess,' I think; that continual strain. Really, I nearly collapsed at the studio the other day, and Mr. Ince sent me home."

After felicitations and congratulations

upon youth's speedy recovery: "And I must have a brand new interview with you *tonight*. What are we going to do?"

"Oh, you just write one!" Gleefully.

"I'm afraid it would taste like a substitute for coffee, or temperance beer."

"Oh, no!"—flatteringly. "I'm sure you can think of what I ought to say."

"That's the trouble. If women said what they ought they wouldn't be interesting. The charm of the unexpected—that's a woman."

"Now after that I've nothing at all to say." An invisible pout.

"Well, give me the one thing you'd like to say—the one important fact. Perhaps I can work from that."

"My eyes are brown."

"What?"

"Can't you hear me? I said: my-eyes-are-brown."

"That's nice."

"Oh, there you go! I suppose that sounds silly to you, but to me it's dreadfully important. You know, some people think I have gray eyes—and it's terrible!"

"Yes, it certainly is," I assented.

Cautiously: "Did you ever say, in your magazine, that I had gray eyes?"

Quaking: "I don't know. Did we?"

Vigorously: "Well, you better hadn't."

"Apart from your eyes, which I promise to blacken, what—"

The Other Woman: "Your time is up. For another five minutes please dep—"

The Goddess: "Get off the line. Somebody is always on—"

The Man Who Pays: "Say Central; be reasonable. I haven't got a quarter, but can you change a five?"

The Other Woman: "Your time is up. For another five minutes please dep—"

The Goddess (shrieking): "Oh, get off the line!"

The Man Who Pays: "Lady, please call



Anita Stewart, whom Lillian Russell declared the most beautiful of all moving picture actresses.

the owner of this 'phone when I get through. I can't make my paper money go down this slot."

Silence, somewhat scornful, both from the woman scorned and the woman interrupted.

"It's very belittling," I said presently, "to have one's creditors dun one right in the middle of a telephone conversation, isn't it?"

"What were we saying?" She parried discreetly on poverty.

"I gave you a pair of black eyes, and then it happened."

"Oh yes—I've just thought of something really serious that I'd like to say."

"My ears are as long as the New York Telephone Company will let them grow."

"Don't be facetious. Here it is: since 'The Goddess' has been running, and since 'The Sins of the Mothers,' and some of my other big pictures have been released, I have gotten scores of letters from young girls congratulating me on my successes, and there is in all of them a little wistful undercurrent about the 'ease' of it, and my 'good fortune,' and so on. The 'ease' of it—now fancy!

"I really haven't any message or any advice, but I wish you would tell the girls who think my success has been easy that it hasn't; that I have sacrificed most of my good times and all my thoughts and every waking hour. Of course I have liked it. Liking work is the only thing that makes any of us do it.

"I see so many pretty girls who come to the Vitagraph studio equipped with every sort of talent for success. They have beautiful faces and beautiful figures. Many of

them have education and refinement; all of them have enthusiasm. And bye and bye most of them disappear, or drift away to other studios. Only the smallest percent of them achieve any distinction. Why? Just because most of them think it is easy.

When they come, they are around me, bubbling, and they always call it 'such fun!' When the new wears off, and the work begins, the fun subsides and their enthusiasm dies. And when one's enthusiasm dies, one is quite finished. I think that going into the pictures 'just for fun' has spoiled many a fine young actress.

"If you'd let me I'd like to say once more that it is up to the director to make one's career—or, lacking proper direction, not to have any career at all. I feel more and more my indebtedness to Mr. Ince, who has taken me through every picture I have ever played. Too often the young star looks at the man standing in shirtsleeves beside the camera, and thinks: 'Now I'm going to put it all over him!' And she does—

put it all over herself."

"That's a good ending for a telephone conversation that had such a fuzzy beginning," I concluded reflectively.

"Do you think so?" she answered, laughing.

"Of course I think so. You wouldn't let me think anything else, would you? Furthermore, I hope the operator heard it. It might do her good. She was getting too much fun out of her job a few minutes ago.

"Are you coming out to the studio?"

"I hope to."



Anita Stewart with Earle Williams in "The Goddess".

"That's good. 'Bye."

"'Bye."

"Oh—wait a minute. I just want to tell you not to cheat that cigar man, or whoever he is, out of the extra quarter!"

"No danger. Not even Harry Thaw could escape from the four T's: time, tide, taxes and telephones."

"Of course if you don't think it has been

worth the quarter I'll send it to you."

"I really can't tell that until I hear from the General Manager of the magazine. Au revoir."

"'Bye!"

A two-ended click—and the silver tinkling taximeter rang shrilly before I could take one step. That telephone girl was listening, all right, all right.

Mae and the Masher

MAE MARSH spent a few weeks in Tucson, Arizona, recently, where some scenes of a picture in which she was appearing were being staged. Miss Marsh was going to church, one Sunday night, where a gospel-dispenser of the Billy Sunday variety was preaching.

"He used very hectic subjects," she said, "which he placed in red letters on a blackboard on the platform pulpit. On the night of which I speak I was strolling down Main Street, when a masher stepped up and spoke to me. I walked on without noticing, but he kept by my side. I was a stranger in town, and naturally rather timid. Finally, he said: 'I think I've seen you before, haven't I? May I walk with

you? Yes, of course I may—eh child?"

"An inspiration seized me. 'Why, yes, I suppose so,' I replied coolly. He walked beside me, talking politely of the weather. Finally he asked: 'What sort of place are you going to?' 'Oh, I answered, a place where there are lights and music.' 'My second name!' he answered gaily. 'Oh, it's a place for you naughty people!' I cajoled him. 'You're on, kid!' he cried.

"You should have seen his face when he spied the church. His jaw fell. But he was game, and came in with me.

"And right across the big blackboard in flaming letters we read the subject of the preacher's evening discourse:

"'Bring your tough cases to Jesus!'"



Kathlyn and Her New Pets

Everybody in the world knows that Kathlyn Williams loves animals, and the wilder they are the better. One morning a few weeks ago one of the huge lionesses of the Selig Zoo was found mothering a number of new-born lionettes and the fair Kathlyn immediately adopted them.



Geraldine Farrar, caught by Photoplay Magazine's photographer reading on the lawn in front of her California cottage.

The Dumb Carmen Happy

FARRAR OF FAMOUS VOICE SAYS
SHE LOVES SILENT DRAMA.

ONE becomes angered because the grass is green this morning, and one so much desired red or pink grass; so of course one refuses to even think of acting and one takes Pommy the Pomeranian in one's arms and weeps saltily into his dear little fur. Or one is hysterical because a cross-eyed man wiggled his ears. Or one is desolated by the discovery that one's nose is shiny. For one is an artist, and these be the trimmings by which the impresario knows one is worth a fabulous salary.

Now how shall a poor director know that Geraldine Farrar is an artist when she does none of these things? She even manifests pleasure in her work, and is eager to go on with it when the one o'clock whistle blows. Like a very tyro! Ah, she even admits possibly that she doesn't know everything, and allows the director to believe he actually is of some slight value around the studios. More than that, she will ask the director's advice about matters, appears anxious to please him, and cheerfully re-enacts scenes he asks for.

In fact Cecil de Mille is very much pleased with the world, and declares Miss Farrar one of the most satisfactory persons to direct in pictures.

"I love it," said Miss Farrar. "It is glorious and free." William, her pet goat, looked at her and sighed. She hadn't had her arms around him since morning. Oh, it was all very clear, now. She didn't love him anymore. Very well, he would go away and perhaps when they found him dead—perhaps, perhaps—. So William wandered away, leaving Miss Farrar exclaiming her delight at moving picture acting. "I love the freedom of the pictures. It is as if bonds that strapped down the spirit were broken," she said. "In grand opera, every gesture, every movement has to be in perfect accord with the score. And even the most wonderful music ever written isn't altogether forgivable for holding the actress prisoner. But here. Ah, here it is different. At first I asked Mr. de Mille if there were any time limit to playing certain scenes. He said: 'You act them just as long as you please.' So now I emote for fifty, seventy-five or a hundred feet if the spirit moves me. And do you know I believe Carmen is being truly interpreted for the first time."

Miss Farrar declared that everyone had been so nice to her from Mayor Rose and the delegation that met her in Los Angeles

to the wardrobe mistress who said: "Don't be discouraged, dearie, if it isn't right the first time just keep on trying and you'll get there some day."

Miss Farrar in her Carmen costume attracts admiring attention when she goes through the streets of Los Angeles to "location." Of this she appears grandly unconscious. She will trip from her automobile into a drug store for soda water in her costume, makeup and all, as composedly as she would enter the drawing room of her beautiful bungalow.

"It seems the most natural thing in the world in all these Spanish settings, to be

going through the street in Spanish costume," said Miss Farrar. "I can feel just as Carmen did. She probably would have driven through the streets of Seville if she had had an automobile, and most likely would have dropped into a drug store to get some soda water."

Miss Farrar is very, very happy, she says, in her new work, and she is never again going to let grand opera claim all of her time. In time we may come to know her intimately on the screen, and speak of her as "Jerry" and when national suffrage comes we may elect her president, and name a corset and chewing gum after her.



This highly interesting comedy serves to mark the unbelievable gulf between pictures nine years ago (when this was taken) and the present day. This was in the tiny studio of the Vitagraph Company, on its present site. The title of the comedy was "Man-Hat-and-Cocktail." The players in the foreground, from left to right, are Ralph Ince, Walter Ackerman, and M. E. Benson. Man behind the counter, not known. The director was Vitagraph's first director, the late W. D. Ranous, who died in California a few months ago. At that time all "sets" were cheaply painted on a flat piece of canvas, and actors were hired by the day, at a uniform price of \$5.00 each. No stock companies had yet been organized by any manufacturer, the actors were at once stage hands and property men setting the scenes and borrowing the "props" and he who secured a six days' work in succession was considered lucky. At this time Mr. Ince had no thought of directing, being merely an actor in Ranous' employ.

The STORY of MADAME BARASTOFF

By Mrs. Ray Long

THE TALE OF A LOVE THAT COULD
DIE BUT COULD NEVER BETRAY

By Mrs. Ray Long

*He could not resist
the temptation to see
her before he de-
parted on his
mission.*

ON one of the last late winter days, when the most beautiful avenue of Peter the Great's glistening city, the Nevski Prospect, was gay with the capital's flower taking its icy airing, the Nemesis of little things was keeping pace with the fastest sleigh. This sleigh was drawn by three splendid horses. The sleigh robes were of the richest. And the figures of the man and woman, wrapped to the eyes in silky furs, told of wealth, while the constant salutes and deferential bows from other sleighs, as they were whirled again and again up and down the show avenue, proclaimed them people of note. Evidently they were on parade.

"General Ivan Barastoff and his bride, the lady Constance," people told each other as they passed the speeding sleigh.

"A man of iron," a duke commented, as he and his duchess glided past the Barastoffs.

"Truly," answered the young duchess. "Was not his early mother of four centuries ago the daughter of a Tartar Khan?" And then she added wistfully: "Methinks the lady Constance looks not with her accustomed mirthfulness."

"She is more beautiful so," said the duke gruffly. "Her father was wise. Young Sergius Kauvar, bah! He



could not have bought her peasants' shoes. Thou saidst well, my dear, that Barastoff has Tartar blood. He will make the little Constance smile if it pleases him."

The duchess nodded graciously but shuddered in her furs.

On sped the Barastoff sleigh. Its silver bells jingled in unison with the myriad other chimes and peals of that gay shifting scene. But there was no corresponding gaiety within. General Barastoff, head of the Czar's armies of the Dniester, sat erect, commandingly, as his Eastern invader progenitors probably sat when they drove miserable Russian prisoners, roped together and on foot, before them over the endless steppes with the captured herds of sheep and cattle. His fierce eyes glowed with pride. He was showing his world his victory over beauty and youth. He seemed not to notice that the wide, aloe eyes beside him smoldered and brooded. He leaned with cavalier-like courtesy toward his young wife.

"Darling mine, I start to join my command before the sunset." The caress in his voice almost masked the keenness of his look.

Madame Barastoff raised her troubled eyes to his, and murmured politely, "So soon! I had thought thy departure was to be on the morrow."

The man just succeeded in replying without mockery, "Fear not loneliness, darling mine. I take thee with me."

Madame Barastoff started and trembled. Her eyes lighted and flashed joyously. She drew in her breath as if to exclaim; then hesitated. She was again youth as it should be, wild, exultant, poised for pleasurable happenings. The calculation in the fiery eyes beside her softened for an instant and ardor took its place.

"Dost thou truly rejoice at remaining by my side?" asked Barastoff.

A shadow drifted over the girl's exuberance. Barastoff saw, but his voice was still caressing as he added, "Or is it escape from

this ice and cold in the warmer southland that attracts thee?"

"Oh," gasped the little bride anxiously, "it will be an adventure to be with thee, and to get rid of these choking furs will be a treat."

"I see," answered Barastoff musingly. "With me an adventure, and the southland a treat. Ah, but that is splendid! And, yes, I almost forgot. Young Sergius Kauvar, a beggarly lieutenant of mine, you doubtless know, will be at our station. Thou recallest him? He was granted here sometimes the sweetness of thy company, yes? Well, officially now he is not of our rank. It will be better that thou seest him no more. Thou wilt remember?"

The same soft, silky tones to the end. Not an indication that the speaker knew he was stilling the rise of the life-joy in the girl's veins. Madame Barastoff bowed mutely. A gray change settled over her.

She knew that her husband's simple words were a command, and that his command was unalterable and unbreakable without courting the severest penalty.

It was not till two weeks after reaching General Barastoff's army headquarters on the Dniester that the girl bride again showed any of the buoyancy Barastoff had called up that day when he told her he was to bring her with him. He had obtained for her a stone house where every luxury had been prepared for her coming. He had given her an honorary command of troops such as delight English and German women of the royal houses, and had been punctilious in seeing that she was furnished with escorts, who were personally pleasing, when he could not attend her. Indeed he showed so much generosity in providing his bride with the company of the most fascinating men in his command (Lieutenant Sergius Kauvar was not included) that his close friends remonstrated with him.



"Her father was wise. Young Kauvar could not have bought her peasants' shoes."

"Friend Ivan," said one, "thy generosity may prove costly. Thy lady Constance is very beautiful, and youth is youth—"

"I do not fear any man," interrupted Barastoff proudly.

"It was shortly after this that the change of spirits came over Madame Barastoff. It was as wonderful, as impossible to conceal as a rainbow after a storm. General Barastoff had had a busy night-long conference with officers and engineers and came, although weary, to visit Madame Barastoff at ten the next morning. When he entered her hallway, Madame was doing nothing more unusual than coming down the stairs. But the way she came! There was dash in her footsteps, there was life in her muscles, and there was strength enough in the poise of her small head to balance and carry the load of a Czech peasant. The first glimpse of her electrified Barastoff's work-dulled senses.

"Dear lady," he said as he grasped both of her soft hands, "thy spirits inspire. We will ride together this morning to review troops."

"Oh, but no, thou art too weary," exclaimed Madame a trifle too anxiously.

Even in what he knew to be only a seeming concern there was a lilt in her voice that set the man on fire. He studied the glowing face before him a minute with awful playfulness.

"Of a truth thou art careful of me," he answered gaily. "I will go back to my quarters, where a message can find me easily, and rest. We will not ride today." He pressed the white hands he still held savagely and turned to go. But he stopped to face Madame again and ask solicitously, "Pardon, dear one, I am a brute with fatigue. What dost thou wish for entertainment while I sleep?"

"Trouble not," answered the girl hastily. "I am learning, what is it you call it, the resourcefulness of an army woman." And she smiled up at him almost timidly.

Barastoff looked down into the sweet face with an inscrutable smile. He bowed again over Madame's hands, kissed them with straight, cold lips, and strode away toward his quarters. When he reached his combination office and rest room, he lay down on his couch, bade an orderly pull down the shades and ordered everything but the most important of messages kept



Nicholas, the servant, remembered encountering them in the park.

from him, as he wished to sleep. But for all his preparations, he did not even try to close his eyes. He lay with their fiery gaze directed at the ceiling as if they saw there portentous happenings. After an

"I have proof that information is being conveyed to the enemy, and an officer of this command is suspected."



hour he arose and went hastily again to Madame Barastoff's house.

There was no one in the hall and no one in her elegant little library receiving room. Barastoff looked about, then strode to an elaborate little ebony desk, inlaid with lapis lazuli, that had been one of his betrothal presents. Some sheets of paper on which the girl had been amusing herself with drawing attracted him. One sheet was gay with little clowns. Madame Barastoff had evidently been working on these last when interrupted, for one pantalooned figure pointed with an unfinished arm. There was a black nick where the armline stopped as if the pencil had come down hard there and the point had broken. Nearby lay a pencil. Barastoff now looked at it, first casually, then with aroused interest, for the pencil had a new point, a clear, sound, well made point, not of any woman's making. His face grew livid as he studied that telltale point.

Suddenly as he held the pencil a mania for discovery seemed to come over him. He patted the pile of papers and noticed a bulge under them. He hunted feverishly down to that bulge. His manner was of an

intentness ordinarily out of all proportion with such trivial things. And when he found the bulge to be made by a pearl handled knife, not the tiny gold handled one belonging to Madame Barastoff, he glared at it with a hoarse snarl.

It was minutes before he slipped the knife into his pocket and left the house. Outside he came on Nicholas, an old servant.

"Where is Madame Barastoff," he demanded curtly.

Old Nicholas nearly dropped the portfolio of papers he was carrying at his master's tone. He snatched off his hat awkwardly. "Madame has gone to walk, your excellency," he said with a tremble in his voice that did not escape Barastoff.

"With whom does Madame walk?"

Nicholas' confusion increased. He remembered encountering them in the park. "I saw only his back, your excellency," came hesitatingly and untruthfully.

"Enough," thundered Barastoff, and old Nicholas hurried away, his knees shaking.

Barastoff turned sharply in the direction of his quarters. When there he shut himself up in his room. He received no one

for hours. Much of the time he poured over a portfolio of papers brought to him earlier in the day. His army was laying siege to Austrian towns all along the upper Dniester. One force was engaged fifty miles to the north. The enemies' lines stretched between. This situation with all of its possibilities engaged his closest study. At last he seemed satisfied.

The afternoon's hard application following thirty hours of sleeplessness and work would have left some physical mark of strain on most men. On Barastoff it did not show at all. He was the same combination of fire and coldness, keenness and force as usual when, at five, he called a consultation of his staff.

Barastoff sat at his plain table, still studying the papers before him. When all summoned were there he looked up and said sharply, "I have absolute proof that information is being conveyed to the enemy and one of the officers of this command is suspected."

There was a simultaneous straightening of bodies that had already been models of military erectness.

"It is needless to feel insulted," went on Barastoff, the cut of a knife in every syllable. "It were better to find the guilty man."

A murmur of awed consent ran round the room. Barastoff heard and continued, "I feel it is a courtesy that I should ask you officers and gentlemen what should be done with your treasonable brother when he is found."

One, Colonel Svidnik, exclaimed with vigor, "General Barastoff, there is only one thing to do with him."

"And that is—?" Barastoff leaned slightly forward as he waited.

"Let the guilty man, whoever he may be, face a firing-squad."

Barastoff searched each face. Each showed assent. "I will act as you have advised, my officers," he said.

At a word the officers withdrew and Barastoff summoned old Nicholas. While waiting for him he took from his pocket the penknife he had found on Madame Barastoff's desk. When Nicholas appeared he gazed on him as if, too proud to question, he would read the old servant's soul.

"Your excellency," began Nicholas quaveringly.

"Nicholas, we don't often have theatricals in camp," interrupted Barastoff, "but we are going to indulge today. Thou are to be one of the actors."

"Mine all right," he said. "Must have turned it out of my own pocket!"



The old man bowed tremblingly.

"See this knife," and Barastoff held the pearl trifle out to the servant. "Very well. I am dropping it onto the floor here beside the table. It is to lie there till I ask thee to pick it up. Make no mistake."

Old Nicholas bowed almost double and Barastoff called a messenger. The messenger clicked into the room instantly and stood at attention.

"Call Lieutenant Kauvar," ordered Barastoff.

Lieutenant Kauvar came in at once, saluted deferentially, and asked in a clear voice, "You wanted me, General?"

"I have an important mission for you," said Barastoff. The handsome young lieutenant's color mounted. Barastoff picked up a pencil and began to write. He bore down with vigor and the point snapped off. An exclamation of annoyance broke from him as he searched in vain for his knife.

"Will you let me have your knife, Kauvar? Mine is mislaid."

Kauvar hunted quickly through his own pockets. A surprised look crept over his face, almost one of consternation. "I must have lost it," he said hesitatingly, as he continued to search.

"Ah, there is one on the floor," exclaimed Barastoff. "Pick it up, Nicholas."

The old servant stooped and presented the knife to Barastoff. The general looked at it, then called, "Here, Nicholas, this isn't mine. Lieutenant Kauvar must have dropped it. Give it to him."

Old Nicholas held out the knife to Kauvar. The young man took it unsuspectingly and evidently much relieved. "Mine, all right," he said. "I must have turned it out of my own pocket. Let me serve you, General Barastoff!" And he took the broken pencil and sharpened it while Barastoff watched him. When he handed back the sharpened pencil, Barastoff regarded the point fixedly. When he looked up again it was with a stern command. "Get rest tonight, Kauvar. You will need it. For tomorrow night when heavy clouds are forecast to veil the moon, you will break through the enemy's lines and speed with this letter to General Idvanga, fifty miles to the north. Remain there till the siege is lifted. It may be for months."

The young officer paled. He stared at Barastoff as if dazed. What had seemed

like a mission of honor as Barastoff began had become a hateful banishment. It was with difficulty that he got out the ordinary words of obedient acceptance.

Barastoff seemed not to notice his lieutenant's distress. He turned to old Nicholas, who was leaving the room with some papers, and called, "Nicholas, tell Madame Barastoff I shall not return to her till tomorrow noon." Then he regarded Kauvar with an I-thought-you-were-gone look, saluted perfunctorily, and dismissed him.

A wild expression of exultation burned on Barastoff's face as he watched the younger man going from him. Kauvar's fine figure had lost its jauntiness. He seemed to have aged. As the door closed behind him, Barastoff showed his teeth in a hard laugh.

After Kauvar was gone he went to his couch and stretched himself luxuriously. But he was up again and back at his table and to work before five minutes had passed. He did not even relax in his seat. For this man had the unrest of the pillaging nomad in his veins. The next thing of importance to him claimed him: the finding of the officer he had avowed was suspected of treason. He wrote feverishly:

An affair of grave import makes it imperative that any officer or private soldier absent at any time during this night from his quarters shall be courtmartialled and, if he be unable to account for his absence satisfactorily, he shall be shot as a traitor.
Barastoff.

This was the order he wrote. He sent it out with the command that it be posted throughout the camp. After its appearance an unusual quiet fell early over the tents.

In Barastoff's room the light did not cease burning as the night wore on. With three of his officers he bent over maps and plans.

At midnight he stopped to say, "We can go no further without Lieutenant Kauvar." An orderly was dispatched to bring the lieutenant.

It was some minutes before the orderly returned. The fear on his face spoke before the words, "Your excellency, I have to report that Lieutenant Kauvar is missing."

The officers sprang up. Barastoff quieted them. "There is no reason for haste," he said evenly. "He is the man

suspected. He will return before daylight. Arrest him then." And he quietly wrote the order for Kauvar's arrest.

At daybreak the little army court was seated in proper form. Barastoff entered and consulted with his officers. "If there is no objection, gentlemen, I should like to send for my wife," he said. "She is deeply interested in courts-martial."

Consternation appeared on every face. Each man glued eyes he dared not allow to seek a brother officer's, on Barastoff's cruel face, then bowed politely.

When Madame Barastoff finally came in, the general hurried to greet her. He took her hands and held them gallantly to his lips.

"Thou hast sent for me, why?" she asked, her eyes big with wonder.

"Thy interest in courts-martial," he answered. "I was loath to disturb thy beauty sleep, but feared lest thou wouldst reproach me for holding this amusement from thee. I trust thou wilt not be bored." He placed a chair and bent over the slender figure with an air of devotion. Then the door opened and Kauvar, haggard, with staring eyes, was brought in under guard and led to the prisoner's chair. Madame Barastoff saw as if bewildered and came near to fainting.

Barastoff noted it and supported his wife with maddening tenderness. He placed his lips close to her cheek and whispered, "Lean on me, my sweet. Thou wilt soon become accustomed to army ways. That's my brave girl."

For Madame did summon a kind of courage. An officer was reading something at Kauvar and she felt she must hear. She caught the word "treason." It was like a body blow. Then she heard the question, "Lieutenant Kauvar, can you explain your absence from your quarters last night?" The answer came clearly, "I have nothing to say."

Madame strained forward, as if to hear the better. She shivered and her lips trembled like a child's when it is going to cry.

"But you must explain your absence last night," came again to her hurt senses. "Where were you between the hours of eleven and three?"

Kauvar's eyes wandered slowly around the room. When they came to Madame Barastoff, the girl he had not long ago hoped to win for his wife, he could not

conceal his look of horror. "I shall never answer that question," he said with heat.

A strained silence followed. The officers in charge consulted together. Finally one said pleadingly, "Kauvar, take heed of what you are doing. Your life is in jeopardy. In God's name, speak! A word can save you."

Kauvar sat rigid. His eyes deadened with a glaze. He did not see Madame Barastoff droop and sway. But Barastoff did. He clasped her quickly in his arms, laid her head on his shoulder, and held water to her white lips. Slowly the court room, which had seemed so far away, came back to the girl's sight, and the roaring in her ears took the form of words—words that made her choke for breath. An officer was speaking.

"If you want time," he was saying, "you may have it. But speak, I implore you, no matter whom else you implicate. There is nothing more valuable than one's own life."

Slowly Kauvar arose. "I have committed no crime of which my conscience accuses me," he said slowly. "Before God, I swear that I am innocent of any treasonable act."

There was a stirring among the officers. "Are there any voluntary witnesses," was the next question.

A fluttering of Madame Barastoff's draperies attracted attention. She was staggering to her feet. "I—I—I—" she stammered before Barastoff drew her down beside him and spoke soothingly but loudly so all could hear. "Darling mine, thou art ill. Thy pity is commendable but it is not permitted even so soft a heart as thine to disturb the court by begging for a prisoner's life."

Kauvar had also been quite as quick to interrupt the girl. He had lifted his head with a frightened look upon his face when he heard her voice. He had started to speak, but gave the preference to Barastoff, who had so quickly covered the forthcoming words that would have frustrated his plan. Now the prisoner raised one hand, and with a fearless, accusing finger pointed at Barastoff he cried, "Let sentence be passed at once. And take me out, for if I live a half hour longer I shall not be able to keep myself from killing that Tartar there. I bore false witness just now. I am guilty."

A few minutes later Barastoff again saw life coming back into the face of the girl whose consciousness had gone wholly with Kauvar's last words. He watched her scared gaze travel around the now empty room. When it came up to him bending over her, she shuddered. She did not ask anything, just covered in the dread silence that prevailed.

Suddenly a sharp report of several rifles, fired in unison, broke the stillness. Barastoff felt the quiver of the tender flesh in his embrace. He looked down on his conquered burden and there came over his face the same look of fierce victory of that day when, on the Nevski Prospect, he had paraded before the great of Russia his triumph over youth and beauty.

Months later the Russian siege against the Austrians along the Dneister was lifted. The Austrian general and his adjutant were discussing the long struggle.

"Thanks be to God, it's over," said the adjutant.

"Yes," added the general, "but it makes me sick to think how much sooner it would have been if the Russian dogs had only played up to their reputation. They suck in intrigue and double dealing with their mother's milk and yet not an accursed man in Barastoff's whole thrice-accursed army could be bribed into giving up a word of their plans. If we could have found out that there wasn't enough ammunition in their whole country to blow up a ship, we could be marching on Paris by now."

Kalem "Yard" at Jacksonville, Florida



This is the center of all the activities of the delightful studio of the Kalem Company, at Jacksonville. Hundreds of scenes in Kalem dramas and comedies have been made in this yard, and the Kalem players have a great affection for the yard.

If This be Insanity— Call The Alienist

By Randolph Bartlett

Exhibit A

I may be crazy, but—

I gaze unmoved upon the cartoons on the sport pages of newspapers;

In deepest gloom I read the comic weeklies;

With unearthly calm I hear the vaudeville artist say, "A PPPiece of PP Peach PPPie" and hear the inevitable retort, "That's not an order, that's a shower bath";

I am not overcome with mirth when a man whose belt buckle is three feet over the building line, slips on a banana peel;

I am not even mildly amused by Irvin S. Cobb's rag-time English and Montague Glass' gefeulte comedy;

To me "Twin Beds" and the Ziegfeld Follies are as sleeping potions;

I find the Sunday comic supplement as funny as does the latest Chinese convert the Book of Numbers;

BUT—

When Charlie Chaplin, with immobile and pessimistic countenance, heaves himself into my line of vision, I abandon myself to an orgy of cachinnation beside which old King Cole, that jolly old soul, is as glum as an undertaker who learns the death rate is decreasing.

Exhibit B

I may be crazy, but—

My pulse remains normal as I stroll among the sirens of Broadway;

I am never to be found in a front seat at the burlesque show;

My eyes do not bulge as I contemplate the statuary and paintings at the Metropolitan Museum;

I have never envied Nat Goodwin;

I never wanted to own the original of a Gibson or a Christy magazine cover;

My interest in the stage door is as the

interest of William Jennings Bryan in the automobile speed laws of central China;

I gaze only in wonder upon the revelations of art and nature in the fashionable shopping district;

BUT—

When the lovely Anita Stewart appears upon the screen I understand at last why boys leave home.

Exhibit C

I may be crazy, but—

I can sit dry-eyed through an entire evening of Warfield sob;

I am not overcome with grief at the spectacle of the honest son of toil being robbed of his savings of years by the bunko man;

I have no difficulty in controlling my emotions over the tale of the noble hound that dashes into the burning home and is cremated in the effort to rescue a little girl's rag doll;

My tear-ducts are as dry as the Sahara over the woes of Manon Lescaut, Camille, Paul and Virginia, Zaza, Elektra, Sappho, Abelard and Heloise, Dante and Beatrice, and Harry and Evelyn.

Not all the melodic grief of Butterfly or Pagliacci makes necessary the furtive employment of my handkerchief.

To the human interest story in the newspaper I am as callous as the Great Sphinx;

I am a bully, a brute, a vivisectionist, an ogre, and an advocate of wife-beating;

BUT—

When the plaintive little figure of Blanche Sweet moves pathetically through the photoplay I become a public nuisance by pretending a sudden attack of cold in the head, to hide my sniffles.

That concludes the evidence, gentlemen of the jury—am I a nut or not?



Theda Bara

Purgatory's Ivory Angel

THEDA BARA, DAUGHTER OF THE
SPHINX, WHO CRIED BECAUSE A LIT-
TLE GIRL CALLED HER A VAMPIRE

By Wallace Franklin

TO be enduringly happy, one must be selective in one's beliefs about women.

When considering parabolic fire, vaccination, municipal politics and German cookery one must believe those facts which are most apparent. But women are not tangible, either as objects of reason or prophecy, and therefore he that hath wit will believe about them whatever pleases him most.

For that reason I prefer to disbelieve those stupid people who insist that Theda Bara's right name is Theodosia Goodman, and that she is by, of and from Cincinnati. To those persons I put my fingers in my eyes and wink my ears. I wish to believe, I am going to believe, I do believe that Allah is Allah, and that Bara is Bara; that the ivory angel of purgatory is an Eastern Star, was born under the shadow of the Sphinx and in physical texture is as bizarre a woof of bloods as she is cosmopolitan in mentality.

And I see no reason for disbelieving what it most pleases me to believe. Here is a Family-Bible alibi stout enough to satisfy William Travers Jerome: Born 1890; daughter of Theda DeCoppet, French actress, and Giuseppe Bara, illustrious Ital-

ian sculptor and painter. Record further states that Theda II opened her destructive eyes on an oasis in the Sahara, where her father was engaged in painting desert pictures. She studied painting under him, took a bit of literary talent from a previous ancestor, and did much writing, very little of which has been published. Later she followed in her mother's footsteps, and appeared in the classic drama in England.

When eighteen years of age she appeared in Jane Hading's company in Paris. Her personality and appearance led her directors to cast her for roles which—for want of a better term—we may describe as “vampire parts;” thus she became a professional sorceress. She was an important member of the Grand Guignol company, and appeared at the Gymnase and the Theatre Antoine. Director Frank Powell, of the Fox Film Corporation, secured her for the vampire part in “A Fool There Was,” and so she came to the screens of America, where she has luridly remained.

I know of no actress who has become so widely known in such a short space of time. Four months ago very few people, in the country at large, knew her name. Today, thanks to her demon-



This pretty woman has become the symbol against which every other woman's fist is raised.

iac roles, she is the baleful red star in a constellation of pretty white luminaries, visible every night in every quarter of the heavens.

WHAT mid-country wife, seeing her susceptible and cantaloupe-headed spouse off for New York, would be willing to venture his integrity and affection against an assault by Theda Bara, the arch-torpedo of domesticity? Alas, none!

This pretty woman has become the symbol against which every woman's fist is raised, the terror of the flat-housewife, the Ishmaelite of femininity. The fact that Theda Bara is a home-buster only in working hours, and in other hours is a gentle, slightly melancholy, even timid creature, will, of course, not be believed by the women. The fact that the real Theda Bara

regards love as a bit of a myth, passion as too often an oppression, and a career of high license with bridle and blinders off as something too shocking to contemplate will, of course, not be believed by the sly husbands of these women. Thus the business of adventury, at least in so far as it concerns a pretty woman, leads only to private suspicion and social misunderstanding. The females who fear Theda Bara, and look at her in the street with wide eyes full of curious terror, have, in turn, frightened Theda Bara almost to death.

I found her, on the prettiest of New York's early June days, hard at her wicked toil in the Pathé, now Fox, studio in Jersey City. This delightful quadrangle of yard and building, poised on the west shore of the Hudson River, is a picture studio such as the fans most often imagine, and most often isn't.

I arrived just before noon. I was more for staying out than going in, for as a "location," the Pathé-Fox vicinity is wonderful. The whole eastern sky is full of the miracle of Manhattan, "panorammed" in the most perfect detail from the aquarium, which once was Castle Garden, to the sky-climbing apartment palaces of upper

Riverside. The wide bosom of the empty stream where once lay the commerce of the world merely focusses this picture and gives it enchanting distance. But devil's daughters, and not scenery, were my quest that day, and as good reliable devil's daughters are becoming confoundedly scarce, did not linger on the view.

Miss Bara was in her little dressing room, on the building's east side, resting between the takes of her latest assumption of iniquity. It is a sweet, business-like

little room. I remember that there were very few ornaments, and many, many hooks full of clothes; at the south wall a plain little couch, littered with those soft drowsers our grandmothers called "sofy pillows." There was just space for a chair or two; a dressing-table with powerful lights and fine glasses; a maid to whom all things good and bad seemed unimportant illusions—and

"A terrible thing happened yesterday. I was walking near my home. I had a great big red apple in my hand, and ahead of me I spied a little girl with thin legs and oh, such a hungry look! I put my arm around her and put the apple in her hand. Her eyes fell on my face and a look of terror came into hers. 'It's the Vampire!' She ran.... I went home and sobbed."

Theda Bara

la Bara.

"Oh, I hope you'll pardon appearances!" She rose from the couch quickly, gathering her play-acting robe of scarlet silk about her shoulders; "we've been so busy—we've so little space here—I require so much attention from my maid. Can you really find a place to sit?"

And thus she become one with all womankind at her first sentence. The farmer's wife who protests that her cake isn't good, your hostess who manages to apologize for the coziest bedchamber in the world, Mrs. Satan who fusses when you peep at her tiny torrid throne—haven't all three a common and irresistible witchery in their absurd unreason?

So I made the assurances that a man always makes to the farmer's wife, and to his hostess, and to Mrs. Satan, and sat down beside her. Mental notes as I sat: she is very slender; her hands are very little; the impression of height I am gaining must be accentuated by her slenderness; her face is dusky-pale, with the pallor of a woman who is physically well, but who does not go much out of doors; her skin is like creamy satin; her jaw, as I see the left side of her face, is so strong and tense that

her best pictures will be full-face views — never profiles.

THE first impression Theda Bara made on me was that of a remarkable and burning intellectuality. Her English is as crystalline as Phyllis Neilson-Terry's, and she uses the ranging vocabulary of a literary man. Yet her English is an acquired language! French is the language she speaks as a birthright, and in French she acted. She reads French books. Yet she has read all of D'Annunzio, and never in translation. To her English, French and Italian she adds a knowledge of German which she calls nothing at all, but which I am told is far from nothing.

"Only a Russian ancestor could make you such a citizen of the world," I charged. "Do you confess?"

"Yes," she answered — "I am partly Russian; and only one generation removed."

Here is what the photoplay means to her:

"I like screen drama because of its immense opportunities to depict life, and it seems to me that the more phases of life one is able to show, so much finer becomes the play.

"I am terribly in earnest about my parts. They exhaust me frightfully. After some scenes I cannot stand. Do you remember the scene in 'The Clemenceau Case' in which I am finally stabbed? I frightened Mr. Shay almost to death that day. I gave a terrible scream and sank back—Mr. Shay thought



he had really stabbed me; Mr. Brennon came running; even the camera man was certain that I had been hurt.

"My camera man is my artistic speedometer. If he likes a scene I know it is good; if he shakes his head—sometimes I cry a little because I am so tired, but I always do a retake. Do you remember my dead, staring eyes at the finale of 'The Clemenceau Case?'"

I assuredly did—with horror.

"My camera man made me go through that scene no less than twenty-seven times. I was almost blinded.

"Do I like being a professional? — O h, please, please don't call me a 'Vampire!' Yes and no. I believe that I am inherently an actress, and I like the adventuress because she has color and intensity. Do you understand? I can make something out of her; she stands forth vivid and living; she is the only human sort of woman the American public wants; they must have colorless heroines, or sugary-sweet heroines, playing white little parts in white little love stories. Understand me—I'm not saying that American women are like that; they are warm, wonderful vital things, but people seem to want heroines and not women. Therefore I choose to play wicked women, because when photoplay women are good and real they often cease to be women. Isn't that odd?

"I am playing a part in 'The Two Orphans' just

to show that I can be good, but I wish, to the uttermost depths of my soul, for a part in which I'd neither be an incarnation of evil, as I am now, nor an incarnation of holiness. I want to play a kind-hearted, lovable, human woman. Won't some one write me such a part?"

MISS BARA paused, and her face grew very serious; sad, almost.

"A terrible thing happened yesterday," she said, softly. "I was walking near my home in Manhattan. I had a great big red apple in my hand, and ahead of me I spied a little girl with thin legs, a faded calico frock, and oh, such a hungry look! She was running, but I loped after her like an antelope in a hobble skirt—and caught her. I put my arm around her and put the apple in her hand, and she looked up with a frightened, happy little laugh. Then her eyes fell on my face, and a look of terror came into hers. She stumbled backward, away from me. I was frightened, too. Other little girls came up. 'It's the Vampire!' whispered the biggest, in a croaking way. Then they all ran, and I went home and sobbed like the littlest of them."

The actress leaned forward and touched my hand furtively, a worried pucker on her brow. "I have heard women say that, in theatres," she went on, "and for that reason I creep into dark corners in public places. It hurts me, for if there's anything I am not, it's what they think me."

And at the studio they've affectionately nicknamed her, "Vamp!"

Bye and bye we fell to talking, abstractly, of things outside the theatre. "Do I believe in 'eternal love'?" The ghost of a smile flickered mockingly about her lips. "As an ideal, yes; as a reality, no. To search for love is to chase the rainbow;

yet, knowing this, do we ever give up the chase? Perhaps there are some few especially favored of the Gods who experience it, but if so, I've never been invited for even a short visit to their Olympus."

La Bara is a student of the occult; she reads the heavens, can tell you what your birth-stars should—and of course don't—bestow upon you, and maps a melancholy destiny on her own hands.

"See!" she exclaimed fiercely, driving my surprised forefinger into her little palm: "that's the end of my life-line. I shan't live very long. I find life so wonderful and so varied that I burn myself up always thinking, thinking, thinking. Soon after I should be thirty, I think you will have Theda's pictures, but no Theda." William Fox forbid!

LA BARA lives in a nest-like little apartment in the young hundreds, upper Manhattan, near North river. She can ride and swim, but says she likes to do neither—"I'm indolent; I'd rather lie in a hammock, or on my couch, and read. Reading is my master-passion; music, I think, my second love."

I had two final visions of La Bara; one that of the maid struggling under a very material Jersey City lunch, with beef à la mode and regular mundane pie, more to be described as a hunk than a piece; the other a scene in which, wearily watched by apathetic representative citizens, she rolled a distance of fifteen feet down a dirty sidewalk into an appalling gutter—and did two retakes.

"Isn't it strange," she smiled, a bit sadly, as we parted—her maid brushing debris of the pavement from her silky hair—"that I'm so in love with life and everybody alive that I'm only able to incarnate myself on the screen as an embodiment of hate and evil?"

SCREEN parties are the latest fad among the society folks of Washington. Musicales have heretofore formed the accepted evening entertainment, but like all other such highly classic affairs they weigh upon the guests like an afterdinner speaker. In consequence some other style of amusement was sought and the screen party became inaugurated.

In truth the home motion picture show

came into existence quite by accident, when some New York musical artists disappointed a society hostess. At her wit's end for an entertainment she turned to the latest craze of the people—the movies—and in a spirit of comedy offered this as a substitution. The entertainment became immediately popular and others followed her example, so that today screen parties are the fad in the homes of the wealthy.

There is no "Silent" Drama

DIALOGUE IS JUST AS MUCH AN ACCOMPANIMENT OF THE PHOTOPLAY AS OF THE STAGE-PLAY. THE DIRECTORS TELL HOW IT'S DONE

IS "silent drama" silent?

If not, why, how and to what extent is it vocal?

These are questions which have been asked PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE many, many times, and for the thousands who wish to know—apparently every picture patron wishes to know whether or not "the actors talk"—the best known directors in America have been asked to express themselves.

A month ago these questions were asked the constructive leaders of the profession from the Atlantic to the Pacific; from northern Chicago to Florida:—

Is spoken dialogue a regular accompaniment of the taking of your pictures?

If so, is it impromptu on the part of the actors—"making up" lines to fit the scenes and situations, as it were?

Or is it inspired by the directors to bring out more fully certain points in the play?

Is dialogue ever written into the scripts, after the manner of the spoken play, and thereby learned just as a "part" is learned for the legitimate stage?

The answers show that dialogue is used everywhere that pictures are taken. Don't think again that the players are merely moving their lips, soundless, in a pictorial *imitation* of talk. They *are* talking, and sometimes pretty strenuously, too.

The individual expressions of the directors show as much variety of thought as there are varieties in men and opinions, and, consequently, are highly interesting.

One of the first picture directors to express himself in favor of the deliberately spoken word was James Neill, now in the Lasky company in Hollywood, California.

A sunny-haired young woman, playing a small part in a war drama, was requested by Neill to register surprise and anguish upon receiving bad news. The poor girl

literally wrestled (instead of registering) with her countenance for nearly a quarter of an hour, in an endeavor to truthfully express her fictitious emotions. By the time she had sprained all of her features except her left eye, Neill came to the rescue.

"Give me the script," he said to his assistant. The assistant passed him the map-like chart of the picture play. Taking out his pencil, Neill wrote a half-dozen lines on the back of a page, and handed them to the girl.

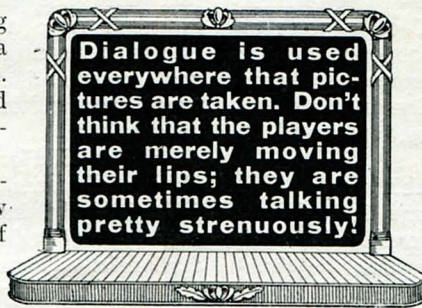
"Here, sister, learn your part," he commanded, handing her the manuscript. He waited ten minutes.

"Now then," he concluded, "go right in and speak your lines as if you were in the country's finest theatre, before the country's finest audience, and all the New York critics. Speak those lines as if you meant them—and quit worrying about your face! Believe what you say; believe it with all your heart, and your face will take care of itself."

The girl spoke the lines with such fervor that the tears actually streamed down her convulsed countenance. Her small role is one of the most notable "bits" in pictorial history.

Here is a distinctly different thing done at the studio of The Famous Players, in New York: when a scenario is prepared for production, an accompanying oral play is also created, separately, by which it

is possible to supply each member of the company with lines best suited to develop the required emotion or expression in every scene. This policy is in effect at The Famous Players probably because Hugh Ford, one of the most successful directors in the country, is a member of its producing staff, and is one of the foremost authorities on the dramatic value of "lines"



and their influence in shaping the dramatic and emotional method of the actors to whom they are supplied.

Probably you've often wondered at the chatter—the voiceless, shadow-chatter of the Keystone folk? Well, here's what Keystone's genius, Mack Sennett, has to say on the subject:

"In the making of our comedies, spoken dialogue is a regular accompaniment of the action. As a rule, this dialogue is given to the actor by the director, and is carefully followed, although a portion of it is 'ad lib' and impromptu on the part of the players. I believe that the player is only capable of expressing himself fully when the thought is carried along on the stream of words.

"During the early days of picture-making little attention was paid to dialogue, with the result that the action lost much of its meaning and continuity. It wandered. Frequently nonsense or profanity was introduced. I remember an instance in which the late Francis Boggs, directing a Selig picture, was unsatisfied with an actor's imaginary denunciation, and so told him to express, in his own language, just what he thought of such a fellow. As this player was in the habit of taking his language straight, without even water on the side, that whole scene had to be retaken. That player's large round oaths were as apparent as a conflagration at night. While I insist upon free vocal expression by my players, the use of obscenity or profanity, in any instance, doesn't mean reprimand; it means discharge."

Joseph Kauffman, of Lubin's, says: "It would be impossible for me to make an effective scene without dialogue. Unless I am putting on a play in which the characters are fishes, or other voiceless animate objects, I don't see how I could get any real expression without words fitting the situations. To be explicit: if a man says to a woman, 'I love you,' naturally the expression arrives with the words; or, if he says, 'I hate you!' the example applies in the same way.

"Also, dialogue is necessary to bring a scene to its climax.

"The authors of my scenarios do not supply the words. In my case, I generally manage to make my imagination work to the extent of being able to make each character say the things he or she would say in real life under the same circumstances."

Pathe is terse, but to the point: "In the Pathe films spoken dialogue is always used, but it is invariably impromptu, under the advice of the director. Dialogue is never written into our scripts."

Thomas H. Ince is a firm believer in clear enunciation.

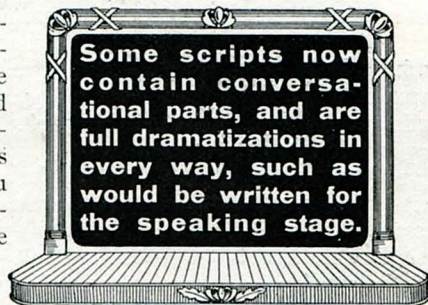
"Dialogue," contends Mr. Ince, "is a big factor in pictures. A great many actors who come to work before the camera come with the idea

that they must act without speaking, or that if they do speak it must be in a low tone—a mumble. That is wrong. If an actor has a big 'punchy' line to speak, he should enunciate as he would if he were playing the part behind the footlights. It will help him, in proper ratio as he emphasizes it, to assume the proper facial expression, and to make the proper gesticulation, if gesticulation is included.

"Whether dialogue in my pictures is prepared, or impromptu, depends upon the actors. Some actors so thoroughly understand and appreciate dramatic situations that they are enabled extemporaneously to speak lines appropriate to the scene. Others, though good actors, haven't adequate command of language to speak appropriately without having their lines furnished them."

William S. Hart, of New York Motion, always rehearses his dialogue, separately and carefully, before "shooting" a scene, as the actual "take" is slanged for the professionals. "I consider that dialogue is indispensable," says Hart, "and what is more, that the *right* lines, and the right emphasis are equally indispensable."

Director Walter Edwards, of the same company, makes what is a most daring prediction: that the day will come when, through picture audiences having familiarized themselves with "lip reading," the use of sub-captions and quotations will no longer be necessary!



Cecil DeMille, genius of the Lasky camp, avers: "I use dialogue exactly as if I were staging a play. The dialogue is written in my manuscripts by the author, and even the choice of words, pronunciation and enunciation are insisted upon, to get the 'just right' time and facial expression."

Director Paton, of Universal, sometimes retakes a scene many times simply because the language doesn't suit him in its particular expressiveness. Paton writes the lines for all of his plays, and goes to a far degree in having the spoken word properly expressive.

At Vitagraph, dialogue is used in the taking of pictures, and it is given out by the director, written in the scenarios, and "made up" by the actors themselves. That these methods are not confusing will be realized when it is known that only the most experienced and most cultured Vitagraph players are permitted to use their own language in scenes; and that the director supplies his portions of the dialogue only after careful study of the manuscript to see just what is lacking in the conversations which may have been partially completed, or perhaps barely indicated, by the author.

The general manager of the Kalem company writes: "Our directors, prior to putting on a picture, give each actor an opportunity to become thoroughly familiar with the entire scenario, as well as the particular portion to be played by himself, or herself.

"When a scene is about to be rehearsed the director discusses with the actor the work he is about to do, and the impression he is to convey. Our directors all find it advisable for the player to express orally what a person would ordinarily say under the circumstances. This, we feel, is the only way to get real expression at all.

"With us, dialogue is not written into the scripts. The scenario merely outlines the scene about to be portrayed, and the proper dialogue readily occurs to the director, and to the experienced photoplay actor. Nor is our dialogue a succession of whispers. A Kalem player expressing

anger has been heard 'playing' half a block away."

George K. Spoor, president of the Essanay company, has ordered the abandonment of the old-time scenario in all of the Essanay studios.

Says Mr. Spoor: "You may say that Essanay, has definitely, and for all time, abandoned the old-fashioned 'movie scenario.'

Our scripts now contain conversational parts, and are full dramatizations in every way, such as would be written for the speaking stage. Each player who has a part of importance is given the whole play to study; he memorizes his own dialogue, ex-

actly as though he were to play a role on the stage of a Chicago

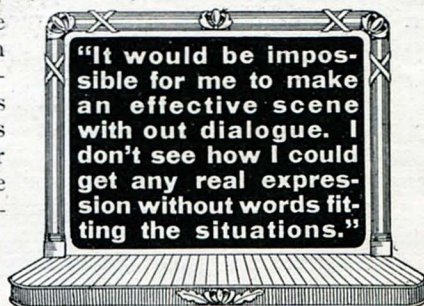
theatre, and further, studies his own part in its relation to the plot as a whole, and the other characters in the piece.

"Our directors are given to understand that if the players do not feel their mimic emotions thoroughly enough to properly and fully express them in the words given them, their pantomime will totally fail to register on the screen. Language is just as important to us, in the actual taking of the picture, as facial expression, movement and gesture.

"I consider it far better to have the players memorize their lines than to extemporize. In impromptu speaking they may say too much or too little, and the action is improperly timed. In having their speaking parts thoroughly in hand the action moves swiftly, and each succeeding part fits in smoothly and naturally."

"Silent drama is not silent with us," asserts Colin Campbell, chief star of Selig's directorial constellation. "Our actors and actresses are really talking—they really say things, but nothing without proper direction.

"Dialogue in our productions is carefully planned before the work begins. Perhaps there is a sub-title to appear before or during a certain tense scene. Maybe a sub-title, or leader, reads in the manuscript in this wise: 'Who Fired That Shot?' The director is, of course, holding and studying the scenario. He may say to the leading man or woman, as the case



may be: "Here is a leader: "Who fired that shot?" Then he will instruct them: 'Put force into and feeling into that exclamation—make it go over!' And that is exactly what the real artist in pictures does: he forces home in the strongest and most convincing way the leaders, the salient points, the 'high spots,' if you like, in the author's story."

In the various companies of the World Film Corporation spoken dialogue is a regular accompaniment of the camera work, and is usually inspired by the directors.

Says Emmett Campbell Hall, of Lubin's: "The public is rapidly and unconsciously acquiring a very fair degree of proficiency in lip-reading, and a false speech will be subconsciously noted and resented, and the matter is of too great importance to depend upon a chance selection of words. Moreover, the writing into the script of lines to be spoken in vital scenes assists the director and players to a clear understanding of the author's meaning, if the words are unequivocal and the dialogue short. When lines are reproduced on the

screen, the words are, of course, spoken exactly as they are shown in type.

"As the photoplay progresses toward that high state of artistic development to which it is destined, dialogue, to be strictly adhered to by the players, will be regarded as an essential part of a complete manuscript, the extent of which such dialogue is written in depending on the nature of the play and the character of the scenes in which it occurs. As a practical proposition, it would be absurd to write in dialogue when the action clearly and unmistakably indicates what the words should be, and the direction for the action is given. To write in fully all the dialogue supposed to be spoken would be a tremendous task, resulting in a manuscript of distressing voluminousness, and the memorizing of all this dialogue by the players would be unfeasible, if not impossible—the dialogue would be without the logical continuity of speaking-stage dialogue on which the action waits. It must be remembered that, after all, *action* is the consequential thing in the photoplay, and nothing must be done to retard it."

Betty Marsh's Mash Note

BETTY MARSH, the Mutual kiddie and the niece of Mae Marsh, at the Hollywood studios the other day received her first mash note. She is scarcely four, and here is the letter in full:

"New York City, 5-14-15.

"Dear little Betty Marsh:

Permit a stranger to congratulate you on your charming work in 'God Is Love.' Imagine a newspaper man, hardened by many years at covering police in a big city, dropping into a theatre and having his emotions punctured by a young lady of three or four years of age. Again I congratulate you. The best I can wish you for the future is that when you grow up you will be as good an actress as your aunt, Mae Marsh. Being an old bachelor I never suspected that little girls could be so nice and appealing so I am going to wait until you grow up and then I will lay my heart and fortune at your feet. So you cannot only consider this your first mash note, but also your first proposal. Please, oh please, do not promise to be a sister to me.

—FRANK KINSELLA."

Mystic Ivories

IN a tour of the world that he made some years ago, Hampton Del Ruth, managing-editor of the Keystone Film Company, was entertained in Rangoon by an English army officer. The military man possessed a remarkable collection of ivory and one unusually large tusk was beautifully colored. The officer had the tusk sawed into pieces from which two sets of billiard balls were turned. One set was presented to Mr. Del Ruth and one retained by the Englishman. There was one odd ball which was sawed into two halves and each took a half, agreeing in a whimsical mood that they would carry them until they chanced to meet.

Recently Del Ruth was playing billiards in the Los Angeles Athletic Club with Mack Sennett, managing director of the Keystone company. In making a smashing carom shot he used such force that the object ball broke cleanly in the middle. Del Ruth laid the half of the ball he had secured in India at the side of one of the halves of the broken ball. The markings were identical—a half hidden letter D.

"Tears"

IN WHICH SCREEN
STARS TELL HOW THEY
WEEP FOR THE CAMERA

By
Gordon Gassaway

EVER since a certain famous director filmed a certain famous star with real tears coursing down her cheeks and plashing mournfully on a ham sandwich she happened to be holding in her hand out of the vision of the curious camera lens, tears have been the rage. No self-respecting five-reeler appears without them. A feature film, without a close-up on tearful thoughts, is like Southern California without sunshine, almost impossible and dour to contemplate.

"Register tears!" directors are shouting at our best known film queens, and the same b. k. f. qs. are promptly registering the same in a space of a few minutes or a few hours or a few seconds. It took Blanche Sweet twenty-four hours, once, to "get tears"—but that is another story.

How do they do it? Is it an easier thing to do for the camera than for an audience in a theater? What does an actress think about while she looks so sad?

These questions and more are best answered by the moving-picture stars themselves. Some of them are the champion weepers of the film world—not because they are sad by nature, no, but because they are super-emotional, perhaps—and to these I turned for a woman's most sacred thoughts—the things she cries about!

I began my painless extraction interview plan on Mary Alden, at David Griffith's picture shop in Hollywood, with a phrase which was meant to sound something like this: "Oh, why do you weep, my pretty maid?"—thinking, of course, that the subject was quite delicate and required arbitration. Not at all. Mary Alden is one of those who have taken time to give subjects like "tears and why" and "how to be happy though hungry" some serious consideration. In other



Copyright, 1915
De Gaston



The "Meditation of Thais" gets tears for Myrtle Stedman.

words, she is a psychologist and it shows in her working. Which proves, moreover, that brains are not fatal to talent, and that a few more in the heads of the World's Most Beautiful Women would make benedicts of us all!

"Tears?" inquired Mary Alden. "Tears? Easiest thing in the world. Want me to make you some?"

Into her eyes came a far-away

look, as though she were witnessing a vision cut-in of the death of a young and harmless child. She seemed to be going gently but firmly into a trance. I was alarmed and took her by the arm. I was not ready for tears. I had not wanted to see tears—I had merely meant to ask about the things, and not to take part in any lachrymose demonstration there in front of several hundred extra men and women. I think I shook her, just a little. She came back to us from that cut-in vision of the young and harmless, and started to talk.

"Tears," she said, "are a part of every actress' stock in trade. Any woman can cry if she sets her mind to it. The more emotional she is, the easier she can make the tears come, and it happens that the most emotional women are on the stage or before the cameras. But there is a unique angle to the tear business in moving-pictures. Here an actress is not given time to work under the skin of a heavy part, consecutively. On the stage she will work toward the sniffing part of her scene from the rise of the curtain on the third act, and she has the whole act to arrive at the crying point. When the time for the tears



Art—not a spanking—moistens little Olive Johnson's grief.

arrives she is ready with a handkerchief and an overflowing reservoir of dampness. She is psychologically tuned for the exhibition. She is 'in her part,' and for the moment she actually is the person who is supposed to be crying.

"But in the moving pictures, such scenes are usually taken separately. Films, as every one knows, are taken in small sections and then fitted together in the cutting room. One of those sections will show an actress crying. That was probably caught one bright morning in June out back of a set on the stage representing a festive ballroom.

"Imagine there the actress sitting on an upturned box. Five or six feet in front of her is a large and very black camera fondled by a camera man with a week-end growth of beard on his face and a cigar butt in the other hand. He is thinking, painfully, of the party of the night before. A director is there, and is also thinking, hopefully, of the party of the night to come. The actress is there, and also thinking—but what is she thinking?

"'All right,' says the director, 'give us the tears.'



Dewy-eyed Laura Hope Crews, in "The Fighting Hope."



Cleo Madison weeps easily, artistically, and, above all, beautifully.

You are in scene 425 of "Why Men Wear Polkadot Ties" and you are very sad. I want large tears, please, and raise your chin a little so they will roll, not splash.'

"If the actress is fit, or unfit, as the case may be, the director will have his tears, for any person who is in tune with emotion and is used to displaying the fact, can cry at will. She will sit there and think about why

she is sad in scene 425 of 'Why Men Wear Polkadot Ties' until she works herself up to the tear stage—the camera will begin to click and before you know it there will be caged twenty or thirty feet of the best possible tears. The film is taken to the developing room. The actress goes to lunch. The camera man lights the cigar butt, the director telephones a friend.

"The camera leaked. The light was wrong, after all. The film was a dismal failure. A half hour has passed. 'Call in Miss Lightfoot. We'll have to take it over.' In comes Miss Lightfoot with a hot-dog bun in one hand, a glass of milk in the other.

"'You'll have to do it again,' says the director. She takes a last bite of her bun, a gulp of milk, puts them under the box she is sitting on, wipes a crumb from the corner of her mouth, very carefully because of the grease paint, and goes through the same performance. The tears come, and thank heaven, they are caught by the camera this time, not by a handkerchief."

Here I interrupted Miss Alden. I asked her if she meant to say that any actress can stand still in a brickyard or a three-ringed circus and cry real tears. I asked her if she would do it now for me, as most of those curious extra people had gone to lunch.

She answered the one and did the other. I have lost a great deal of faith in women's tears.

"What were you thinking when you cried just now?" I asked when it was over.

"I was thinking," she said, "of some old soldiers—any soldiers who are veterans of the Civil war. I pictured them marching today in a parade. They are playing the fife and drum, the very music they played when they marched, as little boys, into the Battle of Gettysburg. Their old legs are tottering, but they are marching with heads up. Their withered fingers tremble, but that music shrills and beats in martial time—they fought for my country, and they are about to pass away.

"I could cry," she said, "looking at Charlie Chaplin, if I would think of my old soldiers."

And as she spoke, tears, real tears, sprang into her eyes, and I turned away. My own eyes were damp.

"So you see," she concluded, "tears in the moving picture world are more largely

a matter of mechanics than on the stage."

Myrtle Stedman, at the Hollywood studio of the Morosco-Bosworth forces, has never had a sad thought in her life. That was fine. How then, I asked, did she make a tear, which has come to be known as first cousin to the sad thought?

"I do think of something plaintive, when I am called upon to register tears," Miss Stedman said, "but you'd never guess in a thousand years what it is."

I tried. I guessed all about the death of a pet canary. I guessed that somebody owed her some money. I even guessed that she owed somebody some money. None would do—she had never had a sad moment in her life. Everything was happy. That was peculiar, for Myrtle Stedman, the beautiful, the serene, is one of the five champion weepers for screen purposes.

She was once a singer, and well known, too, in light opera, and her rich contralto voice is the joy of those so fortunate to hear it at benefits or parties in Los Angeles. Her tear conductor, then, was most reasonable. She used it in "Hypocrites."

"It is of the 'Meditation from Thais' I think, when a director calls for tears. If it is a bright, sunny day in the studio and I am even happier than usual, I can cry very nicely just by humming slowly to myself that 'Meditation.' It is infallible with me. Sometimes I think that I am very unfortunate, indeed, not to have had some one sad little thing in my life to think about and cry. Tears are such comforts. No, I have always been happy."

Miss Stedman quietly knocked on wood.

Mary Pickford believes that weeping is purely and simply a part of an actress' calling. Little Mary is not a weeper by nature; at least, her manager says not, and Mary herself denies it. She radiates sunshine in her new studio in Hollywood and she has a normal appetite. She can and will weep when necessary, but she says she does not think of any one thing while she does it.

"Miss Pickford is just a natural actress," said one of her directors. "She fits herself into any character, sad or joyful, with remarkable ease. If she has any 'artistic temperament' she puts it into her acting—not her disposition."

Mae Marsh, on the other hand, actually cries from joy. She is much too clever and

animated to have a gloomy thought by nature, and so she explained to me how she "pulls the dewdrops for a close-up."

"When my director wants a close-up in tears I say, 'All right, Mister Man, you'll get it, but I won't think of anything sad. I'll think happy ones,' and so I think of the time when I didn't know how much fun it was to be playing at making pictures. I'm sorry I was not making pictures when I was six months old. Sixteen years of my life almost, almost wasted."

Cleo Madison, out at Universal City, was among the first to give to the screen a view of the interesting process of a woman about to cry and then doing it. Her gorgeous eyes lend themselves to pretty tears. Ordinarily a weeping woman is not a thing of beauty, nor is she a joy forever; but Miss Madison is one of the exceptions. She weeps for the camera, but she does it artistically, easily and, above all, beautifully.

"I do it by my part," she said. "Even if the scene is remote from the period in the scenario where the emotion of sadness is called for, I place myself in character" (meaning, of course, that she imagines herself to be the girl in the story who is sad) "and the tears come. I think, honestly, that it is sympathy for the character I am playing."

There she put her finger on the crux of the matter. People of the studios are sympathetic people. All real artists are, and

their emotions are given full play when they see others in trouble. A book could be written on the subject.

But every actress cannot cry at will. It is a fact that a certain famous director resorted once to a sort of psychological ordeal for a player who is known wherever pictures are seen. During the filming of a great picture this actress could not register the emotion of nervous breakdown called for, and she could not weep. Time and again the camera was ordered, but she could not respond. Lunch time came.

"I am going to lunch," this actress announced.

"You are not going to lunch," the director replied. "We will get this scene, and we'll get it now!"

Dinner time, and still there had not been a turn of the crank.

"I am hungry," the actress said, "and I am going to dinner."

"You are not going to dinner," the director replied. "We are going to get this nervous breakdown and those tears if it takes all night and a part of next week."

Midnight, and still no tears.

"You are killing me," the actress said. "You are killing me! I—I can't stand this! Oh, what will . . .

Oh . . ."

The camera began to click, the director smiled, and the most remarkable example of a nervous breakdown ever filmed was taken that night by artificial light.

Now that little actress is a wonderful



It takes Corinne Grant one minute to coax out tears.

weeper. But there are other expert weepers.

Laura Hope Crews, one of the latest emigrants to the Hollywood studios of the Jesse L. Lasky company from the legitimate stage and who is playing now under the same shades which kept the sun from the eyes of Edith Wynne Mathison and which will soon shelter Tyrone Power, has already been called upon for a close-up on the "weeps."

She accomplished the feat in just seven minutes, and according to the De Milles, this is a record for a newcomer.

"I have only to think of the futures of the women and children in the war-torn European countries to become sad enough for tears. That is a peculiar thing. When I was called upon to 'make tears' for the camera my mind seemed to be a perfect blank, and then there flashed to me the despair of those women whose children are fatherless. Does that answer your question?"

Cleo Ridgley, of the Lasky studios, says

she can weep bucketfuls on any occasion.

Blanche Sweet, on the same stage, admits to a mysterious thought which she uses when she wishes to weep for the camera now. Under no circumstances would she divulge it, and she blushed prettily when asked.

Another noted eye-wringer is Corinne Grant, of the Balboa company, who claims to tote water, through telepathic communication with the overwrought audience. But there is no audience, when she's playing for the pictures, say you. Quite wrong. There is the cynical camera-grinder, the director and the other players. Miss Grant says she asks all present to be perfectly quiet, while she digs out from her mental archives some nice sad, wet sorrow, which being considered for a spell brings a small freshet beating on the panes of her soul. The camera man is then forced to break the telepathic circuit and whizz the crank around like mad. One minute, says Miss Grant, is long enough for her to get the needful moisture.

Did You Ever Think of Starting a Picture Show?

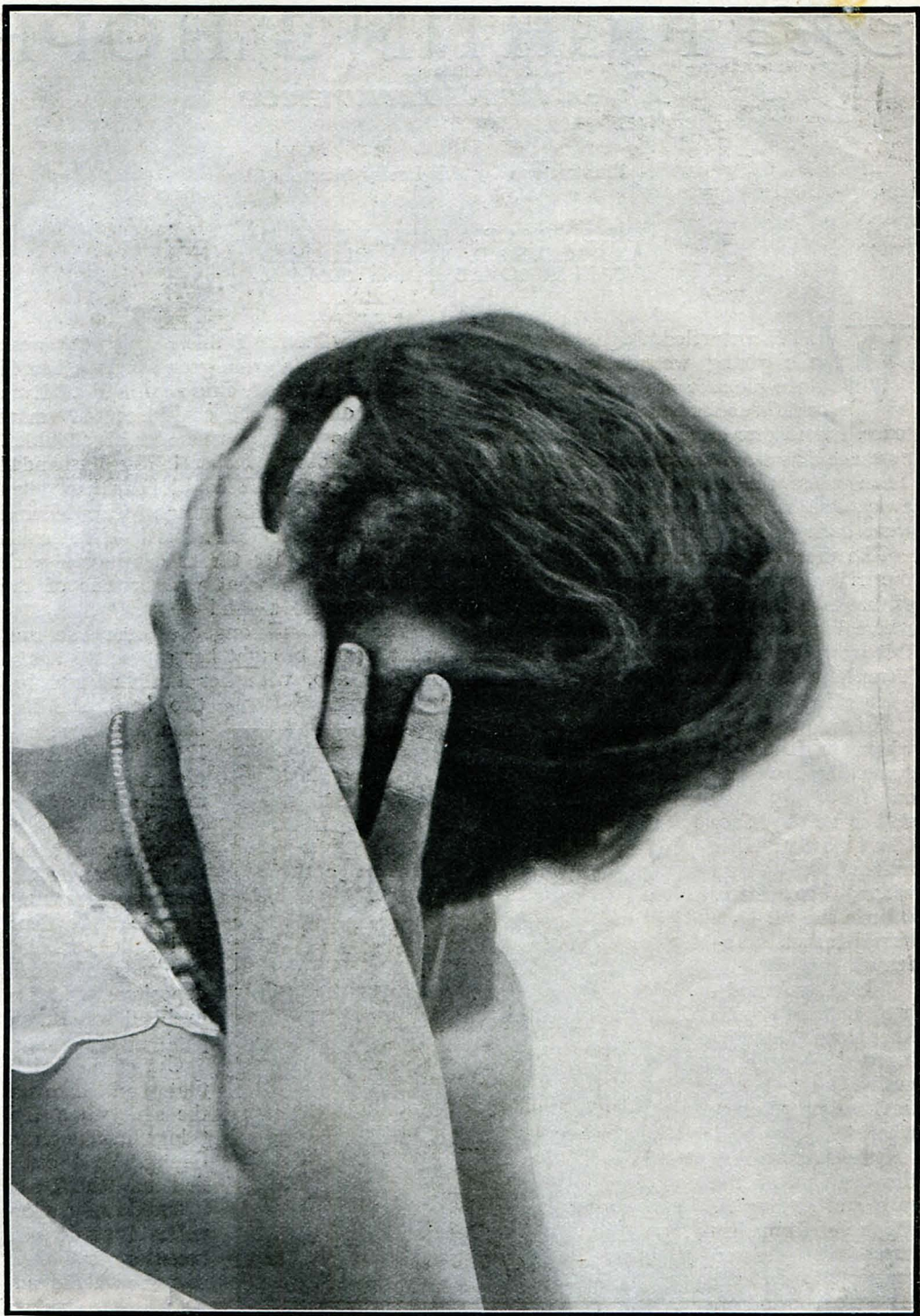
There are probably between 75,000 and 100,000 people in this country who right now are contemplating the opening of a moving picture theatre.

There are large profits in the business for the right men in the right places. There also exist many opportunities for dropping a small fortune in ill-advised ventures in this field. Success depends on the man, his resources, location, equipment, choice of pictures, and 117 other things.

The October number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will contain an article on the subject written by an authority. It will give the fruit of the experiences of a successful exhibitor.

It will give the prices of equipment and other information of value to the man who wants to enter the business.

Furthermore, in accordance with the policy of serving its readers whenever possible, we will be glad to answer questions regarding the best equipment, pictures, etc.



Who is She?

She is one of the best known of movie favorites. You have undoubtedly seen her many times on the screen. Her name will be in the October Issue of Photoplay Magazine.

The FIGHTING HOPE

By Elwell Lawrence

Illustrations by the Lasky Studios

THE STORY OF A FAITH, WITHERED
AND CRUSHED, THAT BLOOMED
AGAIN IN LOVE'S INDIAN SUMMER.

WITH a startled, frightened glance the young woman kneeling before the safe in the library looked up. Was someone coming? Rigid, tense, her fingers clutching the private papers she has been searching, she listened. Then when the sound of footsteps died away, she summoned fresh courage and went back to her furtive task.

The morning sun streamed golden into the big, square room, with its long rows of books, rare prints and carved fireplace where logs were crackling cheerfully. In this work den of his country estate Burton Temple permitted himself the luxuries that a city office forbade.

His secretary, whom he knew as Anna Dale, worked on feverishly, her still pretty face flushed and her nerves like taut wires. Then after a little she sat back bewildered, defeated.

"Oh, there's nothing, nothing!" she breathed despairingly. "Temple is guilty, but I can find no proof anywhere!"

Quickly restoring the contents of the safe and closing it, she rose from her knees and crossed the room to the long French window. Outside the scene was lovely, trees in Autumn's harlequin dress beneath an October sky. But

Anna saw none of this. Her eyes went out and up to a grim, gray building, barred and wall-encircled, on a nearby hill. Even at this distance she could see the sentry pacing the wall, his rifle over his shoulder.

"Oh, Robert, Robert! My husband!" she cried as if he could hear her, "you must suffer for *his* wrong, while he and his crowd get off scot-free!" Her hands clenched and her throat contracted until it hurt. "And what will become of the boys—your boys—and of me?"

The old dull anger against life and what it had brought her surged up again. A year ago, with her husband and her

two boys, she had been happy in a little house in the country. Six months later the Gotham Trust Company, of which Robert Granger had been treasurer and Temple president, had failed, ruining hundreds of small depositors, and her husband was in the penitentiary.

Out of the welter that had followed the smash a few things became clear. Granger had certified the check for \$700,000 of a Cornelius Brady, an operator, who, it was shown, did not have that sum on deposit at the time. Under the law the bank had been compelled to pay this check, and then be-



*Kneeling there, the truth forcing itself upon her,
Anna's life collapsed like a house of cards.*

cause of financial stringency, had collapsed.

Brought to trial, Granger had been convicted and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment amid a newspaper outcry of "scape-goat" and a demand for the man higher up. It was the consensus of opinion that Temple and his associates were hiding behind Granger, and there was ugly talk that someone had received a big bonus from Brady for the illegal act.

Judge, jury or newspapers had not influenced Anna Granger. She had taken the important question straight to her husband himself.

"Are you guilty of this?" she had asked him, and he, with the prison gates yawning, had sworn that he was not.

"Temple is the man," he had told her, "but what can I do? I can't prove it."

Her eyes flashed.

"I'll prove it!" she said, and placing her boys with a relative had set out to establish his innocence. By clever maneuvering she had become Temple's secretary, under the name of Miss Dale, and since she had vainly sought the evidence that would free her husband.

Standing there at the window, a slight figure in her trim black dress with its wide belt and white collar, she thought of all this. Six months and nothing accomplished!

Did Robert, up there behind those walls, still have faith in her? He knew she was here, and had objected to it. He was a trusty now, his last letter said, and hoped for a pardon. And then—after the pardon—reunion with his family!

But how a pardon, she thought, without proof?

Then once more footsteps approached, and turning hurriedly, she walked towards the big mahogany desk in the center of the room. An instant later Temple entered. He was a tall man of erect figure, immaculately dressed, and his face, despite the early gray at his temples, had a clean, wholesome look, and an assurance of warmth and sympathy. Now, seeing her, swift pleasure lighted his blue eyes and found expression in his greeting.

"I've been trying all morning to think what this day reminds me of," he said, "and now I know; it's you."

She laughed a bantering response and they sat down at their places. This note in their relationship had increased greatly of late. She had seen it grow like a living thing and been powerless to check it. Temple was a bachelor, and she feared and dreaded what her alert feminine intuition warned her was the inevitable.

It was only when discussing the attempts to saddle upon him the failure of the Trust Company that Temple lost his buoyant charm and became moody. And Anna knew that but for

"I couldn't come to you before," he said, "with that shadow hanging over me."



this shadow upon his life he would have spoken before.

The morning's work went on. Projects involving a nation's ransom unrolled before her in his swift dictation. And yet, search them all as she might, and as she did, she could find no shadow of dishonor in any. How was it then, she asked herself for the hundredth time, that he was the clever rogue the newspapers declared and her own wrecked life confirmed? Looking at him, clear-eyed, vital, full of the zest of living, the enigma baffled her.

At eleven o'clock a letter was brought in that had come by special messenger from New York. Anna's eye caught the name of Temple's detectives in the corner of the envelope, and she watched him as he opened it and read the contents. The shadow seemed to lift from his face and gave way to a great thankfulness. He paced the room a few moments and then came to the desk and threw the folded letter upon it.

"This clears me of that bank scandal," he said simply, "and now I'm going to New York for a few days to gather up the loose ends. Put this letter in the safe, please, and guard it as you would your life."

When he had gone, Anna took the letter in her hand, and crossed the room to the safe. Temple cleared of the bank scandal! That was impossible. How could it be when Robert had sworn—?

Kneeling before the safe, she opened the letter. Then a blank dismay smote her as she recognized a familiar handwriting—Robert's handwriting. What could this mean? How could Robert have cleared Temple? . . .

She began to read, and as one fateful word followed another, they burned themselves upon her brain in ineradicable fire.

"Dear Brady: I will certify your check for the \$100,000 bonus you offer. I must have the money, and I depend upon you to stand by me if anything comes of this. Next Monday morning, then. Yours,

"Robert Granger."

"Kneeling there, the truth forcing itself upon her, Anna's life collapsed like a house of cards. Blow on blow came the realization of what this meant: disgrace, poverty, humiliation. For Robert she did not care—now; for herself she had never cared; but for the children!

She rose, half beside herself. They *shouldn't* suffer for this! They had done no wrong. Then as she faced about she saw the wood fire in the great fireplace, and in the impulse of her frenzy she went towards it as towards a haven. She dropped the letter on the flames and with pounding heart watched it burn to ash.

Then like a bolt of lightning came the realization that by her act she had not only protected her guilty husband, but, far worse, had destroyed the only direct proof of Temple's innocence, and as the days of his absence passed the horror of what she had done grew upon her.

Against it clamored the maternal instinct of protection that had driven her to the deed, and day by day these two fought within her vainly. Her husband she had put from her life forever, his dishonor was ghastly, ultimate, unendurable.

But nerve herself as she might, she was not ready for Temple when he returned unexpectedly one afternoon and strode into the library.

"It's all right now," he said, cheerily, "we've got 'em hand and foot. Brady has confessed, and with that letter of Granger's I'm cleared."

She chilled to the marrow and rose. He also rose and laid his outdoor things aside. When he faced her again he had suddenly grown grave and tender.

"I've brought you the news first," he said, "because I couldn't come to you before—with that shadow hanging over me. And you know why I want to come to you, clean and honorable, don't you, Anna?"

His voice was vibrant, compelling. Gently he drew her to him, slipping his arm about her waist; but she, galvanized by the horror of her position, pushed him fiercely away.

"No, no! You mustn't!" she cried, wildly. "Listen, and then tell me if you love me! My name isn't Dale. It's Granger. I'm Anna Granger; Robert Granger's wife."

He almost reeled back from her.

"What! Good God! You—I don't believe it."

"Oh, it's true, true! But that isn't all. I got this work with you to trap you. Robert swore he was innocent, and I came here to prove you guilty. And then when I read his letter to Brady the other day

I—" She stopped, pressing her icy hands to her cheeks. "I threw it in the fire—destroyed it to save my children the disgrace it would bring."

She turned away unsteadily.

Temple stood there dazed, trying to realize the magnitude of the double disaster that had come upon him. She, the one woman he loved, the wife of another man—the mate of his Evil Destiny! The thing was unthinkable in its cruelty. Life which had begun once more to seem good, grew black with despair.

And the letter! The one proof of his innocence, that which would permit him to hold up his head again among men, was destroyed.

Much in the present and future had depended upon that letter. But it didn't matter now—everything had gone down together in one indistinguishable wreck. He didn't care. . . .

He heard her weeping softly and his heart went out to her. How much she

had been through! Defenseless and alone, how bravely she had faced the battles! He spoke to her gently, making his confession of faith.

"You said I wouldn't love you when you had told me all this," he said, "but I do—more than ever. You're the bravest, finest, noblest woman in the world!"

And Anna knew then why she had never from the first been able to hate him. Then as the storm passed, a flustered servant hurried into the room.

"A man to see Miss Dale, sir," he panted. "He wouldn't wait, sir, though I told him—ah, here he is, sir." The servant stood aside to admit a man, pallid and breathing hard, who was dressed in a cap and long raincoat.

Both Anna and Temple, who had faced the door, looked at him with widening eyes. The woman's breath caught sharply. Then after a tense moment Temple dismissed the servant with a motion.

"Robert!" breathed Anna, when the



With a push of his hand he swung it open and for an instant stood framed in it, shifty-eyed, dishevelled, livid with fear.

door had closed. "What—how?—"

Granger came swiftly forward, ignoring Temple, his little shifty eyes fixed on her.

"Anna," he said, agitatedly, "I've been pardoned. They just let me out this afternoon. I've got to have some money. I want to get away for a while and forget all this. God, what I've been through!"

"Pardoned!"

The single, incredulous word goaded him. "Yes, why not? Didn't I tell you I would be? Look here, where's the money?"

She drew herself up, deathly white, and faced him. His every word revealed to her now the gigantic lie he had lived.

"You weren't pardoned, Robert," she told him steadily. "I know the truth. I know you were guilty of all they charged you with. I've seen the letter you wrote to Brady. Oh, don't lie any more!"

"What!" His pallid face was convulsed.

"Yes, and Brady has confessed. But that isn't the worst. What about the money Brady paid you? That is what I can't understand! Oh, Robert, why did you do that?"

Granger had slunk back a step or two, his fingers working, his eyes avoiding hers. Now he looked up again, moistening his dry lips.

"I did that—for—for—you and the children," he muttered. "I couldn't make enough on my salary. I knew you needed things. I—"

"Stop!" Temple spoke quietly, but with something in his voice that made the other turn

upon him like a tiger. "Why lie, Granger? What about Rose Fanchon, the woman you loved, and whose demands for money drove you to certify that check? . . . Forgive me, Anna! I thought I never would have to do this, but—I've known it all along." Then to Granger: "The Fanchon woman has betrayed you and confessed. Now will you believe me?"

Speechless with baffled fury, Granger looked from one to the other like an animal at bay. Anna stood dazed by this last greatest disillusionment. Then Granger found his voice.

"So that's it, is it?" he snarled. "Well, I'm not done yet. Anna, get your things! I command you to come away with me! You're my wife, and—"

"Never!" Her blazing eyes met his fearlessly. "I'm through with you forever. And when this case comes to trial again, I shall testify for Mr. Temple. If disgrace must come, let it come that way!"

The criminal's reply was swift and venomous.

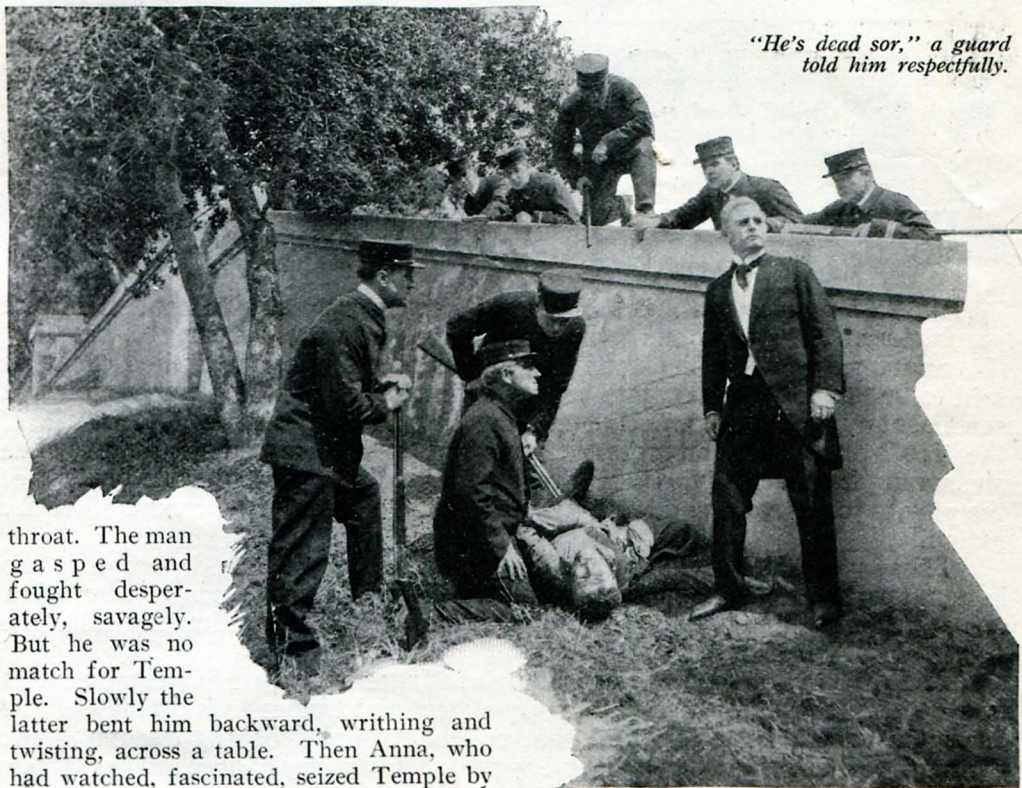
"If you do I'll accuse you of having lived in this house and—with Temple!"

There was a single, unhuman sound of rage, a leap, and Temple had him by the

"Oh don't, don't!" she cried. "You'll kill him."



"He's dead sor," a guard told him respectfully.



throat. The man gasped and fought desperately, savagely. But he was no match for Temple. Slowly the latter bent him backward, writhing and twisting, across a table. Then Anna, who had watched, fascinated, seized Temple by the shoulder, terror-stricken.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she cried. "You'll kill him!"

Temple, as if recalled to himself, straightened up and released his hold. But Granger did not rise. Gasping, exhausted, he lay where he was. And then the others saw what his long coat had concealed. Thrown back in the struggle it revealed a suit of dingy prison gray.

At that instant the butler once more entered the room, pale with fright.

"The prison guards, sir. They say a trusty escaped, and they have traced him here. They're coming in, sir."

Temple strode from the room to intercept them, the servant following. When they had gone Granger, frightened to his senses by what he had heard, scrambled up from the table and gibbering his terror, fell on his knees before his wife.

"Let me get away. . . . Give me this one chance . . . for the sake of the children, if you ever loved me!"

It was a sickening scene, and the woman turned away revolted. But true to her woman's heritage, she made this last sacrifice.

"Go then," she said, pointing to the long French window. "They're coming now."

With a push of his hand he swung it open and for an instant stood framed in it, shifty-eyed, dishevelled, livid with fear. She watched him with a cold, pitying contempt. The next instant he was gone.

For a breathless, age-long minute there was silence. Then, at a little distance, sounded a shout, a fusillade of shots, and a single scream. . . .

It was Temple's confidential man running through the park of the estate who first arrived on the scene. Near the stone boundary wall lay Granger, and beside him knelt the uniformed prison guards, their rifles in their hands. Others lined the wall.

Temple came a moment later when the examination had been completed.

"He's dead, sor," a guard told him, respectfully.

Temple turned slowly back to the house, calmed by a sense of peace and relief. For he knew then that what five minutes before had been the Might Have Been, was now the To Be.

"CLOSE - UPS"

by The Editor

THE past month has heard the most portentous news in motion picture history. Several of the most vital factors of a great exchange, seceding, announce a new alliance of stupendous possibilities: unlimited capital is said to be at the new corporate being's command, from which are to spring \$2 screen-shows, and—apparently—nothing but \$2 screen-shows. A circuit of theatres is announced in process of formation; and, full-armed as Minerva when she sprang from the thinkery of Jove, a new syndicate, an invincible phalanx of the play, is to appear and do mighty battle for the amusement command of the nation.

Those who didn't believe that the American people would part with two hundred cents to see the shadows of actors—indeed a prodigious raise from five, ten and fifteen cents—have been disillusioned by the continued, substantial success of "The Birth of a Nation."

And if you will recall, it was Photoplay Magazine, only a few short months ago, which preached of Ince as a maker of real and tremendous dramas; of the prodigious comic possibilities of that solemn, rumped-looking cyclone, Mack Sennett. Griffith seemed to be found by the whole country at once. These three, Griffith, Sennett and Ince, are the Titans of the new era; the superdreadnought squadron of the fine battle-line of American directors.

It looks as though the "picture business" had seen its best days, and that in the sunset of picturedom dawns the golden era of the photoplay, in which there will be casts, not stars; in which invention, ingenuity, and above all humanity and naturalness will be cardinal qualities of the director; in which unlimited time, patience, carefulness and study will be brought to bear upon the production of vital plays which will run until thousands, and hundreds of thousands, have seen them.



WITH these thoughts of the silent millenium, however, come other thoughts; reflections born of years of observation of that feline trade, that dynamite-laden industry, the show business.

When the coalition issued its White Paper I do not really believe it meant \$2 movies for the country as a definite, flat policy.

If this were a policy, a fixed rate for a really logical, sensible, multi-reeled screen show, I believe the theatre-goers would revolt. How? Create an irresistible demand for a cheaper but logical entertainment, of the same nature.

I believe firmly in a general advance in photoplay prices. I believe that it is ridiculous, or worse, to ask the brothers Ince, or Mr. Porter, or Mr. Kauffman, or Mr. Brennon, or any of the fine thinking commanders to provide their sumptuously costumed, well acted, scenically heavy productions for prices equal to or less than those charged for the world's worst vaudeville.

I believe that "The Birth of a Nation" is worth \$2, and I believe that there will be other screen plays worth \$2—perhaps, as a venturesome Jeremiah of the

movies intoned, there will be wonderful combinations of shadow-spectacle and master-music for which \$5, or even more, may be successfully asked.

But I do feel, and I think that every other observer who knows the people, and the timorous time, and the tight purse-strings of the day must feel, that the demand for clean, fine amusement at a lower price is with us not as a whim of economy, but as a tremendous and ultimate necessity.

Never in the history of civilization have untoward events made the bare cost of living so high, and sufficient incomes so scarce. And by the same token—almost cruelly—the necessity for relaxation, for relief, is increased not equally, but manifold. To say nothing of the increasing art-stimuli—people today must breathe easily for at least a little while; they must laugh wholeheartedly; they must wash away their own sorrows with tears shed for others.

To these—to all America, the photoplay, at a reasonable but not necessarily cheap or insufficient price, has been the ineffable boon, the surcease of national uncertainty, the disseminator of individual care or woe. Enter, any night, the Strands of New York or Chicago; the Majestic of Detroit; Clune's or Tally's of Los Angeles, and you will find cultured, high-bred men and women, America's finest theatre-going types. These are representative people who would appreciate a show at any price that represented lavishness and splendor, and they represent the average of all of us in income.



ONE more thought obtrudes itself.

Money may buy but cannot make a master-work. The expenditure of hundreds of thousands could not in itself make another play so small but so fine as Ince's "The Cup of Life."

By the outlay of \$50,000, a camera Field-Marshal and four months' time one will not necessarily, in any instance, produce a thrilling or masterful photoplay. Hard work is the only thing which ever enables genius or inspiration to arrive, and money certainly smooths the path, but m-o-n-e-y does not by any means spell m-a-s-t-e-r-p-i-e-c-e. The managers of the little stage-confined drama used to think that. And the thought has strewn the cities with productive wrecks.



BY their (lack of) butlers ye shall know them.

The butler has become as fearful a thing in screen drama as the mosquito in Jersey, the Ford agent among the farmers, or the typhus-bug in Serbia.

The other day I saw a fine play about rich folks, produced by one of the Western Big Three; a good long play, and it didn't have a butler in it!

When the Big Guy came home to his princely apartment he just slumped his overcoat on a chair, got his own smoking jacket, and even lit his own cigarettes. Oh, it was good and warm and human to see a man in a boiled shirt unbuttoned!

Who in the name of Carranza has butlers to the number, frequency, subserviency, Ionian appearance and chilly horror of the photoplay card-carrier? The editor was never rich enough to hire even a butler's bus-boy, but in his day he did murders and scandals and other assignments on the society detail and he cannot recall ever, in the most gingerbread establishments, barking his shins against such liveried things as do door-knob duty in the pictures.

If this mess of old men in little boys' pants is a tradition, down with tradition!

WHERE are the magic pictures which once delighted us?

Cut-backs, fade-aways, double-exposures and startling close-ups were the only things which ever realized a fairy story, or a tale of witchcraft, or anything involving the supernatural in stage narration.

Show me the man who has no stomach for a fairy tale — Grimm or Andersen or Barrie — and I'll show you a man fit for treasons, and unfit for the company of children. I can think of nothing worse to say about him.

In the past two or three years the fairy story, with a few fine exceptions, has disappeared from the pictorial stage.

Please, Mr. Manufacturer, won't you bring it back?



GET your gun. This is the open season for web-footed loud-quacking censors. In Ohio, the other day, a board of censors compelled the Fox Film Corporation to change the title of their amorous little melodrama, "The Devil's Daughter," because, said the bulge-browed censors, *the devil had no daughter*.

They would have a much harder time in proving that Balaam's ass never had any direct descendants.



WHEN I was a little boy I used to pore over the battle pictures in the school histories. Napoleon, hand in waistcoat, made a fine study among a lot of Marshals much taller than he, with as many medals as Nat Wills. In the foreground, the Napoleonic artillery always went to it nobly, while somewhere in the middle distance one of the Old Guard died prettily. There was also Gen. Wolfe's slow-music decease, with cloud effects and tall drums and Indians and one thing or another. Grant and Lee had an affecting meeting, and who does not remember Ethan Allen doing his stunt at Ticonderoga, or Israel Putnam galumphing down his flight of stone steps. (Wasn't that Putnam?) A little more chilly in atmosphere, but giving the young heart a kick like a cocktail is that picture in every American history, showing Washington rafting his way through the icebergs of the Delaware to strike the Redcoats.

Maybe *our* children's histories will be illustrated with a few real pictures. Perhaps on the screens that are coming into every school there will be thrown carefully pruned bits of the horrors on every field in Europe—perhaps, thanks to the movies, our boys won't find war as lovely and delightfully glorious as we did in our falsely illustrated texts!



CALIFORNIA has led the world in photoplay studios, but New York, with a sudden constructive boom, is crowding forward rapidly, and there's just a chance that in another twelvemonth California's crown may be unsteady.

All of which calls to mind the studioless condition of the Middle West. With the exception of the Chicago studios, the manufacture of photoplays is as much an unknown of the interior as the making of stage productions. Indiana tipped up its horn of agricultural plenty and a flock of authors fell upon the world. Will Iowa, or Missouri, or Kentucky suddenly begin to manufacture fine photodramas? There are few theoretical reasons against, and many for, successful midland manufacture.

J. J.

THE CUB REPORTER

By Elliott Balestier

HOW A RAW REPORTER VENTURED
INTO THE STRONGHOLD OF
KENTUCKY'S FEUDAL LORDS, AND
TOOK A BRIDE UNDER BRISTLING GUNS

THE editor of the Louisville *Courier*, scratched a hieroglyphic "Must," on a bunch of copy, slammed it into a wire basket, ran his fingers through his hair, grunted disgustedly, and ripped a memorandum from his pile.

"Walt!" he shouted, running his practiced eye over the pencil scrawl: "Ho! Walt! Where th'—hellanblazes!" he paused, suddenly remembering that the *Courier's* star reporter was at that moment reluctantly surrendering his vermiform appendix to the staff of a nearby hospital.

"Dammit not a blamed reporter in the place," he went on glaring straight at a clean-cut well set-up and extremely well-groomed young man, who, the sole occupant of the big city room, lounged indolently at a desk close by.

The recipient of the glare pulled himself together and arose. "What's the matter with Steve Oldham?" he asked and immediately answered himself: "*He's all right.*"

"I said reporter, not a double-dashed clothing store dummy," snarled the editor.

Steve looked slightly aggrieved. "Everyone has to be a cub first," he observed. "Give me a chance."

"Huh!" the editor sniffed contemptuously; then as there was nothing else to do made the best of it. "Got to," he grumbled. "It ought to make a hot yarn too, properly done—human interest stuff—heart throbs—primeval passions,—that's the dope. It's the White-Renlow feud, back in the mountains. Know about it?"

Steve reluctantly admitted he didn't.

"Started over a Renlow pig grubbing Bill White's turnips," snapped his chief. "Harsh words. Then Bill catches his son, Tilden, making love to Alice Renlow, who is the schoolmarm down there, and that makes him right uppity; but when he finds Peggy White talking mighty friendly to young Renlow it clean gets his goat, and

bing-bang! he bushwhacks young Renlow. So they're at it, shooting each other at sight. That's all. The train'll take you to Stark Corners, and I reckon you can get a horse there to take you to the front which is Whitesburg."

He paused and tossed a slip of paper across the desk. "Take that to the cashier," he ordered grimly, "and if you haven't got a story—or been shot—by the time it's spent you needn't come back."

But Steve was too happy in his first assignment to resent his chief's very obvious distrust of his ability. He had no such distrust. So flicking an imaginary speck of dust from his immaculate grey morning suit, he donned his near-Panama, and picking up his stick and gray silk gloves, strolled down to the cashier's office en route for the heart of the Kentucky mountains and the storm center of the White-Renlow feud.

The train from Louisville hesitated for a moment at the tumbledown shack that served for a station at Stark Corners, decanted a quite new steamer trunk and Steve Oldham on to the rickety platform, and rattled hastily away. Even the leisurely local seemed chagrined and shamed at having to stop at the forlorn flag station, and Steve as he looked about him, sympathized with the train.

Except for the shed of a station—an overgrown drygoods box open at one side—and the single line of track that promptly disappeared in either direction in apparently primeval forest, there was not a sign that the foot of man had ever before penetrated to the desolate spot.

Steve groaned and dropping his English kitbag and hatbox, looked about in stunned bewilderment. The virgin forest shut him in on all sides, rearing itself on the rising slopes of the mountains, in mighty waves



Becky's admiration—and intentions—were embarrassingly frank.

of green that seemed about to overwhelm and engulf him.

"Hello!" he shouted at last, almost overpowered by the heavy silence. "Hey! Station master, baggageman, express-agent, ticket-agent—er—er—road agent—where is everyone?"

The answer came more promptly than he had dared hope, though the apparition, which slowly oozed around the corner of the shack had about it little to inspire confidence.

Still it was undoubtedly human, after a fashion, and as such welcome. It was a tall, lank, lean man, of indefinite age, clothed in weather-worn homespun shirt and trousers, of equally indefinite color, bare-footed, bare-headed save for a thatch of shaggy, colorless hair, and a thin, straggling beard. Across his left arm a long barreled rifle rested with the ease of long custom, and at his heels slouched three, loped scrawny dogs, of the "houn" variety

but doubtful ancestry.

All four regarded the young reporter with dull, lack-lustre eyes, though behind the unwinking stare of the man's pale, faded blue ones seemed to lurk a sullen and suspicious interest.

The native was the first to break the strained silence.

"Howde, stranger," he observed in a flat, emotionless voice.

Steve came out of the trance into which the apparition had thrown him.

"Are you the station-agent?" he asked briskly.

The native pondered the question a full minute.

"Ah reckon," he drawled at last, non-committally.

Steve accepted the words as an assent. "I want to go to Whitesburg," he stated, "can I get a team or a horse around here?"

The man seemed suddenly interested, and the suspicious gleam deepened in his eyes.

"Yo' all White?" he asked.

Steve flushed: "Damnitall," he flared, "do I look like a nigger?"

The man did not smile, "Yo' all White er Renlow?"

"Oh!" Steve started, hesitated. Which was he? A great deal might depend upon his answer. The rifle was carelessly held but its muzzle remained unpleasantly pointed in his general direction. Still his destination was *Whitesburg*; that sounded promising. He took the plunge.

"My granny was White," he said cunningly, and then more confidently as the information caused no immediate hostility, "I reckon maybe I could help some."

A slow grin overspread the native's face.

"Ah reckon yo'all kin hev mah mule," he observed letting the butt of the gun drop to the platform.

Two hours later the half score of loungers on the rickety porch of the "hotel" at *Whitesburg*—brothers, sons, or fathers of the station-agent to judge from their gen-

eral appearance (including the rifle), were thrown into—for them—tumultuous excitement by the arrival of a dusty, weary, and unhappy youth, clothed as the lilies of the field, in gray tweeds, tan shoes and Panama, astride a dispirited, rawboned and saddleless mule.

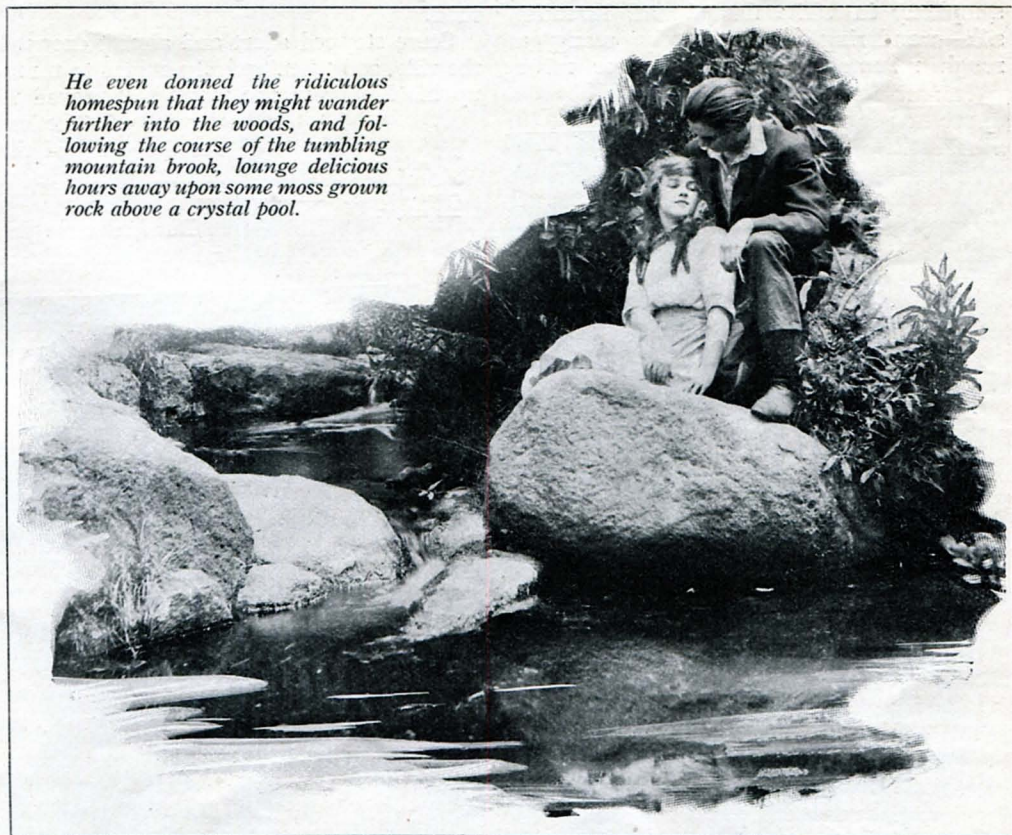
But if his arrival dusty and travel-stained created excitement, his appearance the following day—his trunk and hand luggage having been "toted up" in the meantime—nearly precipitated a riot.

Immaculate white flannels, white silk socks, white shoes, and silk shirt. Never before had the homespun clad denizens of the mountains dreamed of such things.

And if the men were inclined to scorn and view with sullen suspicion the city stranger, the women more than evened the score by their interest and hearty championship.

One especially, Becky King, the stalwart but not beautiful daughter of Steve's landlord. To her he came as the fairy prince

He even donned the ridiculous homespun that they might wander further into the woods, and following the course of the tumbling mountain brook, lounge delicious hours away upon some moss grown rock above a crystal pool.



that she would have read of if she could have read at all. From the first she marked him for her own.

"Ef he'll granny aint a White," she declared, when the male contingent voiced their suspicion of the bona fide of his claim to White blood, "*mah granny is, an' mah mammy too—so he all's a goin' to be.*"

Becky's admiration—and intentions—were embarrassingly frank. But the spirit of the fourth estate surrounded Steve as a halo. For his paper he was willing to sacrifice all—to be a martyr to the cause—even to the extent of being made love to by a mountain Amazon, who spoke with a voice of authority at the Clan councils and carried the inevitable rifle, with the same practiced ease as her brothers.

That is, he was until—

It was the afternoon of his third day in Whitesburg, and the monotony and Becky—had driven him to desperation. He must do something! Get away if only for an hour!

So the westerling sun found him—a symphony in white flannel and lavender silk—wandering disconsolately along a rough mountain road, some three miles

from "home," a thin bamboo stick in one hand, and in the other—supported with the same gingerly care that one carries a dead rat by the tail—Becky's rifle.

He had almost given up his walk when his landlord's daughter had forced the rifle upon him, with the cheering remark: "Yo'all mought meet up 'ith a Renlow;" but the thought of the long afternoon at the hotel had driven him on.

Still he was puzzled as to just how he was to know a Renlow from a White; to his city eyes all mountaineers looked alike—and equally unattractive; so for the first mile or two he advanced with caution, peering deep into the forest on either side, and approaching curves with the stealth of an Indian.

But nearly an hour had passed, and no threatening Renlow had crossed his path; his confidence was rapidly returning; once he caught himself whistling a popular song, and then suddenly without the slightest warning the bushes a few yards ahead of him parted and a figure stepped into the road.

Steve stopped short and almost dropped the rifle, as he instinctively started to throw up his hands, in the manner approved in drama and fiction, for the party of the second part in a holdup.

But in time he saw it was only a

"I said a reporter, not a double dashed clothing store dummy," snarled the editor.





From one faction to the other Steve looked. In the face of danger all fear had vanished. His decision was made.

girl—and such a girl! No ordinary mountaineer's daughter this! Of if she were, some city "finishing school" had set its seal upon her. Even in Louisville she would have been rated a "peach."

Intelligence looked from level blue eyes; her brown hair was neatly dressed, and though her dress was a simple gingham, it fitted her lithe figure to perfection. Most amazing of all she was apparently unarmed.

For a moment the two stared at each other in mutual surprise, then the girl smiled, and the remnant of Steve's self-possession departed.

"Ah'm sorry, suh, if Ah startled you," she said in the soft accents of the South, "Ah was merely takin' a sho't cut from the schoolhouse ovah yondah, so, suh, if you wouldn't mind pointin' you' gun the other way—"

Steve hastily transferred the weapon to the hand with the cane and swept off his hat.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, "I—I thought it was a—a Renlow."

The girl's eyes twinkled with amusement. "It *is*, suh!" she replied, "Ah'm Alice Renlow, Ah teach the school ovah yondah. Yo'all, I reckon, are the stranger from Whitesburg?"

What Steve replied he scarcely knew; all his city assurance had flown, and he stammered and stuttered, as a mountain boy might be expected to before a city girl.

But under the spell of Alice Renlow's simple charm and tact his confidence soon returned, and long before the edge of the clearing where Jim Renlow lived came in sight they were chatting away like old friends.

Then began for Steve a new and idyllic existence. Every afternoon he met Alice and escorted her home. At her suggestion he even on occasions abandoned his beloved wardrobe, and donned the mountain homespun and ridiculous top boots, that they might wander further into the woods, and following the course of the tumbling mountain brook, lounge delicious hours away upon some cool moss-grown rock above a crystal pool, or scale the higher

peaks to where, spread out before them like a map, they could overlook the marvelous beauties of the Blue Grass country.

But, of course, all these meetings could not be long kept secret. Gossip in the mountains flies as fast as in a village, and soon every one knew that the stranger "White" was "keeping company" with a Renlow—every one but Becky that is.

Not even Tilden White, green with jealousy as he was, dared tell his formidable cousin.

In fact, he might have done so had not a diversion occurred. It happened that the teacher's salary would shortly be due, and a truce was declared and a huge dance organized at which the money was to be raised.

The great day came at last, and early in the afternoon the people from far and near began to pour into town; on mule-back and horseback, the girls seated demurely if apparently insecurely behind their mountain swains; in ramshackle buckboards and on foot came the mountaineers and their women folks.

By night the town was crowded like a capital city on election day, but in front of the hotel the crowd was densest. All had heard of the strange "White" and his marvelous clothes, but only a few had seen him, and rumors of his friendship with Alice Renlow added piquancy to the interest.

And presently the hotel door opened and a gasp of amazement burst from the crowd as the stranger appeared. Never had such a sight been seen. His trousers were black, his coat was black and strangely cut away in front with long tails behind, his vest was white and low cut, a wide expanse of shirt front gleamed white in the moonlight; his shoes reflected it as from a mirror, and strangest of all so did the tall and glittering hat that crowned his head.

In fact, Steve was attired in the most correct of evening dress.

For a moment he paused disconcerted by the crowd that literally filled the street, the brilliant full moon lighting with an uncanny phosphorescent luminance their rough, bearded faces, and glinting from the barrels of their rifles; to Steve it looked like a mob; an armed mob, silent, sinister, that lay in wait for him.

Then as from the shadows somewhere down below Becky's strident voice bade him

authoritatively to hurry along, he gathered all his courage, squared his shoulders, and with eyes straight in front and ears closed to the loudly whispered comments which assailed him (stage asides, some admiring, some sarcastic, but all frankly and embarrassingly personal), he stepped from the porch and between a double row of guns, strode with great dignity toward the dance hall.

For once Steve welcomed the sight of Becky's rugged face, and he breathed a sigh of relief as her powerful grip closed on his arm and drew him into the "hall," where the managers of the dance—the chiefs of both factions—were assembled.

But his complaisance was short lived, for the moment they were inside Tilden White stepped forward and sullenly and with as ill grace as he dared show before Becky informed him that in recognition of his generosity in donating twenty dollars toward the teacher's salary (Steve *had*, little guessing the consequences) it had been decided to appoint him "Floor Committee" for the evening.

Then he thrust a rifle and an old-fashioned service revolver (of the vintage of 1860 and a calibre that would not have disgraced a shotgun) into his hands and retired.

Steve stared at the murderous weapons in dismay.

"But—but," he stammered. "Of course, I—er—appreciate the honor—but—but—Great Scott I don't know anything about being Floor Committee! I—"

But Becky seized him by the arm and hurried him into the outer room from which led the door to the street.

"Yo' all is cert'nly powerful pernickety," she said impatiently. "All yo' got to do is stan' at th' do' and ef any Renlow—or White either, tries to get in 'thout payin' yo' jes' shoot his haid off. That's all."

"Oh! That's *all*!" groaned Steve, but the next moment in the presence of a greater danger the menace of his duties as floor committee paled. For the time they were alone in the ante room. Becky's manner softened, her eyes grew mild and humid, and the hand on his arm trembled.

"Don' yo'all worry, Steve," she whispered softly, "yo' lil Becky'll watch out. Ah got to go now," she drooped towards him her face upturned to his, "won't yo'all—" Steve shuddered. Becky angry,

Becky masterful, even Becky militant, he could stand, but Becky amorous—! He *must* get rid of her. Perhaps if he—in desperation he stooped and kissed her.

And at that moment the door from the street opened and Alice Renlow entered. For a second she paused, amazement, horror, anger following each other in her face, but before she could speak Becky had turned, and paying no attention to Alice, rushed to the door of the hall.

"Ah'll tell all th' folks," she cried exultantly and disappeared.

With a moan of hopeless despair Steve sank upon a bench and buried his head in his hands.

When, hearing no sound, he finally looked up Alice still stood there; perhaps his expression—which certainly had not been loverlike—as he kissed Becky had explained the act; perhaps it was that she sensed the danger that would presently threaten him; in any case her face had softened; almost, Steve thought, he read pity and understanding there.

In a moment he was pouring out his explanation—and his love—in a flood of anxious, fervid eloquence, and Alice listened—believed—surrendered; he was just raising her hand in gratitude and worship to his lips when again a door—this time the one from the hall—opened and Becky, followed by the chiefs of both clans and their women, entered.

For a short space they stared at the tableau in silent amazement, then with a bellow of rage Tilden White sprang forward demanding the meaning of the scene—why the man who had just become engaged to Becky White was kissing now the hand of Alice Renlow?—and a roar of angry, threatening questions from the Whites seconded him.

But before Steve could answer Jim Renlow forced his way to the front and in equally forcible language he too demanded an explanation, and from the assembled Renlows arose also a roar of angry, threatening questions.

From one faction to the other Steve glared. In the face of danger all fear had vanished. His decision was made. Drawing Alice to him, he kissed her before them all.

"I'll tell you what it means!" he shouted. "It means I love Alice Renlow—and she loves me! And I'm going to marry her,

understand? Marry her! And the whole boiling of you can go plumb to Hell!"

In the fraction of a second that the stunned silence lasted Alice acted.

"The schoolhouse!" she whispered. "They all won't think of lookin' fo' yo' there. Ah'll come latah. Run!"

Seizing the rifle from his hand she checked the threatening advance. "Back!" she cried. "Ah'll shoot if yo' all move!"

Of the mad run to the haven of the schoolhouse Steve remembered little afterwards. That they would not harm Alice he was, of course, sure, but he was equally convinced that she could hold them but a few seconds at most, so it is probable he broke all records for the distance. Once there, he huddled at a window overlooking the road, the big revolver, which after his arrival he discovered still in his hand, resting on the sill.

For an hour that seemed an eternity the grim sounds of the hunt came to him; then suddenly a figure slipped from the black shadow of the woods into the clearing surrounding the schoolhouse and a faint whistle came to his relieved ears. Quickly he answered it and the next second Alice stood by the window.

"Have they given up?" Steve whispered anxiously. "Can we get away now?"

"Oh, Steve," she returned, half sobbing. "They all got fightin' themselves. An' they all got mah daddy!"

"Shot him?" gasped Steve in dismay.

"No, no—captured him," replied Alice. "They all got him locked up in Stark White's barn. Yo'll jest have to stay he-ar while Ah go tell mammy," and she darted away.

But Steve did not stay. He knew the position of Stark White's barn well, and it occurred to him that if he could rescue Jim Renlow it would make him solid with one side at least. Besides Jim was Alice's father.

With the big revolver in his hand he sallied forth, and keeping in the shadow of the woods cautiously made his way back towards Whitesburg. All sound of pursuit or conflict had died away. Evidently the capture of Jim had caused a cessation of hostilities and now a heavy, oppressive silence hung over the mountains.

It took him a good deal longer to get back than it had to come, but in time he came within sight of the clearing about

the Stark White home. Redoubling his caution he crept into the woods toward the dark loom of the barn.

Then suddenly, without warning and without a sound, two powerful arms were thrown around him; a hand stifled the cry that rose to his lips and he was hurled to the ground. Quickly he was bound hand and foot and gagged. Who his captors were he had no idea, but he was swiftly enlightened by their conversation. Bent on rescuing Jim Renlow, he had stumbled upon a band of that gentleman's followers on the same errand.

His capture, however, had altered their plans. They could now gain their ends with greater certainty and far less danger by the simple process of exchanging him for Jim Renlow. From their whispered words he gathered that the clan White were extremely anxious to see him and he dared not think why. What Tilden White would do to him, once he was in his power, was not to be considered in cold blood—and Becky! Steve groaned with as much depth of feeling as the gag would permit.

Presently two of the men picked him up like a sack of potatoes and a cautious detour of the barn was made, but once in the road out of range of the guards around the Stark White place, all caution was abandoned and with a man in advance with a white rag tied to a gun barrel—it was Steve's seven dollar vest—they advanced boldly on Whitesburg.

At the outskirts of the town they met the White contingent in full force, and Steve's heart failed him as he heard Tilden White's answer to the Renlows' proposition.

"Yo'all don' even hav' ter give him up," stated that gentleman viciously. "Yo'all jes' prop him up agin a tree so's Ah can get a shot at him, that's all."

But before this cheerful plan could be carried out Becky intervened.

"No, *suh!*" she snapped, her eyes gleaming vindictively. "Thar ain't goin' to be no shootin'—yet. Yo'all give Steve to me. He's mine, an' Ah—Ah—" Her voice was trembling with fury. "Ah'll attend to him!"

Steve closed his eyes and prayed—prayed that Tilden White would win; if the gag would have permitted he would have pleaded for that mercy. It was the end anyway. Whichever way they decided it meant that.

But the decision was never made. Suddenly far down the road came the rumble of galloping hoofs. Rapidly it increased in volume and presently out of the deep shadows of the forest into the brilliant white moonlight dashed two big, foam-flecked horses. On the back of one, her white dress gleaming and her disordered hair streaming over her shoulders, rode Alice Renlow; on the other, riding with the careless ease of the born horseman, sat a handsome, middle-aged man, his lean, powerful figure emphasized by his neat khaki uniform, while behind them pounded a full company of state cavalry.

A curt order snapped over his shoulder and the troop spread out the full width of the road.

"Halt!" Thrown suddenly to their haunches the horses came to a stop not one hundred feet from the crowd.

"Carbines! With ball cartridge—load!" came the command and a hundred locks clicked and snapped as the clips were shot home.

Then Alice slipped from her mount and flew across the open space to the deserted form of Steve Oldham.

"Ah met them down by th' schoolhouse, an' when yo'all weren't thar I reckoned where yo' had gone," she cried in a trembling voice as she struggled with his bonds. "Thar's a state camp ovah th' mountains an' after yo' all lit out from th' dance I sent mah nigger Sam with a note to th' capt'n. Oh, mah deah, thank God we were in time!"

Then with his drawn sabre in his hand the captain road forward.

"Now, then, you men," he said sternly, "this feud business has got to stop. It's rot anyway. You'll release Jim Renlow at once. Then disperse and get to your homes, unless you wish to fill the jail at the county seat. You King, see that Oldham's possessions are packed and brought to me here at once. I shall escort him to the railroad. And the rest of you thank your stars nothing serious has happened to Mr. Oldham. If it had—" he paused, grimly looking about, but the men were already slinking away.

"As to your teacher's salary," he added, "you needn't bother about that—I—er—think she has accepted a better position."

And he winked gravely at Steve, who supporting Alice, stood at his stirrup.

WHEN THE LIGHT CAME IN

By Robert Ransome

HOW THE LOVE OF A CHILD THREW OPEN THE SHUTTERS
OF A DARKENED LIFE UPON THE LIGHT OF HAPPINESS

Illustration by the Lubin Co.

WE enter life from the dark and we go from it into the dark, and more than anything else we crave light. Yet even here in the sun there are souls whose windows are closed to the radiance, and some magic touch is needed to open them. It comes in strange ways that touch; by a chance word, perhaps, one infinite look, or the warm clinging of a little hand.

Tom Arkwright turned away from his fiancée with a consciousness of final failure. The sombre drawing-room, darkened against the sunlight, the girl's white, grief-stricken face, and gloomy mourning dress, produced in him because of incessant repetition, a feeling of unhealthiness, almost morbidity. For a year, ever since the death of Julia's mother, he had fought that influence, and striven vainly to rescue the girl from it.

"You mustn't stay in this stuffy, shut-up house any longer!" he had cried. "Come out into God's air with me! It's spring out there, and everything is alive, and happy,

and glorious. This is making you ill, and besides, it can't bring back what you've lost."

But she, with the sensitiveness of prolonged sorrow had replied:

"How can you talk like that, Tom? You're brutal and selfish. I suppose you want me to marry you as if nothing had happened!"

"But I've waited a year. Is it fair to ask me to wait longer?"

"I can't help it, Tom. Marriage and happiness would seem a sacrilege to me now."

It was then he had turned away from her hopeless. Mrs. Prentiss had died a week before the date set for their marriage, and since then Arkwright had gone through a bewildering twelvemonth. During it he had seen Julia change from a laughter-loving girl to the brooding woman she was now, and, in doing so, lose that sunlight which gilds the baser metal of life and is

Tommy was an amazing boy. Even the woman who might have been his mother could see that.



the triumph of the human soul over the Unknown.

He, too, had lost something—the first fine enthusiasm of his love. His ideal of her had become tarnished and doubt haunted him as desire cooled. And yet he did not break the engagement; he felt in honor bound to fulfill it.

Leaving the gloomy house that afternoon Tom turned as he had done more and more often of late, to May Ethridge. Julia's most intimate friend, and the prospective bridesmaid, she like Tom had sought in vain to turn Julia from her lethargy of grief. She seemed to Tom now as he walked along, the very embodiment of the spring day about him, fresh, joyous and sweet with the unfulfilled promise of youth.

As a matter of fact, May had usurped the shrine in his mind and heart that Julia had once occupied so subtly and gradually that, though the change had occurred, Tom was as yet unaware of it.

The Ethridge place stood back from the street amid lawns of new green, and bright, orderly beds of early flowers. The front door was open to the soft balminess of the warm air, and Tom because he came so often entered without ringing, a vague notion of a surprise in his mind.

Leaving hat and stick in the hall, he stepped softly into the long parlor and peered through to the library beyond in search of May. What he saw drove the blood from his heart, and made him catch his breath with a strange, wild gladness. By the library table, a silver-framed picture of himself pressed to her lips, and tears streaming down her cheeks, stood May.

Then the light came to Tom. In that beautiful, passion-torn figure were drawn all the possibilities that he had never dared dream of, and he saw in a flash of revelation how false his forced devotion to Julia had been, and how May had grown into the old ideal that Julia had filled.

He went swiftly forward and spoke her name, and she turned startled, flushed, her confused loveliness her confession. Stumblingly, because the tongue fails at a miracle, he told her what had happened. And she, clinging to him, wept at the strangeness and unbelievable joy of it all, her golden head on his shoulder, her arms about his neck.

For how long they stood there murmuring the age-old lover's litany, who can say? Time ceases to exist at such moments and the welded seconds become a luminous golden band that lights two memories forever. Then, suddenly, they were startled by a sound, and looked up to see Julia standing in the doorway, her hands clenched, her thin face very pale.

"So this is what has changed you!" she said fiercely to Tom after the first startled silence. "Why didn't you tell me you loved May?"

Arkwright faced her humbly but without shame.

"I'm sorry, Julia. . . . I didn't know until to-day. . . . But I see now it's been coming for a long while."

"And you?" Julia turned upon her friend, the anguish of her shattered romance biting like acid. "If you loved him, why did you let him come here?"

Like Tom, May answered the truth.

"He came because you drove him away with your gloom and unhappiness! Could I refuse to see him because of that?"

There was a pregnant silence. Then Julia, slipping her engagement ring from her finger laid it on the table.

"Take your happiness, both of you!" she said, bitterly. "I see now I wasn't meant to have any. I release you, Tom." And she turned and left them.

Arrived home she went to her bedroom, a hallowed place of girlish dreams and sacred intimacies, and stood long looking about her. Everywhere were touches, mementos of the lover she had lost that stabbed with unendurable pain. Then, because the sun had gone out of her life, she did as she had done once before—shut its physical counterpart from her. Drawing curtains and shades, she threw herself on her bed, and abandoned herself to that still darker night of the soul.

II

For some the journey to the Light is long—that Light which shows the scarred spirit that underneath the incomprehensible appearance of things all's right with the world. We seek it everywhere, forgetting that its spark is within ourselves; we blame friends or circumstances for shutting it from us when all the time we are standing in our own shadow. Life is what we choose



The neighbors from farther down the street came to the cottage and took charge of things, while Julia cared for the boy.

to make it, and we get out of it exactly what we put in.

Julia Prentiss met this crisis of her life with bitterness. Her nature which before had been merely soft and weak grew hard and withered, and a relentless hatred of Tom and May consumed her as she read of their pre-nuptial gayeties. She longed for the destruction of their happiness and commenced to live for the joy of that day.

The marriage took place, and Tom and May came to live in a new house across the street from Julia. Then from behind her closed shutters the soured woman watched the nest which, but for something she called Fate might have been hers; the laughter, the reluctant leave-taking in the morning, the eager home-coming at night, the making of the little garden, and last of all, the planning for another and very serious event.

Then one day after strange and hurried activities had ceased in the little house, Julia called her one servant, a woman as silent and morose as herself.

"Close all the shutters and never open them again," she said in a low, strange voice. With May's chrism of motherhood,

the light had gone out of her life forever, and the starved nature, obeying its instinct, had made the only reply it knew. . . .

Tommy was an amazing boy. Even the woman who might have been his mother could see that. Never were such curly chestnut hair, such rosy cheeks, such sturdy legs—when at last he began to toddle. He was Tom in miniature, even to the sudden bursts of laughter, and for Julia, ceaselessly brooding and watching behind her shutters, there was a great, desolate ache in this. But a little comfort, too; at least he would not be a constant and hateful memory of his mother.

The months passed, and then in what we call the mystery of things, the great shadow swooped upon the little house across the street. Tom, travelling for his firm was killed in a railroad accident, and the little universe of which he was the sun, ceased to revolve.

It is a strange thing to live vicariously, to apprehend the great, world-old emotions through someone else's experience. This Julia had done, hatefully, as May's life passed each successive phase. But now there came a change. The bitter woman

in the darkness behind her shutter was torn between grief for Tom and leaping exultation at May's loss. Eventually the latter feeling triumphed; she felt a savage delight in the thought that at last May was experiencing something of her own portion.

So much will the darkness wither and distort the human soul! But Julia because she had abjured the light so long found the abnormal normal, like a plant grown in a cellar.

Her final gratification came as, during the months following Tom's death she watched May. Some intangible weight seemed to be gradually bearing the other down, crushing her. Even Tommy, vigorous, adorable, brimming with young life seemed powerless to stay it. Day by day, May's vitality seemed to go from her.

Julia gloated. Revenge was sweet. But now, strangely enough, when it had come, it brought no happiness with it. After the first joy Julia found the fruit of her long hatred vain and tasteless. By that road she had not reached the light, and her life seemed more barren, more futile and worthless than ever.

The change in May grew startling. Pale, gentle, but overwhelmed by her grief, she left the house only occasionally now, to walk with Tommy. Then she ceased even that activity, and for a long period Julia wondered what was going on in the desolated little house.

Summer came, and people on either side boarded up their windows and went away. Only the big, gloomy mansion which nobody ever visited, and the cottage with the shadow descending upon it, kept up the semblance of life. Julia sel-

dom saw Tommy now, and the old white-haired doctor's frequent visits were all that indicated the progress of events.

Then early one morning when the birds were twittering sleepily in the first light, Julia was awakened by rapping on her front door. Startled, she got up. What could it mean? No one ever came here.

The old servant had not stirred, and throwing on a few things Julia went down. Opening the door she saw Tommy standing there, a look of perplexity on his childish face. She recoiled, so much did he recall her bitterest resentment and longing.

"Please come," he said, and took her hand in his. "I tried to wake Mamma up, but she wouldn't speak to me. Why wouldn't she speak to me?"

Because she could not refuse Julia went.

With strangely mingled feelings she entered the cottage that she had hated so long, and climbed the stairs to the bedroom. Then, for the first time since that long-ago day in the Ethridge library, she looked into the face of her rival. She saw in its calm stillness the joy of reunion and the peace of yearning satisfied. And again she experienced a sensation of bafflement and futile anger. If looks told anything all her gloating and revenge had had no effect on this young life. The face was as sweet and lovely as in those earlier days

Then he remembered that mamma had gone away for a long time. Leaving his cat he went to Julia's bed and climbed in.



before the tragedy came like a blight.

Lifting her head Julia caught a glimpse of her own face in a mirror. Gaunt, withered, the story of her thoughts etched upon it in unlovely lines, she looked old beside the other. Where in truth had the venom of her nature acted unless upon herself?

She turned to the wide-eyed child beside her.

"Mamma is still asleep and doesn't want to be disturbed," she said, and then, because there was nothing else to do, added: "And you had better come with me, Tommy, for a little while."

He put his hand confidently in hers.

"All right. Will you have a melon for breakfast? I like melons."

That day there was much to be done. The neighbors from farther down the street came to the cottage and took charge of things, while Julia kept the boy.

It was a difficult day for her. Deeply stirred by this living presentment of all that existed of the past, she watched him with a curiosity that was at once angry and fascinated. It was the last touch of a sardonic fate for May's child to turn to her in his hour of need, she thought.

But she tried to answer his bewildered questions gently—to satisfy his young mind. She said that Mamma had gone away for a long time, and that she was very happy.

What to do with him eventually was the difficult problem that presented itself. He had no relatives and the stripped cottage revealed to what straits May had been reduced.

"I guess he'll have to go to the Orphanage," said Mrs. Potter, the plumber's wife, dabbling her eyes with her handkerchief. "And him such a lovely boy, too. Ain't it sad?"

The hushed circle about the darkened little parlor murmured agreement. Up-

stairs in the bedroom men walked quietly about, and there was a scent of fresh roses from the open doorway.

"But it's too late to-day," said Mrs. Chubb, who had run in from her candy-shop on the corner to do what she could. "Maybe Miss Prentiss will keep him overnight. I'll go ask her."

Julia hesitated. After all the boy had no claim on her. He was May's child, and it wasn't of the slightest interest to her what became of him.

But Tommy decided the question himself.

"I'll stay here, please," he said, gravely, and proceeded to make himself at home.

That night when he lay asleep in a little bed near her own, Julia sat down and watched him. The rosy cheeks, the tumbled, sunny hair, and the little fingers curled about a broken toy brought back to her with a desperate poignance all of life that had passed her by, and the old rebellion surged up in scalding tears.

"He should have been mine! He should have been mine!" she cried with an overwhelming vain regret, and almost hated the boy. And yet, as later she fell asleep in her own bed, the consciousness of his nearness and his unquestioning trust somehow drew the venom of that hatred.

In the black, silent hour before dawn Tommy awoke and sat up. The instinct of long habit told him that against the terrors of darkness there was one safe and certain refuge.

"Mamma!" he called, and awaited the soft voice and invitation that would bring him to her comforted and ready for sleep once more. But they did not come.

Then he remembered that Mamma had gone away for a long time and that there was someone else to take her place, and his childish faith went out to Julia. Leaving his cot he went to Julia's bed and climbed in sleepily, and tousled of head.



She tried to answer his bewildered questions gently—to satisfy his young mind. She said that mamma had gone away for a long time and was very happy.

Half awake she felt him come. With a sleepy murmur he put his arm about her neck and nestled down against her breast, and she experienced a sensation of deep longings satisfied.

A gentle warm glow that was infinitely tender swept over her at that divine pressure. No more was he May's boy and she a bitter, defeated rival. He was the eternal child and she the eternal mother. She enfolded him in a warm embrace, and lay there scarcely breathing, strangely hallowed.

With the morning life wore once more its sane and common aspect. Tommy was going away to the Orphanage and the neighbors were to call for him at nine o'clock. Julia rose early to have him ready in time. As she dressed him in the gloomy room, the symbol of her life, he stirred uneasily and frowned.

"Why is it so dark here?" he asked. "I don't like it." And then when she had finished he walked to the window and pushed back the shutters, flooding the room with sunlight. "It was too dark," he said gravely, "but it's all right now," and smiled up at Julia.

She stood silent and pale, dazzled by the inner illumination the simple act had caused. It was as if a searchlight had been thrown along the dark path of her past, and she knew then that the darkness of her life had been of her own choosing, and her own fault.

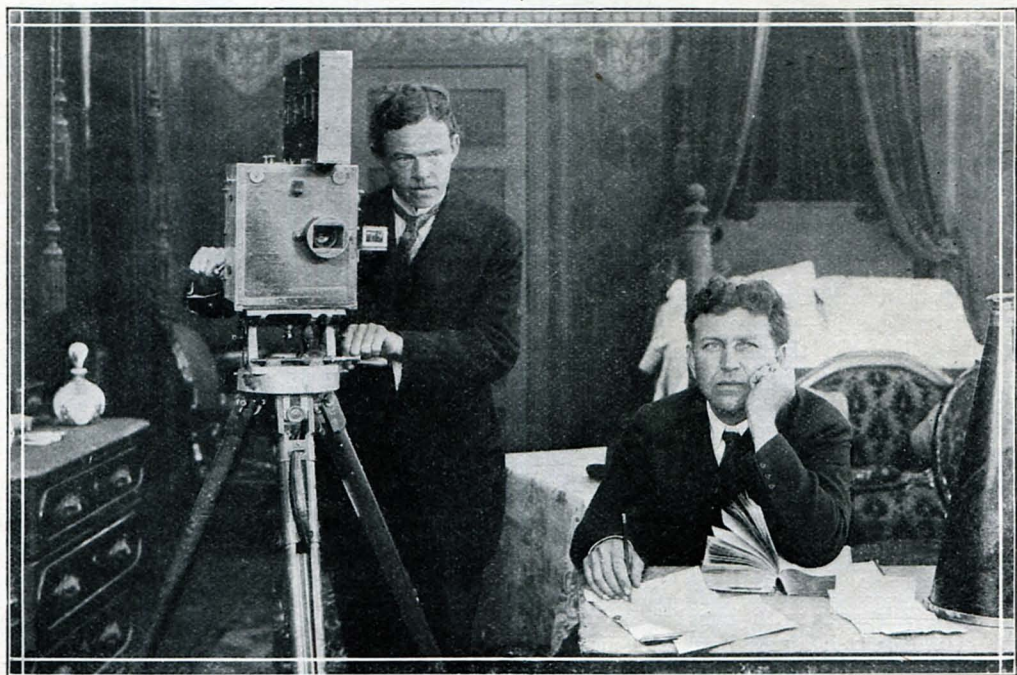
She saw that selfishness and hatred had forced her through that long valley of shadow, and that the spark of love the boy had awakened in her had magically awakened her release. Love! Of everyone, everything! That was the secret. A sudden radiance lighted up her face as she turned to the boy.

"Yes, dear," she said, "it *was* too dark here. And now let's open all the shutters and let in the light." And together they went about the house opening the long-shut windows.

When the neighbors came for Tommy they found a house that was like Julia's heart—sweet to the cleansing air of heaven. Julia herself stood at the door her arm around the child.

"He isn't going to the Orphanage," she said, smiling happily. "I want him."

At last the light had come in.



The third of the famous Ince brothers, who is directing photoplays for the Lubin Co. His brothers, Tom of the New York Motion Picture Corp., and Ralph, chief director of the Vitagraph Co., are well known to Photoplay Magazine readers.

Charlie Chaplin's Story

THROUGH DISAPPOINTMENT TO WORLD FAME

By Harry C. Carr

Illustrations by E. W. Gale

This is the third installment of Mr. Carr's whimsical biography of the world's funniest man

PART III

THE question that nearly every one asks about Charlie Chaplin's early career is "Where did he get that make-up? Those shoes and that hat?"

The general impression is that Chaplin worked with this same outfit from the beginning of his picture work, but this is not true. In his first pictures for the Keystone, Chaplin wore a long drooping moustache and a top hat. He wore ordinary shoes. In almost his first pictures, however, he began wearing the amazing "pants" that still disadorn him.

His first costume didn't suit him at all. The Keystone people say he was always poking around the property room trying to hit upon some sort of clothes that would "register." One day he came out grinning, with a funny old pair of shoes in his hands. They were long and curled up at the toes. They reached right out and shook hands with Chaplin as soon as he saw them. They had been Ford Sterling's and had been left behind when Sterling quit the company. Chaplin has worn those identical shoes ever since. Then he began trimming off his long drooping moustache. Every day it grew shorter until it was finally the little toothbrush that is now so famous. He then substituted a round derby for his top hat and his costume was complete as it now appears in his pictures.

His costume was not the only difficulty he found in getting adjusted to the movies.

To tell the truth, he was miserably unhappy at first, and hated the work in every way. Ford Sterling had just left the company and it was hoped that Chaplin would take his place. They naturally looked to see Chaplin work on the same lines as the comedian they had lost.



Chaplin, however, worked on entirely different methods. Sterling worked very rapidly, dashing hither and thither at top speed. Chaplin's comedy was slow and deliberate and he made a great deal out of little things—little subtleties. They tried to force him to take up the Ford Sterling style and Chaplin refused. That is to say, he wouldn't. He just listened to what they had to say; then did it in his own way.

The net result was a very sultry time. Chaplin's first director was Pathe Lerhmann. They quarreled all the time during the first of Chaplin's work. Mabel Normand and Chaplin fought like a black dog and a monkey. Lerhmann finally appealed to Mack Sennett: he said he couldn't do anything with Chaplin. Sennett called Chaplin to time. The Keystone people say that the hardest "call-down" anybody ever got at the Keystone was that handed to Charlie Chaplin by



IT TOOK HIM THREE MONTHS TO GET HIS COSTUME ASSEMBLED



CHESTER CONKLIN WAS SUPPOSED TO STAR IN THE FIRST KEYSTONE PICTURE THAT OUR HERO APPEARED IN — BUT



SOMEBODY ELSE RAN AWAY WITH THE SHOW !!!!

Sennett because he refused to obey the director. Chaplin took the boss's breezy remarks as toasts to the President are drunk—standing and in silence. But he went right on acting in his own way. Finally Lerhmann passed him on to another director, who had an equally bad time with him.

The Keystone people came to the conclusion that they had picked up a fine lemon in Chaplin. Personally he was very popular, but it was generally agreed that he would never make good as a picture actor.

Finally, Mack Sennett took a hand at directing Chaplin himself. They were then putting on a piece called "Mabel's Strange Predicament." Chaplin had a small part where he did some funny business in the lobby of a hotel. Mack Sennett decided to see just what this Englishman would do if they let him have his own way. He turned the misfit loose and let him be funny as he liked.

Then and there Charlie Chaplin suddenly "happened."

Mack Sennett saw in a flash that some big stuff was going over, and from that minute Chaplin became a real star.



Sennett, during the next few pictures, put in Chaplin to do little comedy bits that called for the same kind of stuff he showed in the lobby of the hotel. Chaplin was always funny in these bits, but Sennett saw that, to be entirely successful he must have a company of his own. The other actors' work was out of tune with the Chaplin method. Sennett was quick to see that almost immeasurable things could be gotten out of Chaplin, but he also saw that the Chaplin pictures must, in the future, be built with Chaplin as the foundation. The whole comedy must be adjusted to his tempo, and even the scenario would have to be different from the kind of scenario ordinarily used by the Keystone people. It must be slower and more subtle.

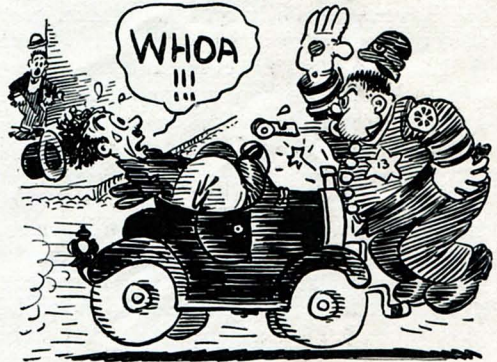
The end of it was that Chaplin was finally allowed to direct his own scenarios. No American picture director understood his peculiar style of comedy well enough to work out the stuff. In another chapter I will tell about Chaplin's work and his methods as a director.

Chaplin's first big hit as a director of his own work was "Dough and Dynamite." This was started as a part of the scenario afterward known as the "Pangs of Love." In his rather aimless way of directing without any scenario, Chaplin and Mr.

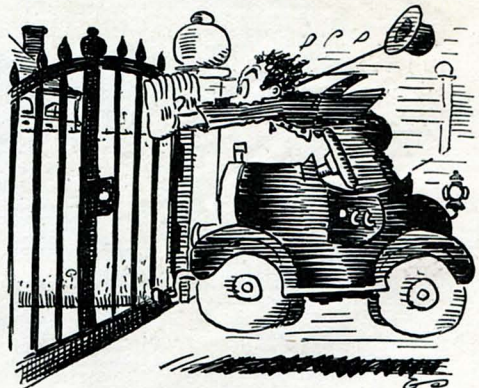
Conklin began working up a play in which both he and Conklin were in love with the landlady of a boarding house and stuck hatpins into each other through a curtain to interrupt one another's courtship. They decided that they both ought to be workmen of some kind and decided upon being bakers. As part of the play they worked up a scene in a bake shop. This turned out to be so funny that they finally changed the whole idea and made two different scenarios.

As a director-actor at the Keystone, Chaplin had the reputation of being the most generous star in the movie business. Every comedian was allowed to grab all the laughs he could get. Chaplin always insisted on having them do the comedy stuff in his way, but he always built up their parts for them without regard for the fact that his own might suffer.

His work began making a tremendous impression. Every one began talking about the new funny man. People who never went to the movies before were drawn by the accounts of the new comedian.



HE HAD NO TROUBLE LEARNING TO DRIVE HIS AUTO



-IT WAS THE STOPPING THAT BOTHERED HIM!

Naturally the other movie companies took notice, and Chaplin got several big offers. One from the Essanay was so big that he did not feel justified in refusing. When his contract expired with the Keystone, he changed companies. He went with the understanding that he was to have full swing in his work: direct all his own scenarios and do pretty much as he pleased.

The first of the Essanay work was done in Chicago. His first Essanay film was "His New Job." After that he put on a two-reeler, "His Night Out." Chaplin then insisted on moving back to California. The picture conditions didn't suit him in the Middle West. On returning to the Coast, he went to the Essanay studio at Niles.

In a separate chapter there will be an account of his adventures at this rural studio. He produced "The Tramp" at Niles. This is regarded in some ways as the most remarkable step forward that has ever been made in moving picture comedy.

Returning from Niles, Chaplin went to the Essanay studio in an old mansion near the business district of Los Angeles. Here he has been working ever since. At least this is his base of operations. From this house he works out to the beaches and various "locations" near Los Angeles.

By this time a perfect storm of fame had struck Chaplin. To tell the truth, it seemed to scare more than anything else. He used to say to his intimate friends, "I can't understand all this stuff. I am just a little nickel comedian trying to make people laugh. They act as though I were the King of England." Chaplin even to this day is much alarmed over being so

famous. He says his reputation can't last.

But he began to suffer the penalties of the great. He was asked to speak at banquets: to lead parades: to referee prize fights. When the baseball season opened, it was announced that Chaplin would throw the first ball.

All of this stuff worried Chaplin a good deal at first. He said he picked up the paper every morning with apprehension to see what fool thing he was due for that day. He found that it didn't worry the promoters of these various events at all, however. They announced that he would referee at prize fights, and when he did not appear they simply dressed up a boy in Chaplin's style in clothes and he appeared, serene in the belief that nobody would know the difference. There is a boy in Los Angeles who makes a good living by dressing up like Charlie Chaplin and parading up and down in front of the theaters where the Chaplin films are being shown.

Charlie was pursued like a wounded hare by all kinds of people with all kinds of business propositions. If half the life insurance agents who were on his trail could be gathered into an army, there wouldn't be any danger of a war with Germany. Real estate agents wanted him to buy houses. Inventors wanted him to take stock in their discoveries. About a million people wrote him letters. Many of them were mash letters. One young lady in Chicago undertook the job of censoring all his work. Every day of her life she wrote Chaplin a letter, commenting critically on some of his latest films. Sometimes she complimented them: sometimes she roasted them un-tenderly.



Foot Note—Those are Ford Sterling's shoes!!



The evolution of that famous moustache

Chaplin has about as much business system as a chicken. When his friends came to see him at his hotel they found him sitting helplessly behind a pile of letters. Finally some of his friends prevailed on him to hire a secretary. Wherefore a severe young man with glasses now opens Charlie's mash letters.

One sort of pest scared Chaplin to death. This was the auto agent. They wanted him to buy their cars: to be photographed in their cars and to write endorsements of their cars. But Charlie was adamant. He wouldn't listen to any of them. He told them he had an aversion to cars on principle and when he retired he was going to have an old white horse and buggy and a ranch. The truth is, Charlie had once been bitten by the automobile bug.

While he was with the Keystone, Chaplin fell for the blandishments of an auto agent and came out one day nervously driving a runabout. He had some weird experiences with that car. He never could learn how the thing worked. He knew how it started but he never could remember—at least in times of emergency—what you did when you wanted the thing to stop.

One day while he was parading the boulevards with his vehicle, Chaplin came to the intersection of two crowded streets. The traffic cop majestically gave the signal for the car to stop. Charlie reached for the thingamajig and pulled the wrong lever. The car bounded blithely forward. The cop waved his club and that was all he did before the auto struck him amidships and mopped up the floor with him. They picked up the fragments of the officer of the law. They also picked up Chaplin and took him to the police station, where they advised him to learn how to manage his car and charged him \$75 for the advice.

Another time, Charlie was driving in through the big front gate at the Keystone

and got too near one of the posts. He had been used to sailing small boats. When a small boat gets too near the wharf the thing to do is to drop the tiller and fend off by pushing against the wharf. Charlie thought this ought to apply equally well to a car. So when he saw he was going to bump the gate, he dropped the steering wheel and tried to push off from the post. The results were sensational and startling. Another time, Charlie's car was on the side of a hill. It started to roll down and Chaplin tried to stop it by grabbing the hind wheels. Results equally startling and sensational.

When Chaplin discovered that new tires for his motor cost \$75 each, his soul called "Enough," and he returned to street cars. Since then he has been a mighty poor prospect for an auto agent.

Some of the attention that came to Chaplin with his fame was enjoyable. Thousands of people speak to Chaplin on the street without knowing him. They are always answered courteously. Not long ago, I saw two old people stop and stare and begin to nudge each other in great excitement. Charlie Chaplin was coming down the street. When he came near, the old man gathered his courage and said, "Hello, Charlie Chaplin." Chaplin lifted his hat in the odd way that he does on the screen and said, "Howdydo" and passed on. The old people were tickled to death.

The one thing that got the comedian's goat was speaking at banquets. Just once it is recorded that he was prevailed upon and human agony can have no fuller expression than this quivering actor waiting to speak his piece.

The culmination of his fame came probably with the offer of a New York theatrical man to give him \$25,000 for an engagement of two weeks—an offer which the Essanay company is supposed to have met to induce him to stay away from the stage.



Being the "middle" sister of seven, her mother in despair, because her pranks captured the suitors for the hands of her three eldest sisters, punished her by dressing her like a girl of fourteen.

SEVEN SISTERS

By George Vaux Bacon

*After the Hungarian play of the same name. Illustrations by
the Famous Players Film Co.*

HOW A WHOLESALE MARRIAGE CON- SPIRACY BROUGHT HAPPINESS TO MICI

COUNT FERENZ HORKOY was in a quandary. He pondered frantically as his chauffeur drove him in his magnificent car from the Widow Gyurkovic's villa.

From the point of view of the worldly-minded, there was nothing for him to worry about: he was young, he was handsome, he was rich—but he was also in love. And Circumstances always manage to get those in love into quandaries.

Three weeks before, he had met Mici Gyurkovic at a costume ball whither she had stolen away from the convent on the outskirts of Buda Pesth, where she was a student. They had been introduced by the girl with whom Mici had plotted the escape from the watchful eyes of the Sisters. There had been one or two hours of that most delicious time in all one's life—when one falls in love at first sight—then she had stolen away back to the convent and he had seen her no more.

And this morning, his car breaking down in front of the Widow Gyurkovic's, he had met her again—and what a problem had presented itself!

It seemed she had been discovered by the Mother Superior when she returned from the masquerade and was summarily expelled for frivolity.

Being the "middle" sister of seven, her mother, in despair because her pranks captured the suitors for the hands of her three eldest sisters, punished her by making her dress like a girl of fourteen, with her hair in two braids down her back. For it is the custom in Hungary, that until the elder sisters are married, the young men may not court the younger ones.

Mici, terribly embarrassed, had been surprised by Horkoy with a doll in her arms as he entered the widow's garden gate for a drink of water while his chauffeur repaired the car. At first, she had only blushed and stammered; but after a time

the whole story came out.

Whereupon Horkoy had sworn a great oath and bet her three kisses that he would marry off the three elder sisters within a fortnight, and Mici, between tears and laughter, agreed to the bargain, for then again she could wear her long skirts, and her brown hair on her head, and be a young lady.

The widow was expecting her nephew, Toni, from Vienna on a visit, and as Toni, Mici introduced Horkoy to them all—to Katinka the oldest, to Sari who was next, to Ella, Terka, Liza and Klara. And it was as Toni that Horkoy left the widow and her daughters, promising to call again next day.

As the car sped along through the white dust and the sunshine, he revolved half thought-out plan after plan in his head without arriving at any conclusion whatsoever, when of a sudden he beheld a familiar figure trudging along on the road, followed by a porter with a great heap of luggage on his shoulders.

"Gida Radiany!" shouted Horkoy and commanded the chauffeur to stop.

The friends shook hands.

"Where on earth are you going, Gida?" demanded Horkoy.

"It is a ridiculous situation," answered Gida. "My uncle Colonel Radiany, has ordered me from the house—with a wallet full of money—to go out and find a nice girl and get married. He told me not to come back without a wife. It is terrible. I am too bashful, and I don't know any girls. I have no idea at all what to do!"

Horkoy raised his hands to Heaven and uttered a shriek of joyous laughter.

"Gida, you are a gift of the Gods!" he shouted. "Get in and come along with me at once!"

"Where are you going?"

"No matter. I will explain. Put your porter in front with the chauffeur, and



Mici had been surprised by Horkoy with a doll in her arms.

come on." The girl's eyes danced.

Gida leaped in. His porter, nothing loath, followed him and away they sped to the village.

They took a large room at the tavern, where Horkoy enthusiastically told Gida about Katrinka.

Gida at first was somewhat moody; but Horkoy's enthusiasm was infectious, and as the beauties and charm of the eldest daughter were outlined to him, he grew less moody, and eventually almost as enthusiastic and eager to meet the feminine paragon as Horkoy was to have him meet her.

So the *ex tempore* "Toni" went to call the next afternoon, bringing Gida with him, whom he introduced as his younger brother, and who, he intimated to the widow, was looking for a wife. The widow was delighted; Katrinka, much prinked up for the occasion, was produced, and the two were guided, through the cooperative machinations of Horkoy and the widow, to a rose arbor at the far end of the widow's garden.

Gida and Katinka had shaken hands rather limply, Horkoy thought; but they proceeded to the arbor readily enough and after the widow had spoken a few conventional words of welcome to her "nephew" and left him, Mici and Horkoy

crept out behind the arbor and hid themselves to overhear what went on.

Things had been going rather slowly, when Ella, Mici's second eldest sister, wandered all innocently into the arbor, stumbled in surprise at seeing Katrinka and Gida there, and was saved from falling on the ground, only by Gida's prompt assistance.

He tried to detain her; but Ella insisted on going, and after he left, Gida was even more awkward with Katrinka than before, and after a few minutes, she rather petulantly insisted on leaving the arbor and returning to the house.

Whereupon Horkoy, in his hiding place, tried to give Mici a kiss. She darted away, laughing.

"You haven't won it yet by any means!" she cried, tantalizingly, "I think you are going to have trouble with your friend Gida. Did you see how he looked at Ella?" and coquettishly scamppered into the house.

Horkoy walked aimlessly through the garden till he bumped into Gida near the gate.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"I don't know," replied Gida, flushing, mopping at his forehead and kicking nervously on the gate pickets with his heels.

"You are a fool!" commented Horkoy promptly. "Your very bashfulness proves that you are in love. I will bring you here every day and after a while you will feel more at home. Come, we will make our adieux to the widow, and take ourselves off for the present. It is growing near dinner time, anyhow."

The widow bade them farewell, and smiled delightedly when both assured her that they would return on the morrow.

When they arrived at their room, Count Ferenz found a letter waiting for him. He opened it, and read:

Belgrade, July 27th, 19—

Dear Horkoy:

My late grandfather has left me all his money on condition that I marry within the next two months, as he, having been happily married, thinks matrimony the ideal state. What shall I do? You were always good at helping me out of scrapes.

Your perplexed friend

Sandorffy

Horkoy gave a yell of joy and showed the letter to Gida, who recovered sufficiently from the events of the afternoon to grin.

"There's going to be another suitor for another one of the Widow Gyurkovic's daughters, very, very soon, believe me!" laughed Horkoy, and going to the desk, wrote a note to Sandorffy and sent it by special post.

During the next few days, Horkoy and Mici did everything in the world to hurl Gida and Katrinka into each other's arms; but with such ill success that anyone on earth would have been thoroughly disheartened except two wholly in love.

In the midst of this perplexity, Sandorffy arrived at the tavern while both Gida and the Count were away at the widow's, and the landlady handed him a note. He opened it and read:

Dear Sandorffy:

Meet me at my Aunt's—the Widow Gyurkovic. The landlady will show you the way. You will meet a charming girl whom I will introduce

Horkoy

P. S. By the way, I never told you; but my middle name is Toni.

Sandorffy wasted no time getting to the widow's villa.

He was a handsome fellow, with blond hair and a mustache that stuck up ferociously at the points. He was, in fact, a captain of cavalry, and was stunning in a handsome blue and silver uniform with shining boots that had yellow tassels in front and great clanking spurs at heel.

Mici came to the door. He removed his shako and bowed magnificently.

"I was to meet a charming girl here, with a view to matrimony," he said, "—if you are she, the view is delightful!"

Mici started back; but he followed, and took her hand, pressing his suit ardently and with soldierly directness.

Horkoy happened to stroll by in the garden, talking to the widow and Sari, when he looked up and saw his friend making violent love to Mici.

It was not in the character of Count Ferenz Horkoy to waste either time or

words in the accomplishment of an action. He made hurried adieux to Sari and her mother, ran to the house, leaped up the steps at a bound, was within in a second and yanked Sandorffy away without ceremony, while Mici laughed till the tears came.

"Look here," cried the Count, "you military idiot! This is not the one—this plain little thing just out of the nursery. There is the one: four officers have already fought duels over her!" He pointed at Sari. Sandorffy looked, and saw that Sari was indeed worth fighting a duel over. He promptly forgot Mici, preened himself like a parakeet, and was led forth to the garden and introduced to Sari, with whom he immediately wandered away into the garden, while Horkoy, at last convinced that he had found a match, heaved a sigh



Mici had plotted escape from the watchful eyes of the sisters.

of relief and thought of the one kiss, at least that was coming.

The widow left him, and returned to her work in the house. She had scarcely entered the door, when Gida and Katrinka, both painfully and obviously bored, came from their rose arbor. Mici joined them.

"My uncle is coming today," said Gida rather morosely, "to inspect Katrinka—Good Heavens, there he is!"

The others stared at the gate, where a tall, gray mustached, military looking man in the uniform of a Colonel of Hussars, was just entering. Gida fled to a bench near the arbor and disappeared behind it. Katrinka returned to the rose arbor, with a sigh of relief at being alone, to get some knitting she had left there.

"Good morning Sir—and Mademoiselle," said the Colonel, advancing to Mici and Horkoy, not having seen the other two at all owing to the height of the hedges. "Have you seen my nephew, Gida?"

"No, not today," lied the Count glibly.

At that moment, Gida, urged by his evil spirit, raised his head above the back of the bench behind which he had taken refuge, to take in the conversation. The Colonel spotted him immediately, strode over and pulled him ignominiously forth.

"You young ass!" he growled. "What were you doing back there? Will you never grow up? Where is Katrinka?"

Gida pointed, trembling, towards the rose arbor. The Colonel released him, gave him a black look, and strode towards it.

Mici and Horkoy, twitting Gida with his ignoble position, were interrupted by the appearance of Sandorffy and Sari walking hand in hand.

"Well," demanded Horkoy, winking tremendously at Mici, "what does this mean?"

Sari blushed to the roots of her sunny hair and Sandorffy clicked his spurs and saluted.

"My future wife," he said, with a wave of his hand.

Mici rushed to Sari and kissed her and Gida and the Count shook hands with Sandorffy, who was not nearly so embarrassed as he was tremendously proud of himself.

"Let's go over to the rose arbor and see how Katrinka's examination is getting on," suggested Horkoy.

The others agreed, and with Gida trailing behind, made for the arbor.

There, they were initiated into that mys-

tery of Fate which decrees that unexpected is always what may be expected to happen. Katrinka, encircled by the Colonel's arm, lay with her head on his chest, blissfully being made love to.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" exploded Gida.

The Colonel leaped to his feet, supporting the shrinking Katrinka, whose turn it was to blush, and covered the situation splendidly by turning to Gida and shouting, "I do not approve of Miss Katrinka as your wife—but she will make you an admirable Aunt!" Then he burst out into a roar of laughter in which the others,—even Gida, though rather feebly,—joined.

Led by the Colonel, the crowd repaired to the house.

Mici pinched Horkoy's fingers.

He pinched back.

"If it weren't that I'd pauperize myself for marrying by the articles of my grandfather's will, I'd propose to you right this minute!" he whispered.

"Indeed! Any man who will not face poverty with love is a coward," she retorted, suddenly snapped her fingers in his face and with a laugh of scorn, fled from him.

He promptly fled after her. Mici fled through the garden gate, out into the road and away, laughing; but running with incredible speed. Horkoy followed as fast as he could and although he was no mean sprinter, he was having a hard time of it to catch up, when the two of them were brought up short by the sudden appearance around a bend of the road of a most extraordinary apparition.

The vision consisted of a tall, angular, somewhat round shouldered youth in a long dusty coat, carrying a large carpet bag. Under his arm were several books, on his head was a dilapidated hat and over his eyes, through which he blinked like a turtle half asleep in the sun, were a pair of gigantic circular tortoise shell spectacles, which gave him the appearance of Pierrot burlesquing as a sage.

In his astonishment at the sudden appearance of Mici, he awkwardly spilt his books, and peering nearsightedly through the spectacles began picking them up. Mici stopped to assist. Looking at her carefully and perceiving that she was a very pretty girl, the apparition went through a series of facial contortions which, it suddenly occurred to Mici as well

as Horkoy, who had come up and was watching the performance, was a smile.

"Why," said the newcomer, "you are Mici, are you not? I recognize you from your photograph which your Mother sent me when she asked me to call. I am Toni!"

Mici almost dropped the book she had just picked up for him.

"Toni," she cried, aghast.

"Yes." He smiled with the expression of a beatified sardine.

She looked at the Count. He looked at her, his mouth opening in horrible realization of impending trouble. Mici literally turned pale. Her cousin Toni started towards her solicitously.

She stepped back quickly and held up a dramatically detaining hand.

"No. Step back. Do not touch me!" she commanded. "The servants are all down with the small pox. We'll lead you to the inn. You must stay there this evening at least."

Toni backed away in horror while Mici politely introduced Horkoy, and persuaded

him to follow them to the village.

At the inn they informed the tavern-keeper that their friend was a mild lunatic, and succeeded in keeping him locked up till, when he made so much trouble that they feared for the consequences, they sent him a servant made up with paint to appear as though he had the small pox, which frightened him into submission.

In the meantime, Sandorffy and Sari, and Katrinka and the Colonel got along splendidly; but the affairs of poor Gida and Ella remained in a tangle. No sooner would they manage to get together in some corner, than the Colonel, who had suddenly determined his nephew should marry money and not the daughter of a poor widow, no matter how pretty the daughter might be, would manage to get them separated, and as he kept Gida constantly at his beck and call, it was not difficult to do.

Horkoy was still deprived of the three kisses he had wagered for, though, forsooth, he had gotten others! but while the one elder sister remained unmarried, poor Mici was still condemned to short skirts.



While one elder sister remained unwed, Mici was doomed to short skirts.

Horkoy racked his brain for a way of forcing the Colonel to consent to Gida's marriage without going into a rage and dis-inheriting him.

The occasion of another masquerade ball solved the problem for him. On receiving his invitation along with Gida's he had a brilliant idea, concerning which he conferred with Mici. Between them they hatched out a fascinatingly clever plot.

Gida, like most gentle, good natured men, was a big, handsome fellow, and Horkoy persuaded him to go to the masquerade attired in the costume and armor of a mediaeval knight, with a great triangular shield over his shoulder, and a helmet, the barred visor of which completely enveloped his head.

After the masquerade, Horkoy, who had come as a troubadour with an excellent mandolin he had borrowed from a stable boy at the inn, caught Gida, who had had rather a lot of trouble dancing in his armor, panting in a corner with his helmet off, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with a gigantic handkerchief.

"Hello," Gida, he said guilelessly, "are you tired?"

"Absolutely worn out."

Horkoy unstrapped his mandolin which was hung over his shoulder by a wide blue ribbon.

"Why don't you take this and go out and serenade Ella? She didn't come to the ball. Ella loves the mandolin and will appreciate it."

Gida jumped at the idea. It would be cool, and his heart ached, in its good humored, simple minded way, for some method of expressing a devotion which had grown so tremendously that he was nearly bursting with it.

"I'll do it!" he exclaimed, took the instrument, thrummed a few notes with it, and with a parting wave of his hand, left the ball room.

Horkoy met Mici near the wall under Ella's window, where they had planned to meet.

"Is it all right?" she whispered ecstatically.

"He is coming now!" he answered. "Hurry inside and do your part."

She scampered away like a field mouse. Horkoy, from his hiding place, watched the armored knight advance with the mandolin, carefully remove his suffocating helmet,

and throwing back his head sentimentally so that he could gaze at Ella's window, began "Hearts and Flowers."

The playing continued for several minutes before Horkoy, bursting with laughter, stole away.

Sandorffy and the Colonel, having returned to the house, where they were to spend the night after the ball, were smoking a farewell cigar in the library together, when Horkoy entered, and said rather nervously:

"There is a man prowling around the house. Get your sticks and follow me."

Sandorffy and the Colonel dashed for the cane rack, while Horkoy rushed out to Gida and announced in a terrifying stage whisper,

"Gida! Sandorffy and the Colonel are coming after you in a fury. They think you have compromised Ella by this serenade. Come. Follow me and hide!"

He led the way precipitately over the garden wall and through an open window into a room where all was darkness. Once in, he fled back out of the window, with a word of admonition to Gida to remain quiet and to do just as he was told for his own sake and Ella's.

In the meantime, Mici had achieved an equally interesting *coup* in the persuading of Ella to do her will; for, unknown to Gida when he entered what he thought was a vacant room, Mici and Ella, holding their breath, were there in a great four posted bed, covered up to their chins, watching his advent with wide eyed interest.

Gida walked about, clanking a good deal in spite of his attempts to be silent; eventually removed his helmet, found a light and turned it on.

The minute he did so, Mici leaped from the bed and stood before him, her finger on his mouth.

"If I promise to help you," she whispered, "swear that you will say it was Ella and not I who hid you!"

Gida's head was completely in a whirl at this unexpected turn of events. He looked at Ella. She nodded frantically at him from the bed. Mici insisted on putting Gida's helmet back on him, and pushed him, clanking, into the clothes closet, taking one of his iron gauntlets as she did so and dropping it on the floor.

The next moment, there was a sound of footsteps running. Mici turned and fled



"The servants are all down with the smallpox," said Mici, "We'll lead you to the inn. You must stay there this evening."

from the room. The Colonel followed by Sandorffy and Horkoy rushed in and stood staring at Ella.

"What are you doing in this room!" demanded the Colonel.

"I—I—" began Ella.

Sandorffy spotted the gauntlet lying on the floor in front of the clothes closet.

The Colonel gave it a look, strode to the closet, opened the door and yanked forth the mailed and helmeted figure within.

"By God!" he cried, "whoever you are, sir, I swear by my honor that you will wed Ella within the week or die!"

Horkoy and Sandorffy, each in great agitation, though Horkoy's was due mainly to his difficulty in keeping from laughing, witnessed the vow which the Colonel made.

Then Horkoy, with great ceremony, lifted the helmet from Gida's head.

At first the Colonel turned purple, then pink, then burst into laughter.

He took his nephew's hand, put it in Ella's, and said,

"A Radiany has never yet gone back on his oath. My boy, she's yours."

And made him kiss her there and then, to the lovers' apparent discomfiture; but to their secret great delight and pleasure.

The Colonel turned to Sandorffy and Horkoy, who had been joined by the mischief, Mici, now wearing a long dress she had hurriedly put on to celebrate her final liberation from punishment.

"Which of you three scamps planned this?" he asked.

"I—" began Horkoy, when to his horror, Toni, who had a half an hour before been informed by a gossip servant of the ruse which was being worked on him, burst into the room, his spectacles dramatically askew, his hair on end, and denounced Horkoy frantically.

The Widow Gyurkovic rushed in after him, followed by several servants, and in the pandemonium, demanded shrilly:

"If you are Toni, who is *he*?" pointing at Horkoy.

Mici popped forward.

"That is Count Ferenz Horkoy, whom I had the honor to meet at the ball, the night I was expelled from the convent!"

The Colonel looked at Horkoy sternly. "As an officer and a gentleman, you understand that there is but one course honorably open for you!"

"You are quite right," answered Horkoy. He bowed to the Widow Gyurkovic. "I have the honor of offering my hand in marriage to Miss Mici."

"And I," said Mici, her chin in the air, "—I decline the honor. When I marry, it will not be for protection; but for love!"

Horkoy flushed crimson, and then turned pale, bowed to Mici, to the Widow Gyurkovic, and left.

And that night, Mici wept on her pillow till dawn.

The next day, Toni put a huge seal ring on Mici's finger which the widow approved, for Toni was rich, and while Horkoy sulked in his room at the tavern and Sandorffy and Gida and the Colonel made love, the arrangements were made for the marriage of the four girls.

Up to the last moment, Horkoy, furious at the public insult Mici had given him, and not particularly pleased at the thought of losing his fortune either, if the truth

is to be told, remained in his room: but on the morning of the proposed wedding, he could stand the inaction no longer, and went to the widow's.

The first person he met in the garden was Mici.

"Mici, I have been a fool," he said miserably.

"Of course. Have you not always been a fool?" she replied, "but I—I—Oh, you have been so mean!"

Horkoy took her in his arms.

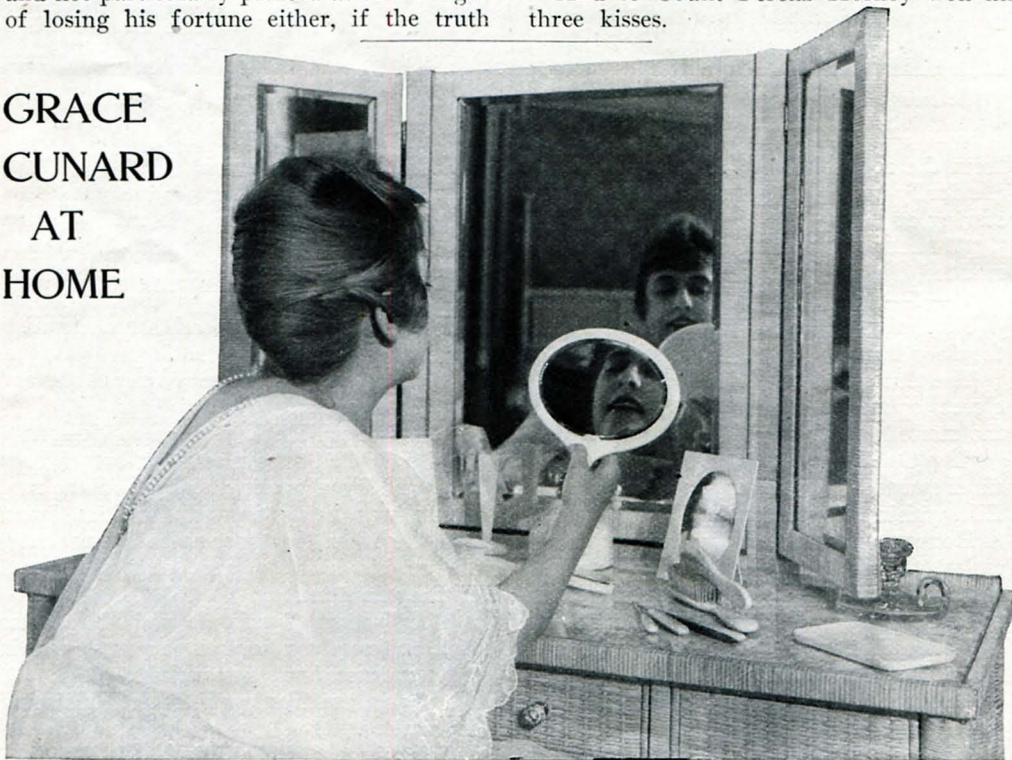
"Damn the fortune!" said he.

He saw the seal ring on her finger. Without so much as a by-your-leave, he snatched it and threw it with all his might right through the bow window on the other side of which Toni was stiffly breakfasting.

The motor car was outside. In another moment, Mici was in it with Horkoy's arms around her, and they were off to face life without a single penny; but rich in the love which makes up for every sorrow and which all the gold of all the earth can never buy.

And so Count Ferenz Horkoy won his three kisses.

GRACE CUNARD AT HOME



Miss Cunard is one of the hardest and most sincere workers in the whole realm of picturedom, and finds her rest in the seclusion of her pretty little home. She loves nothing better than to get away from the studio and enjoy the perfect relaxation that comes from the intimate surroundings and restfulness of her home.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people—men, women and children—gather daily, many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of \$5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed. The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution. Think of the funniest thing you have ever heard at the movies and send it in. You may win the five-dollar prize.

Temperamental Films

THE following is a conversation I overheard between the manager of a picture theatre, and the operator:

The Operator:—"I can't do anything with this film sir. It backs up and halts every time I run it through the projector."

The Manager (with sad resignation):—"Yes; they're getting more like real actors every day."

William Storch, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Winds of the World

THE theatre was very warm and crowded. An old colored mammy turned to her husband and said: "Fo' Gawd, Hyppolite why'n't dey put some o' dese 'lectic fans in hyeah to cool o' de hemisphere?"

Elizabeth Wagoner, Keyser, W. Va.

Tomato Canned Show

TWO boys of ten or twelve years stopped to survey an announcement in front of a moving picture theatre. It read: "Today: Victoria Forde, Ford Sterling and Francis Ford."

"Come on, let's go in," said one, "this is a jitney show."

A. Davidson, Omaha, Neb.

As Done in the Nursery

A THRILLING sea picture was being shown. Grimly the man at the wheel peered ahead; then swiftly began to spin the spokes over.

"Dad," inquired a treble in the dark, "will the boat go faster when the man gets it wound up?"

V. F. Gianelli, Toronto, Canada.

Frenzied Finance

"DO you love Sister Clara, Mr. Simpson?" earnestly asked little John of the caller.

"Why John, that's a funny question," replied the astounded Mr. Simpson. "Why do you ask that?"

"Well she said she'd

give a dime to know, and I've got a date to take my girl to the picture show tonight."

Anna Iannicelli, New York City.

Seen and Heard

THE film showed an automobile come to a dead stop and the chauffeur clambered out with his kit and dived under the machine to repair the trouble.

"Look, Mama!" shouted a small boy. "He's going to milk the automobile!"

Jane Campbell, Philadelphia.

The Lost Obesity Cure

A TRAVEL picture flashed the Leaning Tower of Pisa on the screen.

"Mother," asked a little girl of her portly parent, "what makes the tower lean?"

"Heavens, child," replied the stout lady, "I don't know, or I would take some myself."

Douglas Kinchoffer, Los Angeles, Cal.

Comparative Speed

THEY were showing "The Perils of Pauline" when the very portly man started stepping over people's feet to get to a vacant seat. The small man endured the eclipse of Pauline as long as patience lasted.

Then he touched the offending one on the shoulder. "Have you ever been to the Zoo, my dear sir?" he asked in a gentle tone.

"No, I have not," puffed the portly one. "Why the question, if I may ask?"

"You ought to go. You'd enjoy seeing the snails whizz past."

H. K. Wells, Athens, O.

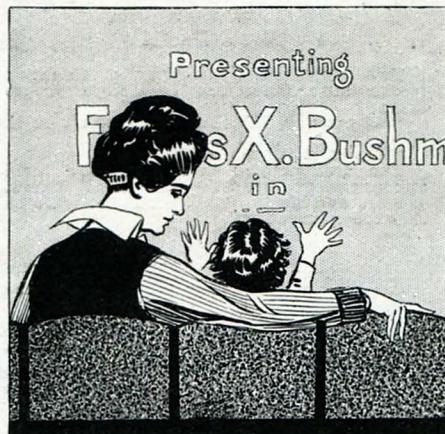
Herald of Insignia

AS a grandly arrayed general came into the picture a small negro girl said to the old darky beside her:

"Why dat man weah all dem close, grampaw?"

"Well, honey," answered "grampaw," "you see dem gyarments is de stigma of his rank."

Stuart J. Smith, Richmond Highlands, Washington.



X Is for Bushman

Five-year-old Jim was a great Bushman fan. When the player's name was flashed on the screen he gave a whoop: "Here comes Bushman!"

His mother, knowing he could not read, asked him how he knew his favorite was to be shown.

"Don't you think I know a big X in the middle spells Bushman?" replied Jim loftily.

Mrs. M. Lawler, Chicago.

Dangerous Play

AN Irishman sentenced to hang was ready for the rope to be cut, when a fire broke out and everyone ran and left him. A negro passing asked him what he was doing, and the Irishman replied he was acting for the moving pictures.

"If you'll give me two dollars I'll let you work this scene, and get your face in the movies," bargained the convicted man.

On this basis the exchange was made. As the crowd returned from the fire, the rope sustaining the trap-door broke and the negro understudy was severely shaken up.

"Say boys, this fellow has choked black!" exclaimed the leader.

"Naw, suh," said the negro, "I was bawn black, boss, but I want to ax you if you all aint afraid you gwine hurt somebody wid his fool picture business?"

F. Bright, Findlay, O.

Alphabetic Piggishness

DURING the exhibition of some war films a voice in front inquired: "Say, Bill, why do the Germans spell culture with a K?"

"Dunno," replied Bill, "unless it's because England has control of the C's." W. E. Gerke, Brooklyn, New York.

The Squirted Drama

OLE JOHNSON came directly from the forests in Sweden to a lumber camp in Northern Minnesota. On a recent visit to the city he saw the moving pictures for the first time in his life.

"You just bet Ay had gude time," he said, relating his experiences back at camp. "An' would you believe I'm? Ay went in vun place where dey squirt pictures on das wall!"

Otto S. Martin, Minneapolis, Minn.

Did He Get Incensed?

IT was in one of the "ten, twenty, thirty," vaudeville houses where moving pictures are shown. An oriental act had just been concluded and incense filled the house.

"Usher," complained a pompous man in an aisle seat, "I smell punk."

"That's all right," whispered the usher, confidentially, "just sit where you are, and I won't put anyone near you."

Miss T. Horwitz, New York.

Those Provoking Train Schedules

THE picture showed a bevy of girls disrobing by the "old swimming hole" for a plunge. They had just taken off shoes, hats and coats and were beginning on —. A passing freight train obscures the view. The next picture shows them in the water.

An old railroader sat through the show again and again.

Finally a friend tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Aren't you ever going home?"

"Oh, I'll wait a while," was the answer. "One of these days that train is going to be late."

Douglas Fisher, Washington, D. C.

Religious Tolerance

THE operator was repairing a break in the film. Two girls employed the interruption with gossip. "Yes," said one, "she refused him just because

he was a chronic dyspeptic."

"The idea!" said the other. "Some folks is so narrer, I'd let him go to his church and I'd go to mine."

Mrs. W. Warren, Columbus, O.

Barber-on Pig

A FILM of "The Pig Industry" was on the program, the famous Southern razor-back hogs occupying the screen at the moment. One of the pigs was scratching himself against a tree.

"Dad," inquired young America, "what's he doing that for?"

"That's a razor-back, son, and he's stropping himself."

August H. Ziegler, Huntington, N. Y.

Safety First

DURING a storm scene at a picture play, a little chap in the audience became wildly excited.

"Oh, Mama, let's go quick. If the glass in that camera breaks, we're both drowned men!" Belle Todd Hazen, Portland, Ore.

"Tommy 'ow's Your at?"

A BRITISH sailor on leave in London, and much the worse for drink, was refused admittance to a picture show.

"Don't you respect this uniform?" demanded the irate jackie, doubling his fist.

"Sure, sure," replied the alarmed manager, "take it off and I'll put it in a box."

H. K. Smith, Rockville Centre, L. I.

A Writer of Snow Scenes

A NOISY pest at a picture play was criticizing the film with deep feeling to his companion, evidently a scenario editor.

"Say, Jim, I can write a better photoplay than that," he finally exclaimed. "If I write one and send it to you will you promise to use it?"

"I will, Henry," promised the scenario editor, "provided I can cut it up fine enough to use in one of the snow scenes."

Sidney M. Hyman, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Ultimate Insult

THE prisoner, arraigned for assault and battery was asked "Guilty or not Guilty?"

"Well," said he, "I guess I'm guilty all right. But let me ask you, Judge, what would you do if a fresh city feller come into your grocery store and asked to take a moving picture of your cheese?"

A. T. Moore, Denver, Colo.

Not on the Map

HARRY and Ted were watching travel pictures. "Shucks," said Harry, "my paw's been everywhere."

"No he aint," said Ted, after some thought. "He aint been to heaven."

"Aw, I mean places of over five hundred population," answered Harry crushingly.

John J. Hayes, Philadelphia.



Not a Daniel

Two men were regarding a ferocious poster advertising one of Selig's jungle films.

Said one: "Well, I'm glad I won't be in Chicago for several months."

"Why?" asked the other. The first pointed in silence to a lurid announcement beneath the lions, tigers, jaguars and hippopotami. It read: "To be released next week."

enough to use in one of the snow scenes."

Investing in the Movies

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY A RECOGNIZED
AUTHORITY ON THE FINANCIAL END OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

By Paul H. Davis

HUNDREDS of requests have been received by the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE from persons who contemplate investment in moving picture companies and who seek advice on the subject. In many cases investigation showed that these people were being solicited to invest money in concerns that, in the face of existing conditions, did not have one chance in a hundred to succeed. In his first article (in the August number) Mr. Davis gave a clear statement of the fundamentals of picture manufacture and sale, and sounded a warning against the wildcat. Mr. Davis will be glad to answer any inquiries from readers.

IN my article in the August issue of this magazine I suggested that if you were interested in investing in the "Movies" it would be safer to put your money into an established motion picture concern rather than a new venture, unless you were thoroughly convinced that the new concern had these qualifications—ample financial backing to compete with present successful enterprises—the opportunity to enter the field in a big way—men connected with it who have close affiliations with the industry.

Before you invest in any motion picture concern, however, you should understand that the stocks of practically all movie concerns are business risks.

Putting your money into any motion picture concern is the same as embarking in any rapidly changing business where there is always some chance of loss. Motion picture stocks are not to be compared with bonds, mortgages or stocks of long established industries. This point is often overlooked.

A few months ago a middle-aged lady called at the office of her banker. She had overheard a friend remark in a casual conversation that he had recently purchased stock in a motion picture concern at \$90.00 a share, and that the stock yielded an income of over 2% a month. The lady in question made up her mind that she would

get a few shares of this attractive stock.

Her banker knew that for over ten years she had lived on the income of a small estate left her by her husband, and that her funds had been carefully invested in mortgages and secure bonds, as they should have been, and the principal had never been distributed. The banker explained to her at length that she should not risk her money in any picture stock. Their conversation was interrupted by a telephone call—this from a customer who wanted to buy 100 shares of the stock in question.

The banker sold the customer the stock without hesitation but he refused to sell the stock to his lady client. The situation was this—the customer was a wealthy man who had a vast amount of experience in business in general and was familiar with all

of the phases of the motion picture business. If he chose to buy a business risk it was his lookout. The woman, on the other hand, had no business experience, knew nothing about the motion picture business except that

she went to the "Movies" occasionally, and was not in a position to recuperate any loss that might arise from a purchase of stock. The banker, in this instance, used good judgment.

If you are thinking of buying into the motion picture industry it might be wise for you to consider this point of view.

A man who is familiar with the business



in all of its branches and who is a heavy stockholder in many of the motion picture companies, recently said, "I don't believe that anyone should invest in the motion picture industry more than he can afford to lose. This does not mean that I believe the industry, as such, is not here to stay. But it is always changing. The same element of risk enters into an investment in the motion picture business that is present in any business that anticipates continual changes."

It is a fact that the business is changing each day to such an extent that it is difficult for anyone to say what established company will ultimately work out to be a real investment. By investment, in the true sense, I mean a place for one's money where there is practically no chance of any depreciation in the principal. It is worth while to consider why the motion picture business, great as it is, and having the enormous future that it undoubtedly has, is still not a settled industry.

The principal reason for the existence of the business at this time is to amuse the public. You probably know from your own experience how your taste changes in any line of amusement. If you are fond of games it may be golf this year and tennis next year. If you are fond of the theatre you will notice that you tire of the musical comedy or the problem play and are interested in the farce. Your taste for motion pictures has changed much during the past several years, this due in part to the fact that you tired of what the motion picture manufacturers were handing out, and in part to the fact that certain progressive manufacturers, fertile in new ideas, gave you such novel and pleasing pictures that you would not stand for the old timers. As you will remember, the first motion pictures that you saw were simple incidents, a train moving, horses trotting or a parade. Next came the chase picture—a man with a ladder bumps a fruit peddler, then everybody runs. Then came the simple story in a single reel. These in time became more complex and the cost of producing much greater. Next in vogue was the feature film—a multiple reel picture much more pretentious than the old style simple reeler. After that the serial and the dramatization of famous plays and books.

With each of these changes on the screen

came a change in the companies that were manufacturing and distributing the films. A company equipped to handle the regular program of single reel films found it somewhat difficult to distribute the feature and the serial. Likewise, the manufacturer had to change his methods of producing, all of which piled up expense. It costs money to stage a picture with Sarah Bernhardt, Dustin Farnham, Arnold Daly, or the other stage celebrities in the leading roles. There will doubtless be more changes in the future, for you and the rest of the public, as fans are never satisfied. While these changes are going on some distributing companies and some manufacturing companies doubtless will suffer, due to their inability to quickly meet the new phases of the business.

Not a great while ago the "white slave" feature films had a big run. Several photoplays of this class made big money. Then, almost instantaneously, the public "tabooed" such films. One manufacturer had spent a small fortune making a feature of this kind. He was just about to market it when the change came. He made no attempt to show the picture, just charged its cost to profit and loss, thereby showing good judgment. His company was financially able to meet the change in public opinion even though it meant a heavy loss.

A motion picture concern must be able to do this, for its chief asset is "Good Will."

The nature of the industry is such that practically all of the companies are capitalized on the basis of earning capacity. Their resources are of value only while in use.

A manufacturing concern, for instance, has its studio filled with expensive scenery—props, furniture and fixtures of all kinds—to make every scene from a log cabin to a bank lobby. The actual cost of this equipment runs into thousands of dollars. The concern has its laboratory, where the films are developed and printed, filled with expensive devices. But if the manufacturer loses the public "Good Will" for any reason, or fails to sell sufficient prints to pay expenses, the plant and its equipment are worth little. There is scarcely any business that is so dependent for the worth of its assets on its being a going concern than the producing of motion pictures. If a producing concern is forced to retire from active

life there is little left for the stockholders.

The assets of an exchange consists of reels of pictures that again have value only as the exchange is able to rent them on a large scale. I know of instances where exchanges that were financially embarrassed have tried to sell their stock of photoplays and were not able to get one-tenth of what the films cost.

While a motion picture concern is in right with the "fans" and makes money the stockholders have nothing to fear; but when the company fails that's the end of the investment. This is the risk one must take to get the big dividends that many of the companies pay.

Probably the most important factor in the success of a motion picture concern and its ability to keep the "Good Will" of the "fans" is the personnel of the management. If you are considering an investment in the "Movies" ask your theatre proprietor what men sense the public's wants most accurately, then look up the companies they are connected with.

You will doubtless find that certain of the concerns that produce or distribute photoplays that appeal to you are owned by one man or a group of men and that the stocks of such concerns are not available for the investor.

The common stock of the General Film Company is not on the market (although the preferred stock is held by the public). The stock of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company is so closely held that there is little chance of your getting a share of it. The stock of the Mutual Film Corporation, both common and preferred, has an active market and the shares of

practically all of the manufacturing companies that sell to the Mutual Film Corporation are held in part by the public. Stock of the World's Film Corporation is quoted on the New York Curb Market. There are other established concerns whose stock is available to the public.

It is impossible to advise specifically which company is the best business venture for you—if you are inclined to break into the business. Conditions change so rapidly that good advice today may be bad advice tomorrow.

Any reliable banker or broker can give you information concerning the length of time the various companies have been estab-

lished, their reported earnings, the dividends they are paying and the market price. You can judge for yourself the quality of the pictures produced or distributed.

In general the motion picture industry has possibilities for those who can afford to take a reasonable business

risk. Big capital is required.

If you have only a few hundred dollars, however, the best way for you to invest in the "Movies" is to buy a ticket at the nearest motion picture theatre and get five reels of relaxation—then put your surplus in the bank until you get enough to buy a bond or a mortgage.

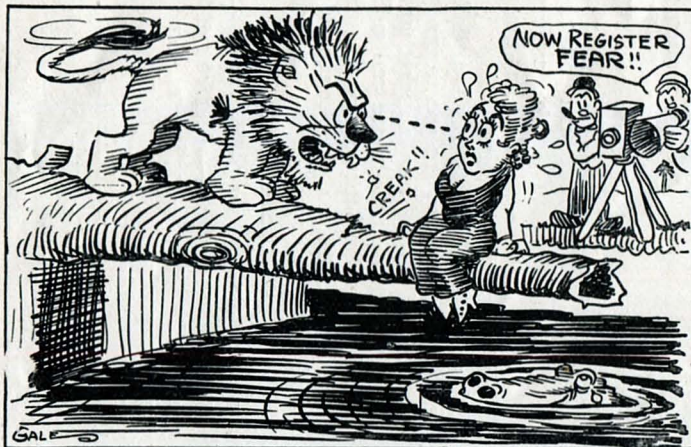
Paul H. Davis' articles on the financial end of moving pictures—of which the foregoing is the second—are intensely and humanly interesting to all, as showing the tremendous struggle going forward for mastery in this great industry; but there is a special and peculiar interest in them for the person with money to invest. The next article will appear in the October number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

THE EDITORS.

"If you have only a few hundred dollars the best way to invest in the Movies is to buy a ticket to the nearest theatre and get five reels of relaxation."



Profane Primer for Lip-Reading Movie Fans



H—! is for Heroine



D—! stands for Director



X—!! is for the Extra Man



L—! is for Location

"Not Guilty"

THAT'S THE ANSWER OF PROMINENT EYE
SPECIALISTS TO THE CHARGE THAT
MOVING PICTURES CAUSE EYE TROUBLE

EYES tired? Perhaps you have been listening to the alarmists and blame the moving pictures.

In some cases the indictment against the movies is well founded, but it may interest you to know that according to noted eye specialists 90 per cent of the eye trouble attributed to strain from watching pictures is not due to pictures at all.

The Medical Times for July collected from eye specialists all over the country expressions on whether serious optical derangements result from a constant attendance of the photodrama, and the verdict of this interesting symposium gives the silent play practically a clean bill of health.

Photoplay Magazine is enabled here, through courtesy of The Medical Times, to present excerpts from authorities on this subject. What faults these men find do not obtain in the perfect film, well-operated in a properly lighted theater.

Dr. J. Morrison Ray of Louisville, Ky., says: "After witnessing moving pictures for an hour I realize that I am suffering from eye-fatigue and I have discomfort for some time afterwards. I have observed others who suffer similarly, but I have yet to see any organic change in the eye that could be definitely traced to the moving pictures.

"I assume that the entire condition is one of retinal tire due to the constant changing of the image on the retina. I notice that I suffer in a like manner but in a lesser degree, when I look out of the window of a moving train."

Dr. J. Herbert Claiborne, noted New York eye surgeon, writes in part: "A great many people have told me the movies hurt their eyes, but I have never known anyone to make that complaint who did not suffer in some respect from ocular irritation, whether it was due to swelling of the lids, congestion, actual inflammation of the eyeball, or the need of glasses to properly correct their refractive error.

"At present I feel sure that anyone with thoroughly sound eyes, not weary before entering the theatre, can watch the movies from an hour to an hour and a half without

discomfort, and even if any discomfort is experienced, it will be only fleeting."

Dr. Dunbar Roy of Atlanta, Ga., says: "The question as to what effect does the frequent observation of moving pictures have upon the eyes is very much like the question as to what effect does the eating of cabbage have upon the digestion. The answer of course is that it affects different individuals in different ways. Each individual is a law unto himself and he must determine whether his eyes can stand this kind of amusement. To say that moving pictures are universally harmful to all eyes is certainly not correct but that they are harmful to certain individuals must be admitted."

Dr. Seth Scott Bishop of Chicago declares the flashing of "leaders" on the screen is the most harmful feature of pictures. He says: "One very serious objection to the manner in which the pictures are projected upon the screen is the presence, in some of them, of innumerable glimmering, flashing and dancing bright spots that try the eyes.

"But the common practice of flashing written letters and printed matter on and off the screen with almost lightning celerity puts the greatest strain of all upon the eyes. It is evident that such imperfections and exasperations are within the possibility of elimination."

Dr. J. Norman Risley, of Philadelphia, writes in part:

"The elements existing in the present process of displaying motion pictures which are most likely to be the source of irritation to the delicate structures of the eyes are, "flickering" or vibration and inaccurate and variable focusing of the pictures, also the relation the light reflected from the screen bears to the visual plane of the observer. To a normal visual organism, the undue effort required of the combined accommodative mechanism and co-ordinant muscular action to maintain distinct binocular vision, may result in a hyperemia of the ocular vascular tissue and reflex discomfort. However, this probably soon subsides after the undue effort has ceased and the eyes suffer no permanent injury."

The Players from Ocean to Ocean



Vivian Rich

THE moving pictures have got El Toro's job in Spain. His temples are fallen in dust, the worship of the bull has been struck from the litany of Castile. Poor old E. Toro! How the populace of Madrid did admire for to see an agile young picador making a pin-cushion of him. Now his day is over.

There is nothing left for him but to go out in the pasture, moo with the cows, and ruminate on the gala past, when all was sunshine and the heart of Madrid was young.

Vivian Rich of the Flying A company recently received a letter from an agent of the American who lives in Barcelona, Spain, in which the writer declared that bull-fights, formerly the great national sport, had been found too tame since motion pictures came. He said that the public no longer afforded support to the scraps featuring Mr. Bull, and he swore in his gallant Castilian way that Miss Rich was a greater popular favorite than the most glorious toreador that ever patronizingly bowed to public acclaim.

THE littlest home-wrecker has been found. He is aiming to disrupt the marital happiness of Pauline Bush and Allen Dwan with his skillful mash notes. Here is the six-year-old villain's billet doux: "I didnt WANT you to get marryd I told you I was going to mary you miself. i don't like you so mush now."

Miss Bush hastened to send a conciliatory answer, a profound apology and a box of candy to appease the indignation of the unhappy worshipper.

DOROTHY GISH relates that when she and her sister Lillian first went to work for David Griffith at the Biograph, they were frightened to death of him.

"We didn't know what his name was," said Miss Dorothy. "But finally we decided that it must be Mr. Biograph. We addressed him that way once, and he never cracked a smile. One day we were in the office, and a man came in and called him 'Mr. Griffith.' We were overwhelmed with mortification and apologized.

"Oh," he drawled, 'that's all right. I'll tell you a secret. 'Biogriffith is my real name. They just call me Griffith for short.'"

SOME cynic is Colin Campbell, head director of the Selig Company.

Said an extra man, eager to do some sort of new stunt: "I have a special little act I do. I shoot myself with real bullets from a real revolver. I want to do that for you in that new scene. Of course it's dangerous—"

"Come 'round for rehearsal tomorrow!" advised Mr. Campbell, laconically.

CYRIL MAUDE, the celebrated English actor, who has just completed "Peer Gynt" for the Oliver Morosco Photoplay company, it has just been learned, was the backbone of a big English syndicate which has secured the famous Imperial Valley pumice deposits in Southern California. Mr. Maude, who has now returned to England, is said to have accepted the Morosco offer to produce "Peer Gynt" as a bit of strategy, which would permit him and his associates to be on the ground to bid for the pumice mines, without arousing the suspicion of rival bidders.

TOM MOORE, who has for the past four years been associated with the production of Kalem releases, left that organization in June, with no other engagement immediately in view. He expects to take a long vacation, during which he will write scenarios and lay plans for several big productions he has in mind.

LOUISE GLAUM, while playing with Charles Ray in "The City of the Dead" at Inceville, suffered an attack of laryngitis, and went into the commissary to get something to relieve it. "What kind of soda have you?" she croaked hoarsely. "Chocolate and vanilla," said the waiter, also hoarse. "Oh, have you laryngitis, too?" asked Miss Glaum sympathetically. "No, ma'am," insisted the waiter, "only chocolate and vanilla."

MARY PICKFORD and Owen Moore were re-married amid the romantic surroundings of the old mission, at San Juan Capistrano, Calif., recently. The former ceremony had been performed by a justice of the peace. Miss Pickford was confirmed in the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Los Angeles in May. The marriage ceremony followed immediately that of Allan Dwan and Pauline Bush. Miss Pickford is now in New York for the summer, to work in a number of Famous Players pictures that call for eastern settings.

FRED MACE, one of the four original members of the famous Keystone Company, after a fling at the producing game on his own hook, is back again with Mack Sennett and his comedy folks. Two years at producing convinced Mace that he could earn more money and enjoy greater peace of mind playing before the screen on salary. Folks who enjoy being tickled will be pleased to hear of Mace's decision.



Fred Mace

And What They Are Doing Today

MAE MARSH, who from a whimsical little mimp hanging on around the studio where her sister worked, adventured up to fame in a series of pictures that stamp her peer of any motion picture actress, has made her first appearance on the speaking stage.

While at the fair with her mother in San Francisco, Miss Marsh attended an exhibition of "The Victim," a Mutual film in which she and Robert Harron starred. In the sudden darkness that followed the end of the run, a ray of light searched the theater, found Miss Marsh and rested. Limned in the spotlight the audience saw the girl, just as though she had hurriedly dressed and come out of the picture to her seat. Handclapping and cheers broke out and continued persistently until the little actress clambered up to the stage and made a speech.

HOUSE PETERS, whose work has attracted wide attention in the Lasky productions, has joined the ranks of the New York Motion Picture corporation, for leading parts under the direction of Thomas Ince.

THE announcement has been made from the Universal studios that Henrietta Crosman and Helen Ware, both noted stars of the legitimate stage, have been engaged, and will be seen in forthcoming releases. The date of their new engagement is contingent upon the completion of present contracts.

MABEL NORMAND opened the door upon a tragic crime recently in her dressing room. Roscoe Arbuckle's bulldog "Luke" was tearing to pieces one of Mabel's satin slippers, despite its helpless squeaks. Diplomatic relations were all off at once, between Mabel and Luke. The slipper's mate caromed from Luke's head, and he fled arrantly.

Two days later Luke crawled from under a corner of the elevated studio stage with a long-lost bracelet, belonging to Mabel. The crime of the slipper was forgotten, and Luke and Mabel joined in an affectionate fade-out.

THE filming of "The Flight of the Night-bird," a Gold Seal Company production, was interrupted recently in startling fashion, when Cleo Madison and Ray Hanford were successively stricken with pneumonia, while at work. Both had been suffering from severe colds. Miss Madison was taken home in her car, and Mr. Hanford was rushed to the Universal City hospital.



Cleo Madison

AFTER four years away from her home town, Chicago, during which she has had no opportunity to visit her mother, Betty Schade has been chosen to accompany the Smalleys to Chicago for the production of a big eight-reel feature in which Pavlowa will be starred.



Betty Schade

ANNA LITTLE narrowly escaped serious injury or death recently, with no camera looking on. There are a number of dangerous crossings outside of Los Angeles, and Miss Little was streaming through the countryside, miles from Los Angeles, in her new auto, and presently came up behind a big traction engine, the operator of which took keen delight in straddling the road so she could not get around him. At a street car crossing, Miss Little saw a chance to flash past the uncouth oaf and his pokey juggernaut. Her car darted forward, and almost cleared the tracks, when an electric car which had been hidden from her view plunged into the rear of her motor. The back of her machine was demolished. She was thrown but was not injured. And when she got her feet she delivered the motorman what is technically known as a piece of her mind.

MOVING pictures, as an adjunct to literary instruction, have been recognized by the University of Tennessee, and President Brown Ayres has closed a contract with the George Kleine office of Atlanta, for the exhibition of a number of the company's most notable films, including "Julius Caesar," "Quo Vadis," "Antony and Cleopatra," and "The Last Days of Pompeii." The subjects will be shown during the month of July in connection with the summer school for teachers held each year by the University.

CHARLES TOY, millionaire Chinese magnate, is erecting a moving picture house in Milwaukee, to be known as the Toy Theatre, which will be completed by the time this reaches our readers. The decorative scheme will be Oriental and highly elaborate. The theatre will seat 450, and is the first to be owned by one of the Chinese race in this country.

TWO members of the Austrian nobility are in the cast of Kalem's production "Midnight at Maxim's." They are Baroness Irmgard von Rottenthal and Baron Hans von Ringhof. The baroness, who has achieved a reputation in America as a dancer, executes two exquisite bits of foot and leg artistry called "Sea Mist" and "Snow Flurry."



Teddy Sampson

A JAPANESE baby was needed for Teddy Sampson's portrayal of the little Nippon mother, in "The Fox Woman," and Director Lloyd Ingraham of the Mutual-Majestic studios had scouts scouring for an infant of the proper size, shape and temper. A number of babies that would have filled the bill were found, but the

Japanese mothers would not lend them for lens-food. Finally a handsome sum was paid for the loan of a baby, and the mother came down to the studios for the three days the youngster was in use, and stood right at the director's elbow, during the taking of the scenes, advising Teddy Sampson just how to hold the precious mikado of her heart.

THOUSANDS have been interested to know who took the part of Florence Cameron, as a youngster, in "The Birth of a Nation." Many who witnessed the film contended that Mae Marsh played the part throughout. As a matter of fact Violet Wilkey filled the role of the child, which Mae Marsh, as a grown girl, carried through to the wonderful, tragic finish.

CHESTER CONKLIN, the Keystone comedian and former circus clown, is the flesh-and-blood hero of the kids who live in the streets near the studios at Edendale, Cal. "Mr. Droppington" is umpire for all the sandlot baseball in the vicinity, and when the game gets one-sided frequently takes the bludgeon and sends a few out where the three-baggers grow, just to even things up a bit.

YOU know those little children of Charlie Chaplin,—the plaster paris and papier mache images of the great and only. Well, they have got their papa into all sorts of trouble and a \$50,000 suit, in which he is defendant. The Gerald A. Eddy Co. alleges that Charlie signed a contract giving it the exclusive rights to make papier mache statues of himself. Chaplin, it is asserted, later made another contract with a New York company, which is flooding the country with the miniatures of the celebrated comedian.

PHYLLIS GREY, the handsome Balboa picture player, noted for "vampire" parts, would not permit even a broken leg to keep her long from the studio. As soon as the limb, which was snapped just above the ankle, had begun to knit, Miss Grey on a pair of crutches with the uncommissioned member in a plaster cast, hobbled up each day to watch her fellow-players making film dramas.

THE Edison company has just made arrangements with Mrs. Fiske to star in a picturization of "Vanity Fair." Through the broader treatment allowed in the photo drama, "Vanity Fair" will be more of the book picturized than was or could be the theatrical version.

D. W. GRIFFITH, since his return to the Mutual studios at Hollywood, has been at work on another multiple reel feature, "The Mother and the Law," which will be the first Griffith release since "The Birth of a Nation" marked an epoch in film development.

LOU TELLEGEN, international romantic star, who made his first appearance in America with Sarah Bernhardt during her last tour, has signed a contract with the Lasky Feature Play company, which will insure his picture services to that concern, but will not interfere with his engagements on the legitimate stage. Although commonly regarded as a Frenchman, Lou Tellegen is a native of Holland. Very recently, however, he declared his intention of becoming an American citizen, and has taken out his first naturalization papers. Mr. Tellegen's first work for the camera will begin at Hollywood, Cal., this fall.

A PERFECT replica of a section of a New York street has been constructed at the Lasky studios for the production of "Kindling," in which Charlotte Walker will play the lead.

MARY PICKFORD isn't Irish for nothing. She went up in a flying machine a couple of weeks ago, in connection with her picture, "A Girl of Yesterday."

When she alighted several spectators pressed close around her, and one gushing young man exclaimed:

"Do you like to fly?"

"Oh, I love it!" responded little Mary enthusiastically.

"But it's dangerous! Oh, why did you fly?" persisted the young man.

"Well, principally," Mary smiled sweetly, "principally because the walking's bad up there!"



Irene Hunt

DURING the filming of an exterior scene at the Mutual Reliance-Majestic studios Irene Hunt lost a tooth which had been loosened during some dental work. All the players had to stop, and the director and camera man joined in the search as Miss Hunt would not go on until the unmoored tooth was recaptured. She said she feared a dog might find it.

"THE ALIEN," alias "The Sign of the Rose," which was produced as a combination of the silent and spoken drama, described fully in the June issue of this magazine, will hereafter be given without the personal appearance of Mr. Beban and his company. After a five weeks' run in New York the public decided it liked the full screen version best. Another victory for the photoplay.

NORMA TALMADGE, who has established herself as one of the foremost emotional screen actresses during her five years with the Vitagraph, has concluded her engagement with that company and is now with the National Film corporation at Los Angeles. Miss Talmadge is to appear in feature productions of five or more reels, made under the direction of Bruce Mitchell.

ELMER BOOTH, of the Mutual Film Corporation, long prominent on the stage and in moving pictures as a comedian, was killed in an automobile in Los Angeles on Wednesday, June 16. Todd Browning and George Seigmann, both well known as photoplay directors and actors of the Mutual, were with him, and both were injured.

The accident was due to a heavy fog. The car driven by Browning collided with a street work-car, loaded with iron rails. Elmer Booth was a native of Los Angeles, and a graduate of St. Vincent's college. He appeared on the stage with Arnold Daly in "The Boys of Company B," with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Cad," and was declared to be the best stage-burglar Broadway had ever seen when he appeared in "The Gentleman of Leisure." He also created the name part in "Stop Thief!" During his summers he worked under D. W. Griffith in motion pictures and appeared with Mary Pickford and May Irwin in film drama. He also was known as a magazine writer.

STELLA RAZETO was approached bashfully by a young girl as she came from the Selig Polyscope studios. "I just wanted to ask you," stammered the girl, "whether moving picture actresses shed real tears in the play."

And Miss Razeto had to stop and explain the science of tear-making.

"Most actresses," she told her questioner, "can command tears at any moment from long practice. Some have to resort to smelling salts with which a handkerchief is usually saturated, but whatever the irritant, from inside or out, they are real tears all right."



Stella Razeto



Neva Gerber

NEVA GERBER, who played the role of a "substitute mother" in the Beauty Company's Mutual production, "The Madonna," is a substitute mother in real life, too. She has borne that relation for over a year to two little orphan twins, a boy and a girl. They are now at her Santa Barbara home.

Miss Gerber sees that Jack and Jill, as she calls them, want for nothing. Back of her pretty bungalow, in the very shadow of the Santa Ynez mountains, there is a pile of white, powdery sand, and, while the star of Beauty films potters in her garden, the children play by the hour in the sand. Barely old enough to know that Miss Gerber is not their own mother, the twins call her Mamma which amuses family friends who know that Miss Gerber is still under her own mother's wing.

IN advertising the showing of "Help Wanted," the Morosco film, at the Princess Theater, Provo, Utah, the printer set up the announcement, "Help Wanted at the Princess Theater." Early the following morning the manager was besieged by telephone and personal calls by applicants for every kind of a position from usher to manager.

At six o'clock he received a wire which capped the climax, as follows:

"In regards to your ad. Provo Herald. Have had considerable experience as cashier in picture theaters, and coming to Provo to attend summer school. Will you hold position until I arrive?"

MARGUERITE LOVERIDGE, of the Mutual company, sister of the famous Mae Marsh, has at last decided to resume her own name, or at least part of it, and she will appear hereafter as Lovey Marsh. She adopted the name Loveridge when she went into pictures and her fellow players curtailed it to Lovey for a pet name. There are so many Peggys in pictures that Miss Marsh, on returning to her own name, decided to retain the "Lovey."

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK, who is working in his first picture with the Keystone company, dresses and undresses more than any soul in Los Angeles—unless there be a mother with a dozen or so small children. In addition to all of his changes for parts, Mr. Hitchcock, who has been seized by Los Angeles society, has to dress for morning rides, afternoon teas and bridge parties and evening engagements. He likes his final costume best, he says—pajamas.



Flora Finch

FLORA FINCH, of the Vitagraph Company has been skirmishing around the Chippendale and Louis Quince factories of late, buying furniture for that new house she has just purchased in Flatbush. Overlooking its unbeautiful name, Miss Finch says Flatbush is a very nice place to live, and while she abhors puns she couldn't escape the conclusion that the natural residence of the avis finch is in some sort of a bush, flat or otherwise. Miss Finch is planning a housewarming for her friends, as soon as she has lined the home nest.

MARIE DRESSLER, who has the largest displacement of all coquettish comediennes, has taken up horse-back riding with an enthusiasm which can only be estimated by the inverse ratio of gloom in the horse kingdom. Miss Dressler was versed enough in horseflesh to pick one out from the cows in the pasture; but a gallop before breakfast or a tittup through the park on a Sunday afternoon was her idea of no way to pass time or your friends. In "Tillie's Tomato Surprise," on which Miss Dressler went to work at the Lubin studios after her sensation in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," it was necessary for her to mount a horse and lope down a country road.

An animated rocking-chair with a dejected sag in his back was secured, and Miss Dressler was helped into the valley between his shoulders and haunches by several of the Lubin cowpunchers. The cowpunchers assisted the start by several lashes across the withers, and Tillie went flying through the astonished countryside, riding as grimly straight as a convivial gentleman walking a crack to prove his sobriety.

"I'm going to take up riding as a fad," said Miss Dressler, while her aggrieved charger staggered off with the hostler. "If I can get a couple of good dogs I think I will ride to hounds this fall."

BILL CLIFFORD, one of the foremost players at the Universal studios for more than three years, has signed with the Quality, Francis Bushman's metro company, now working in the old Universal studios at Hollywood.

MANY well known screen favorites attended the wedding of Jane Novak, one of the Universal leading women, and Frank Newberg of the Biograph at Santa Monica. Miss Vola Smith, the beautiful Biograph girl, was the bridesmaid. The couple spent part of their honeymoon on Catalina Island.

NOW springs onto the screen that fantasy of Russia, whose mother was a leaf dancing with her lover, the wind, on the steppes. Yes, Anna Pavlowa has gone into moving pictures, taking her famous "Ballet Russe" with her. The Universal Film Manufacturing Company secured the services of the incomparable Anna, "after months of argument and persuasion by Carl Laemmle and George E. Kann," so the press-agent assures us. "The Dumb Girl of Portici," d'Auber's grand opera which was put on at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, twenty years ago, will be the—could you call it a vehicle?—in which Pavlowa will arrive at the picture houses. Lois Weber, author and co-producer with Phillips Smalley of Hypocrites, wrote the scenario, and directed the picture which was begun July 3 in Chicago, simultaneously with Pavlowa's appearance at a Chicago summer garden.

JOHN D. SPRECKLES, the San Francisco millionaire, has granted permission to the Universal Film company to use his yacht, the Venetia, during the filming of Joseph Medill Patterson's novel "A Little Brother of the Rich."

WEBER and Fields, probably the most famous of all stage comedy teams, have been added to the workmen in Mack Sennett's giggle factory, in Los Angeles. The contract also calls for the rights to produce Weber and Fields' Broadway successes.



MARGUERITE COURTOT, while returning by steamer from a recent trip south for a romantic Kalem film, insisted she saw a submarine—a perfectly horrible German submarine at that. (Marguerite's French-American). The passengers to a man swore it should be: "Marguerite Courtot first; then the women and children." And Marguerite was laughingly shoo-ed into an outswung life-boat by self-sacrificing passengers, many of whom then got out their cameras and instructed her to "Look pleasant for the submarine." No German submarine commander could have resisted popping his head

out of the sea in response to such beauty's call of "Ship ahoy!" so it must be that Marguerite was mistaken and never saw a submarine at all, as none appeared.

The FOX WOMAN

By Garry Lournemouth

Illustrations by the Mutual Co.

THE TALE OF AN UNCONSCIOUS HYPNOTISM THAT WROUGHT HAVOC IN THE LIVES OF FOUR PERSONS

THE fox is sly; he is soft-footed and steals; he is the symbol of evil selfishness. In rural Japan there is a lore of foxes—tales as old as that old race. The simple and kindly people make images of him and fear him, and use him to frighten the children.

Then because the fox is what he is and some women are what they are, there exists the Legend of the Fox Woman, she who steals men's souls away and scatters her baneful influence broadcast over helpless lives.

In the village of Ito, lying among its rice fields and surrounded by soft blue hills, the Fox Woman was but a name to conjure with, a fanciful bit of mythology. Certainly Sentaro Sanza, the little deformed artist whose delicate painted and lacquered vases had been praised even in Tokyo, considered her so. Sitting on the mats in his little paper and bamboo house, and watching O-toyo, his bride, patter about her work, he laughed the legend to scorn. And at night, when O-toyo took the long-necked *samisen* and sang old songs, for him and for Goruki, her father, he fatuously challenged all the Fox Women of mythology.

Then Muriel Kent came to

Ito. The daughter of American missionaries she represented to the politely astonished little people a very different type from the withered spinsters who had heretofore failed to reap the Lord's harvest at the inland station.

Despite her parents' zeal, Muriel was not a religious agriculturist. In fact it was murmured among the brethren at the Mission House that she preferred the tares of life to the wheat. She had danced. Well educated, beautiful in a cold, white way, and a sculptress of considerable ability, she viewed life in Japan with amused scorn.

The people she scarcely credited as human beings; to her they resembled more a superior sort of ape. A country without tables or chairs, where privacy was unknown, and heathenism reigned was to her dainty fastidiousness, well—impossible. She longed for the time when her father would be sent back to America.

Then she heard of Sentaro Sanza's vases, and went to the little house with its minute garden to see them. When

O-Toyo took the long-necked *samisen* and sang old songs to him.





"O-toyo! Where is she?" he demanded, creeping towards her.

scarcely heard her. She, seeing her lord pre-occupied after the foreigner's visit, said nothing, but her voice was low and flute-like with a new melancholy.

Next day Sanza went to Muriel's studio to pose. And she, looking at his mis-shapen body, conceived a study of a gnome, a malevolent dwarf with face and body contorted by the demoniac spirit within him, and from that moment Sanza became as the clay in her hands.

After that he went daily, and the stated hour of his pose stretched into two and then to three. Blind to the girl's scarcely concealed amusement, he became the slave of her beck and call. His own work he forgot and let it lie neglected for days at a time.

Then as the hideous figure grew under the girl's hands, to O-toyo's horror a new and startling change appeared in Sanza. It was as if his very nature itself were being metamorphosed by

some sinister and unearthly influence. A wicked spark lurked in his eyes, and at home he muttered to himself as he feverishly painted grotesque patterns in which one aloof, beautiful white face appeared again and again. He seemed gradually to be taking to himself the evil attributes of the demon for which he posed.

The people of the village noticed it, and the women with their babies slung at their backs gossiped by the little lacquer bridge at the river.

"What has come to our Sanza, who is known even in Tokio? This evil-looking creature is not he. He has fallen under the spell of the foreigner."

One day in the studio when Sanza had finished posing and the two were drinking tea together, Muriel said suddenly as the whim struck her:

"I wonder how it would be to have a Japanese maid? I've always wanted one. Could you get me one, Sanza?"

The little artist looked at her, fascinated, adoring.

"If you asked for the stars, I would get them for you," he said. "Ah, goddess of the Sun, how beautiful you are!"

The passionate words from the gnarled

Sanza, humble and deformed, bent before her, his hands lost in his voluminous embroidered sleeves she almost laughed aloud. This was the funniest ape of them all.

But Sanza looking up at her in wonder, thought that in truth the Sun-goddess he had painted so often on his vases had visited him.

Because her observation, like her art, was superficial, Muriel was more interested in Sanza than in his matchless screens and fans and tea stands.

"I am an artist, too," she said, speaking in the Japanese acquired during her three years stay. "I model and you *must* let me do you. You shall come to my studio at the Mission House and pose and make me tea, and tell me how to lacquer. I should just *love* to lacquer!" She smiled down upon his awe-struck face as one smiles at a devoted servant, and then resumed her tour of the little house. "Really, your things are awfully cute!"

When she had gone Sanza forgot her shallow banalities and hopeless ignorance in the glory of her dazzling white beauty. Never had he seen anything like it; he felt its power as an intangible but living thing, and that night when O-toyo sang he

and ugly little man were so ludicrous that she lifted her fan to hide her laughter. He thought her merely demure and worshipped more than ever.

That night when he reached home, and gentle, laughing O-toyo met him at the door, his little eyes gleamed with a brutal purpose.

"Tomorrow you go as a servant to the missionaries," he told her.

"But my lord, sun of my life!" She prostrated herself before him, stricken, pleading. "Have I not served you well? It has been my delight, my only desire."

Then the devil that possessed Sanza leaped out at her in half-mad words and a blow, and afraid of this strange being who had once been her husband, she cowered away from him and said no more. That night there were no songs and Goruki, her father, muttered to her in the darkness:

"It is the Fox Woman who has bewitched Sentaro—she of the white face among the missionaries. What your husband commands, you must do, but if harm comes to you from her she shall pay!"

In the morning with a bundle of her few possessions O-toyo clattered beside Sanza to the Mission House. The foreigners received her kindly, but O-toyo's heart broke when she saw the look of bewitched worship on her husband's face. Truly this strange white woman *was* the Fox Woman!

Her slavery began, a slavery the more bitter because she now saw what she had previously only imagined of Sanza's infatuation. The image was nearing completion and he came every morning to pose for it. Then as she worked about the studio, the relations of the two were revealed to O-toyo;—Sanza servile and fatuous in whom something tigerish purred like a stroked cat, and Muriel calm and amused, encouraging his mad worship to please her vanity.

And there were moments when, secretly watching her husband, O-toyo witnessed the full effects of the uncanny power that dominated him. Standing beside the hideous, satanic figure he showed more and more a marked resemblance to it. Where it had once been an exaggeration of his deformities, now it was almost his normal appearance. Bent, contorted, repulsive, the fiend in Muriel's conception gradually possessed him.

And his soul seemed to change with his body. The gentleness of his nature became a snarling fury, and his intense perception of the beautiful changed to a perverted love for the grotesque and monstrous. Frightened and bewildered O-toyo tried to plead with him at first, but the devil in him terrorized her and she became a timid, helpless thing flitting shadow-like about the Mission House.

Morning and night O-toyo served Muriel as a maid, brushing her hair and performing the innumerable little offices that a vain and beautiful woman requires. And hate her though she did, O-toyo found as the weeks passed that she, too, was falling under the spell. Then came horror and revulsion and a new superstitious fear of the Fox Woman that made her desperate, and defying all the traditions of her people, she fought against her fate. She found Muriel in the empty studio one afternoon and plead with her, as woman has plead with woman since time began.

"Oh, free him, free us both!" she implored, prostrating herself. "He is my husband, and the light of my eyes. He loved me once and you have taken him from me. You laugh at him, you hate him because he is ugly, and yet you bewitch him because it amuses you. Oh, Fox Woman, cast the demon out of him, let him go, give him back to me!"



A little figure rushed across the garden and snatched the knife from him.



Then as the hideous figure grew under the girl's hands, to O-toyo's horror a new and startling change appeared in Sanza.

Muriel Kent looked at the pleading, hopeless figure a moment and then laughed.

"Why, you little monkey," she said, "get up or I'll box your ears. Don't be silly. I assure you I don't want your husband. And don't bother me any more with your silly family squabbles. Now go about your work."

Dazed, helpless, O-toyo went. It had all been useless. The Fox Woman played havoc with lives as cruelly and indifferently as a hammer would have dealt ruin among her clay figures. Only Goruki, her ageing father, guessed at the things she never told, and muttered toothless threats against the evil one.

One day after the mail arrived there was much rejoicing in the Mission House and great bustle and excitement. That night O-toyo learned the news from her mistress.

"Early tomorrow morning you may begin to pack my dresses," Muriel said in high good humor. "At last we're going to leave this outlandish country and go back to America where people are human. And

I'm going to take you with me. Sanza said I might, and besides I can't get on without you. It's the chance of your life to see the world, young lady, so I hope you consider yourself lucky!"

A week later when from the deck of the steamer O-toyo dumbly saw the last gnarled, green pine on the utmost blue, jagged rock of Japan melt into the horizon, something seemed to break in her breast and she fought no more. But within there was a feeling as of continuous weeping. Sanza and all the life that had been became blurred like the Shinto temple at Ito on a misty day.

The missionaries who were kindly but could not understand, noticed the gradual change in her.

"Poor little thing, she's homesick," they said. But when after three weeks they landed in San Francisco their concern had lost its casual tone. They took O-toyo to a hospital, and listened with respect to a noted doctor.

"Strange case," said he, "she seems all right organically, yet she is very weak.

The condition resembles chronic anemia, but it isn't that. I don't know what it is."

"Then you think she will die?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

Mr. Kent faced a quandary. He and his party were expected in New York at once, and the girl could not be moved. Finally, like the good Samaritan of old, he left money to pay for O-toyo's care, and resumed his journey.

Muriel was frightfully annoyed.

"Just like these heathenish Japs to die the minute they get in a civilized country!" she said; spitefully. "I'd sooner have shown O-toyo to the girls back home than have had Pa convert the Emperor!"

But though Muriel had been cheated of her maid, she still had other souvenirs, chief of which was a statue of a bent, ferocious little gnome from whose face all the evil in the world looked out.

Then, as the familiar rush and bustle of American life for which her Anglo-Saxon blood had yearned so long, submerged Muriel, her memories of Japan faded into the background. They became a little vague and unreal, like a Japanese landscape seen through its faint blue haze. That by her callous ruin of two lives she had set in motion forces that must some day exact

their penalty of her she never dreamed.

But late one afternoon as, alone in the house, she sat before the dressing table in her bedroom, the pursuing vengeance overtook her. As she looked in the glass she suddenly saw the reflection of a black, stealthy figure which had appeared silently in the doorway behind her. For an instant she sat as if frozen. Then she leaped up and whirled to face Goruki.

The old man was bent and trembling, but the fierce fire of hatred burned in his little black eyes.

"O-toyo! Where is she?" he demanded, hoarsely, creeping towards her, his skinny, yellow fingers curved like talons.

The girl's voice was but a whisper of terror.

"I—we—left her—hospital—San Francisco."

"Is she alive?" He crept nearer.

"Yes—no—I don't know . . . The doctor said she would die. Oh . . ."

Without a word Goruki had leaped, and his claw-like hands closed about her soft, white throat.

With the desperate strength of terror she fought him, straining at his hands and striking him. Except for the muffled confusion of their footsteps and his laboring

"It's the chance of your life to see the world, young lady", said Muriel.



breath the struggle was silent. Then, the weakness of age and the hardships of his long Odyssey of revenge told on Goruki, and his strength failed. Gasping, the girl broke his grip and shrieked again and again for help.

Two men who were passing heard her and rushed into the house, and a minute later Goruki was a prisoner. Panting and trembling in their grasp, he looked at Muriel with awed fear. Again the Fox Woman had triumphed, this time over revenge and the stained honor of his family!

A year passed before the jail doors opened and Goruki was free again. But now he sought revenge no more, but turned straight homeward. The weight of his years was very heavy upon him, and the time was short for the one thing that still remained for him to do.

When at last he reached Ito he went to the little bambo house that had once known so much happiness. Time had taken as much toll of it as of those who had lived in it. The veranda was rotted and fallen, and the mats stained and moldy where the torn thatch had let in the rain. The immaculate little garden was weed-grown, and the circular pool filled with mud.

In an inner room he found Sanza crouched, muttering, with wild eyes and matted hair among the broken shards of misshapen vases upon which appeared again and again one white beautiful face. Goruki told himself that because his revenge had failed, the Fox Woman's spell was still upon Sanza.

He spoke and the younger man leaped to his feet, a haunted and ferocious thing.

"O-toyo is dead," said Goruki solemnly. "She died among the foreigners alone. I tried to avenge her but I could not, and I have been imprisoned like a thief. Our honor is gone, Sentaro Sanza, and there is but one way left for us who are Japanese and cannot avenge our honor."

The old man went to an inlaid cabinet which stood against the wall and took from it two long, bright swords with ancient inscriptions upon their blades, and bronze hilts of delicate workmanship. Then he returned to Sanza who all this time had been standing motionless, his crooked back bent, his head swaying slowly from side to side.

"We of the Samurai," said Goruki, proudly, "know without telling when the

moment has come. Take the sword of your ancestors, Sanza, and let us kill ourselves." He held out the weapon to the other.

But no light of intelligence showed in Sanza's little bloodshot eyes. For a moment he stood as if he had not heard. Then with a sound like no human noise he leaped upon Goruki.

When Sanza rose he looked about him with dazed eyes. The red mist of fury that had clouded his brain so long had slowly evaporated and he was once more the gentle, deformed little painter of vases who had been heard of even in Tokyo. With the dealing of death to Goruki, the fiend that possessed him had fled.

Looking at the dirty, dilapidated house and at the body of Goruki, all the past became plain to Sanza; as vivid as the grisly details of nightmare that one remembers after waking. This, then, was the fruit of his madness: O-toyo dead, Goruki dead, his art destroyed, his home in ruins!

Sanza did not need now to be reminded of his duty.

At a little Shinto shrine he made obeisance and said prayers. Then, taking a short, sharp knife he went out into the garden. At the vine-covered well he drew water and washed his hands and then opened his robe at the breast.

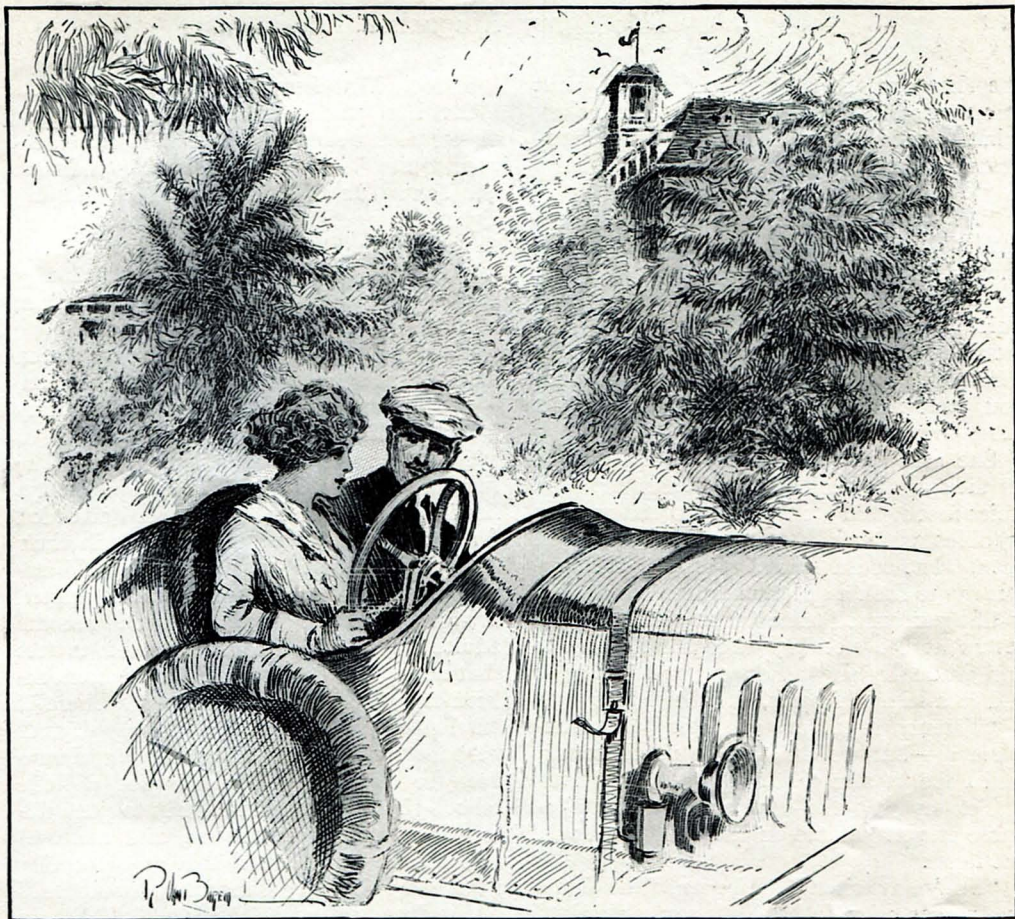
The next instant from the house there sounded the clatter of wooden *geta*, and a little figure rushed across the garden to him and snatched the knife out of his hand. It was O-toyo, worn and bedraggled, and panting with the fear of the thing she had seen.

For a long minute they stood looking at each other dazedly. Then the little wife prostrated herself before him humbly.

"Lord of my life," she said, "I have found you at last. The journey was long and hard! When the foreigners left me I knew then that I was free and that I must get well and come back to you again, and I have done as a faithful wife must do. If you are displeased, kill me, my husband."

But Sanza only stooped and lifted her up. And because his debt to her was so great and his inability ever to pay it so certain, he could find no words. But with her hands in his, and looking into her tired, glad eyes, he humbly sought her forgiveness and renewed his vows of eternal peace and love.

The lure of the Fox Woman was gone.



Confessions of a Star

AN INTERVIEW WITH ONE OF FILMDOM'S FAIREST—NO NAMES MENTIONED

By Orson Meridan

Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

WE were whirling down one of those wonderful Los Angeles roads in a powerful racing car, this little queen of the movies and I. She was at the wheel of the pounding machine, and, as she gazed intently at the way ahead, I watched her quite frankly, with mingled musings of admiration and wonder. I studied every line of her perfect profile, and understood, for the first time perhaps, why famous screen actresses are worth the salaries they receive.

Suddenly she turned toward me and caught me staring at her.

"Do you know that beauty is sometimes a curse?" she asked.

Either she was answering my thoughts, or indulging in some of her own,—I could not fathom which.

"It would be impossible for me to know that," I replied weakly.

She agreed with me by saying nothing. For a long minute there was silence save for the even throbbing of the engine, and

the sharp rat-tat-tat of the gravel against our mudguards as we rounded corners on, what seemed, two wheels. Then suddenly from nowhere:

"When are you going back East?"

"As soon as the 'stills' of my picture are ready," I responded wonderingly, "—that should be by to-morrow afternoon."

"Then if I suddenly fell into a very quiet mood and began telling you my troubles, for sheer want of telling them to somebody, you'd just carry them off with you, and not say a word to anyone out here,—wouldn't you?"

She asked this querulously, imploringly, as though she had already fallen into the quiet mood, and would have to tell me her troubles whether I said yes or no. But then, what could I say? What could anyone say to such a question from such a girl?

She performed some tricks with the little levers at the steering wheel, and the big car gradually slowed down, emitting as it did so a series of puffs, chortles and chugs.

"Tommy hates to go slow!" she explained,—but we can talk so much better, and I feel *so* like talking!"

Tommy was the car. I knew that because it was painted in two-foot letters on the hood.

"You're a writer," she began, "and that's one reason why I shouldn't say a word to you. You'll probably print it all!"

Marvelous girl!

"But if you do write what I'm going to tell you, please don't say that I told you. Not that I'm afraid of anybody,—but I shouldn't like to be known as a sorehead and a malcontent, when I'm neither."

I was by this time in a state of high expectation, and I made not only all the promises she asked for, but also some which I suggested myself. In consequence, I talk to you from behind a screen of mystery, and just to show you how I have to throw you off the trail, I will confess that the car's name wasn't Tommy at all. Suffice to say that it *had* a name, and by this time it was purring along like a pet tiger out being aired by its mistress.

"I said a little while ago that beauty is sometimes a curse," she preambled, "well,—just to let you see how much I mean it, let me repeat it—beauty is sometimes a curse!"

"Beauty is sometimes a curse?" I echoed inquiringly.

I looked at her and didn't believe it. With her wondrous, fluffy blonde hair, tinted with a sheen of gold under the radiance of a mid-day Californian sun, and with her dark blue eyes shining with changing lights as we came beneath the shadows of the road, she could never make me believe it! If there were any curses in the vicinity they were on—but then this story is about her and not me.

"For three years before I took up screen work I was a regular actress," she went on,—"but, strangely enough, only a few of my intimate friends know it. I always used to act,—ever since I was a little girl. The lure of the world of make-believe always fascinated me, and in the schools I attended I always played a prominent part in their dramatics. Finally, I got the old, old advice from my friends,—they all suggested my going on the stage. It was just the advice I wanted,—I did not need it to feel that acting was my career, but it strengthened my position in the matter. There is an element of the Italian in my blood, and, perhaps for that reason, acting has always been in my soul. When I was a little school-girl I loved particularly to play villainesses, and adventuresses, and actresses and all the other 'esses' that are generally supposed to be not all that they should be!"

She laughed, and I laughed. Did you laugh? You really should, for she said it deliciously.

"The folks raised an awful row when I told them what I wanted to do. It was just like a George Ade fable. Father grew Indignant, Mother was Horrified, and Out I Walked. I actually ran away all by myself to New York,—I had some money that I made selling subscriptions to a magazine, and when I got there I telegraphed father where I was, and he came on to talk with me. He was more reasonable when I saw him in New York,—I knew he would be,—that's why I went there. We finally agreed that I wasn't to go on the stage just yet, but that he was to pay my expenses at a dramatic school for one year, during which time I was to find out whether I really wanted to go into the profession.

"It turned out that I did want to go into it very much, and, by pulling wires, I received a small part as assistant villainess in the road company of an English melodrama which was being revived. We trav-



"We are paying you to look yourself, sister,—this high art stuff doesn't go here at all."

eled far out West, and, for the first time, I saw the wonderful country that I was to later have for my setting as a movie ac-

triss. All this time I was acting, really acting. I worked hard at what I think of as my art, and every night when I came off,

panting after my one brief but thrilling quarrel scene with the heroine, I used to stand for a moment leaning against a scene prop listening to the applause that always followed my exit. It sounded so good,—and it encouraged me to hope that some day I might be a really, truly great actress.

"But they were just dreams,—and I was all wrong. I'm a star, it's true, but only a movie star—a movie heroine. You might think that I would have just as good opportunity to act,—but I haven't. In the first place, I may as well be frank with you and tell you the only reason why I've got the job I now hold. It's because I'm good-looking on the screen,—because I have film personality. I'm getting a very big salary for just going on and looking sweet,—my press agent will tell you that I get eight hundred a week,—as a matter of fact, I get only five hundred, but 'even that's enormous money. That was more than Bernhardt got before she took up American vaudeville.

"And the reason I'm discontented, in spite of my big salary, in spite of the fact that I have a world-wide reputation, in spite of the fact that I get nearly a hundred love letters a day, is that I'm not allowed to act. I am used because people say, 'Isn't she a dear!' when I enter a picture. Well, I'm sick of being a dear,—my whole being cries out that it wants to act,—and occasionally when I do rebel and attempt to be somebody other than myself, the director generally yells at me to 'register charm!'—I could cry with aggravation!"

I glanced apprehensively in her direction. She was not crying with aggravation. She had been thoroughly taught not to express any such unbeautiful emotion. I wondered how she needed ever be told to 'register charm.'

"Only the other day," she continued, "I was doing a picture in which I had to read a letter from my sweetheart telling me that he had gone off with another girl. I think if the thing should ever happen to me in real life I would commit a murder in order to best express my sentiments. As it was, I had to stand in front of the camera, and look sweetly sad. Imagine it—*sweetly sad!* My pent-up dramatic instinct could have made me eat nails, I was so worked up by the scene, even though it was all for the movies. They took a close-up of the sweetly-sad stuff, and later when I saw it

in the projection room at the studio I hated myself just as I would hate any girl who would act in such namby-pamby fashion when any such tragedy came into her life. An old lady visitor, who was sitting behind me, observed, 'Isn't she lovely!—Isn't she lovely!' I felt like turning around and saying, 'She may be lovely, lady, but you ought to know how much more you'd enjoy her if they let her act!'"

I was beginning to see where beauty was a curse.

"Then, too, there is the annoyance of having to play the same role in every picture in which I appear. During my brief experience in the legitimate I played quite a wide range of parts, but, for the pictures, it's the same girl day in and day out. Once—I think it was by accident—I received a rather distinct character part, and, thankful that I had been given one at last, I prepared for the role with a vengeance. I was to play the slavey daughter of a poor mountaineer, and, from what I understood of the part, she was supposed to be an under-fed little creature with the stamp of the downtrodden written all over her. For the first time since I had left the old back-stage dressing-rooms I spent an enjoyable hour with my make-up box. With gray and blue line pencils I brought out every pain that I thought should be written in the unhappy girl's face,—when I was done I just looked starvation and tears! Proudly I went out on the floor,—hardly anyone recognized me, and I was delighted because of it. Then suddenly the director spied me, and, letting out an exclamation which didn't sound in the least like a prayer, he wound up by saying, 'We're paying you to look yourself, sister,—this high art stuff doesn't go here at all!' And I had to return sorrowfully to my mirror and remove the masterpiece!"

"But that's by no means the only thing which has been a damper on my acting abilities. A great hindrance to anybody's acting is the system of giving out scene-action slips at the time each scene is about to be taken, instead of giving everyone a complete scenario and letting them see what the whole thing is about. On the professional stage an actor is given his part weeks before the play is produced, then the entire play is generally read to the entire company, and each player is given the opportunity to thoroughly acquaint himself with

the part he is going to do. The result is, that in the case of a good actor, the role is played with exactly the correct characterizations and high-lights, and with a complete understanding of the playwright's development of the idea.

"But with us in the pictures, all the previous instruction given usually is that we are to assemble at a certain place, at a certain time, in a certain make-up. This procedure is rapidly dying out, thank goodness!—especially in the taking of the big features. The new method is to let all the players know exactly what is to be expected of them. By the old method, when we get to the scene of action, we're given a small bit of paper with a staccato description of the action in the scene about to be done. It may be the first scene in the story,—it may be the last,—that is seldom known. Immediately after reading it, if the set is prepared, we rehearse once—sometimes twice—and then enact the scene before the camera. Not even a Mansfield could do a part justice under those conditions,—and the Mansfields are few and far between in this game, too!"

She smiled a cynical smile, and changed the gears dextrously as we took a hill.

"But, as I say, directors are beginning to see the value of letting every actor in the picture know exactly what's what, and the best directors see to it that everyone in the cast sees the scenario several days

before the shooting begins. That's the way it should be, and I think that the directors will get far better results by doing it,—more intelligent interpreting of the roles, and better acting. Even if I'm not allowed to act myself, I like to see those who can be given every opportunity to do their best. Film-land is such a wonderful, wonderful place,—it is like a vast fairyland which has risen suddenly from nothing at all. It often thrills me when I realize that I am a part of it!"

She heaved a sigh,—a sigh of contented relief at having had her say,—a prolonged sigh filled with many of the memories of her brief and brilliant past. I heard again the gentle purring of our motor,—it had been lost to me miles back. I had seen and heard nothing but her.

"What a lot I've talked," she smiled,— "and every bit of it about myself! What a wonderful listener you are,—an actor could never listen as long as that! But I had to tell somebody,—and I haven't a soul out here who would understand. If I should tell them here that all the dramatic instincts which made me act as a child, and which made me run away from home to go on the stage, are now being stifled within me, they'd *think* I was a fool, even if they didn't dare call me one! So don't say that I told you, will you . . . do you promise?"

"Not a word, dear heart, not a word!"

War Films (Inevitable)

The Belgian Mother.

U-39.

The Iron Cross.

Missing.

The Iceberg of the Baltic.

The Grand Duke's Orderly.

The Channel Scout.

Trench to Trench.

The Eyes of the Enemy.

"A Berlin!"

"Deutschland uber Allies!"

"75" or "42"?

Ruprecht of Bavaria.

Rattlesnakes of the Sea.

The Rape of Louvain.

Hellfire from Heaven.

Hate!

The Burgomaster's Daughter.

"Somewhere in France."

Deleted by the Censor.

The Eye in the Clouds.

The Prisoner of Rheims.

The Clocks of Antwerp.

The Old Man of the Lakes.

Prisoners of War.

The Surgeon.

The Last of the Landsturm.

The Stolen Passport.

The False American.

Treason at Headquarters.

Strict Accountability.

The Fog of Death.

Mollie of the Movies

Her Correspondence: Compiled by
Kenneth McGaffey

Illustrated by Maud Martin Evers

FOURTH REEL

Hollywood, Jun. 16th.

MA CHERRY: (*french*, which I am being taut by a German camera man)

I just had to quit Keystone. Art may live long but I wont if I make a darn marter of myself for five \$ a day. I didnt mind being throwed in the tank and nearly drowned nor did I get sore when they poared soup all over my dress and then hit me with a turkey. I was willing to forget thoas little things for the sake of the dramma, but when Rosco R. Buckle was to jump out of a 3 storey bilding and I was supposed to of caught him in my waiting arms, I resigned. That is Mr. Senate told me to get out and I got out and after I got out I resigned immediately all though I dont know weather he heard me. If I hadent of objected I was supposed to catch Rosco and fall backwards into a wash tub. That made me turn my back to the camera, and Clara Belle I ask you how you can get any solefullness or temper meant into your work when you got to fall into a tub with your *back* to the camera. Rosco was consideration itself. He said he would let *me* jump out of the third storey window if I would stay, and he would catch me on the first bounce.

And then, Clara Belle, snakes aint actors. The profession is overcrowded enough as it is without bringing in any more reptiles and that is just what Raymond Hitchcock did. I had no seens with them but the very thought of having them a round upset my delicate nerves. I put Rosco

out of my life because he would tell ford storeys and any man that will do that is not a suitable mait for a woman of genous.

Mr. R. Buckle was all cut up when I quit. He breathed in my ear just before I left that he never, never in all his life enjoyed throwing things at any body as he did at me. He said he could get more expression and e motion ul feeling into a brick coming my way than with any other actres he had ever met. He certainly is a grand man.

I suppose you seen an item in the Grundy Cen. paper that Univers. beauty special pasd through there, in rowt here. My dear, I was down to the train to see them come in. Far be it from me to denounce my own sex, but if I was the other candidates I would insist on a recount. It is not for me to praise myself, dear, but if I havent got it over that whole crowd like a tent for looks Ill go back to murdering the strip tickets.

Now dont breathe this to a soul, Clara Belle, but certain parties out here, jellous of my sucess and the sensation I have made, have been knocking me to the directors. I know the hussy, and when the moon is right I am going to alter her map so there will be no chance for a retake. I do not believe in fighting or even quareling with low comon people. Once a lady always a lady, so be a sured that I will not soil my hands on her. I will just one day wrap a stage brace around her summer furs—cheap cat skin, my dear—so hard she will think she played the lead in a four reel earthquake.



"I will just one day wrap a stage brace around her summer furs so hard she will think she played the lead in a four-reel earthquake."

How are all the rubes back in Grundy cen? my god how I pity them.

Lovingly yours,

MOLLIE.

P. S. I just seen by the paper that— wait till I get that paper to see how its spelt—Geraldine Farrar, the grand opira primer dona, is going to sing for the pictures at the Lasky studio and I am going right out there and accept an en-gaignment if it is ofered me. You know dear I sang illustrated ballads between reels at Grundy cen. and I am sure that the presence of a sister artist there would make Miss Farrar feel more at home.

Hollywood, Jun. 29eth.
Dear Clara Belle:

The grandest news. Miss Farrar and me are working together in the same picture and not a bit of jealousy. I don't know the name of the picture, but it's just grand, costumes and knives and donkeys and goats etc and everything. The seens is laid in some Wop country where colored clothes is popular and you know me in red, Clara Belle. When I came on first time in my costume everybody just quit acting.

As soon as I had of seen Miss Farrar was here, I beat it right out to the Lasky studio and told Peggy Powell I would accept an engagement in her company.

"What you would really consent to work with Miss Farrar," says Mrs. Powell.

"Certainly, even though she isn't one of us screen artists," answered I promptly. "I am a graduate, which is more than she can say. Here is my diploma."

"Line forms on the left," says Mrs. Powell. "Can you play an Eyetalian." "My favorite flower is garlic," answered I and I was engaged for Miss Farrar's support.

Miss Farrar has a beautiful dressing-room right near mine. It has a piano and

everything just lovely and she practises in there every morning. I told Mr. Horwitz I guessed I would have to practice too to have my voice culturvated for the pictures and he promised to get me a mouthorgan. After he had of went away I thought it over & now I ask you Clara B how can I chorckle like a thrush and accompany myself on a mouth organ. I asked mr Wycoff

how it could of been done and he said, "take a double exposure." Percy told me not to sing at all as the light was getting bad. Percy is only a camera man dearie but he has the sole of a true artist and unless he can get a back light on something his whole day is spoilt. I believe I could care for him if it wasn't for his hair—red, my dear.

I was terrifically disappointed in Miss Farrar. She's not like a primer dona at all. That is, she's not like Ide be if I had the praise of 1000ands at my feet. I can see a director telling me what to do. & she hasent even a velvit carpet from her dressing room to the stage.

And her dress. Let me tell you about her dress.

Cotton, my dear, and cheap at that. Will you believe me when I tell you that Sears-Roeback wouldnt know it as a last years modil? If I had her salary silks and satens for me and a gleam with precious jewils to boot and never would I step under a diffuser unless summoned by the director himself. & then if I didnt feel like it I would recline in my boodwar and tell him to change the hair on one of the extrys before I sauntried 4th.

She goes right ahead and does seen after seen without resting. Just one spasm after an other. You know no one of her rank can do that and maintain her artistic poise. & if I do have to say it, in some parts of my chosen profession I am a whole lot ranker than she is. If I would of been her, I would have had a chocolate sunday served me by a livered servant after every big spell



"I ask you Clara B, how can I chorckle like a thrush and accompany myself on a mouth organ."

And as for singing, Clara Belle, would you believe it when I tell you that she don't make faces nor suck in her breath nor nothing to show that she is working at all. I'm a judge of music, as all Grundy Cen. has admitted, and I will say that she has a good voice even though it isn't loud. I know because I was listening to her practice and there was several places where she could of yelled right out but she didn't do it. Maybe she wasn't feeling well, or maybe this is the new school. I don't know as to that, but I do know I was educated in the old fashion yell opera technique and I don't regret it. You know what great artist it was who complimented my vocal organ by saying I had the loudest range he had ever heard.

Still I enjoyed assisting her here. Charity has taught me to be kind to others and help them all I can even though I can't sometimes see their stuff. I don't believe in familiarity so I keep my distance in our scenes together. As I have said, I enjoyed the whole engagement. It was a whole day. When the picture is released, my dear, look for me in the blue dress right behind the Star. I am about forty feet away and there are fifteen people between us and I am faced the other way but if anybody moved out of the way during the picture you can see who it is I guess.

By the way during that scene mister DeMille paid me the most delicate little com-

pliment in that charming way of his. I started to of faced the camera and he said "girly don't do that your back is far more expressive." It was done in that gracious manner of nobelmen and so sincere. For a moment I was thrilled and if somebody hadn't of pushed the mule cart on my corns I might of blushed. Dearie I could learn to care for that man if he wasn't so careless in his clothes. He wears a rough shirt and boots but believe me if I came from the Metropolitan Opera like Miss Farrar nobody would direct me unless he was within his Prince Albert.

I like the artistic air of the Lasky studio. It is so soothing to my nerves. I am in my proper spear and you don't have to jump into no tanks or do nothing rough. And I certainly was the photograph of a lady in that red dress.

I think I will ignore all other and become a regular member of the Lasky company. I know I could get in if the fence wasn't so darn high.

Yours as B4,

MOLLIE.

P. S. When you see me in the Wop picture don't forget to look at Farrar. She don't do much, but what she does is all right, I guess. It must be or Mr. DeMille would of had a retake. Oh why doesn't he wear a Prince Albert.

M.

Ridin' Line for the Movies

By Ralph Coole

LES' go! Pete. Git to movin'!
You durn old lizzard you.
We gota keep ramblin' some old hoss
If we're gona git clean through
The canon 'fore the sun goes down.
It gits some cold up here.
It's nothin' like old San Antone,
Not even a little bit near.

Don't like this rocky climbin' eh?
Well I caint blame you son.
It's doggone fine to talk about,
But doin' it aint much fun.
But you gotta shake your feet, thas all,
'Cause I got a shore 'nuff hunch
That we caint live punchin' cattle
When they aint no cattle to punch!

So we're hittin' it over the hills, old hoss,
And they aint no use to cry.
We're gonna ride line for the movies now,
So hit it up some spry.
We'll never see that gal no more
Down there in the old mesquite,
Or hear that "La Paloma" song
In a voice so frazzlin' sweet

That the mockers looked like tin-horns
And they're some sweet singers too.
But they hushed their song and listened
When she sang. Kid it's true!
But them days is gone forever, pal,
And the goin's kinda rough,
So we gotta ride line for the movies now,
It's tough, old timer, tough!

HINTS on PHOToplay WRITING

By Captain Leslie T. Peacocke



Photoplay Magazine's authority in this department is one of the most successful scenario

editors and writers in the world. Many of the most interesting film features are his creations.

V

IN my first article, published in the May issue, I laid strong stress on the absolute necessity of making the synopsis brief, and so logically clear that any Scenario Editor or Producing Director can readily grasp the main plot of the story. I stated that nearly all scenarios are accepted or rejected on the first reading of the synopsis.

Lately I have received many letters from Editors and Directors informing me that nearly all the photoplays submitted have synopses so complicated and long drawn out that the plots are difficult to follow, and take so long to unravel that the main points of the stories are lost. So, let me give this advice again. Make your synopsis as short as possible, and outline your story so clearly that a child can readily understand the main issues which you want to convey.

Photoplays intended for production in the Summer should be written and submitted in the Spring; and should be mainly "Exterior" scenes;—beaches, parks, and other pretty locations. Make use of the natural beauties of nature whenever possible. Winter and Christmas stories should be submitted in the Fall, and in Winter stories you must depend largely on "Interior" studio settings;—for obvious reasons. Always figure in advance. To submit a Summer story in August is waste of time and energy, because by the time the story would be under consideration for production it would most probably be October, and the beautiful beach scenes you had so carefully arranged for would be impossible to produce until the following Summer, and

no film producing companies contract for stories so far ahead as that.

Many free-lance writers go to the trouble of making scenarios based on all sorts of books, poems, and plays, and because they have gone to the trouble of adapting them into photoplay form, they imagine that some film company may give them real money for their efforts. They have as much chance of selling such adaptations as they would of selling the hole in a doughnut. Scenario writers who are not on the staffs of the producing companies only can dispose of their absolutely original ideas in scenario form. All adaptations are made by the salaried staff-writers, or by the scenario editors themselves.

Do not try and evolve a photoplay from any magazine story you may have read. That is not playing the game, and there will be certain to be others who are doing it and the plot of the story will be hackneyed before you have sent it in. There are too many writers doing that kind of thing, and that is one reason why some film producing companies are loath to accept photoplays from unknown writers. They may be purchasing the basis for a law suit, because the magazine writers and publishers are watching the film releases very closely now, in the hope of catching a stolen plot, and soaking a film producing company with good money at its back. That is one reason why staff writers and readers are employed. If a writer is once caught submitting a story adapted from or based on a published fiction story then there is very small chance of that writer ever becoming

Always figure in advance. Photoplays for summer should be written and submitted in the spring. Winter stories should be submitted in the fall.

a staff writer, because bad news travels fast, and the scenario departments of the various companies are in closer touch than the public might think. Staff writers make changes now and then from one company to another, and they correspond with their former associates and much gossip is naturally exchanged.

I think it very advisable to place the "Number" of each scene on a separate line, in front of each individual scene, and in the center of the line. This serves to divide the scenes better than placing the number at the side and the commencement of the scene, and makes it easier for the producing director to readily grasp each individual scene. Many able scenario writers prefer and stick to the latter method of placing the numbers, but I know that most directors prefer to have them placed between the scenes, because it divides them better.

Write short, sensible letters to the scenario editors when you are submitting your scripts, and you may mention, incidentally, any photoplays that have already been accepted and produced from your pen. Or if you have been successful as a magazine writer or in any other line of literary endeavor it will do no harm if you mention the fact, because editors and staff writers are more apt to seriously consider the efforts of those who have proved themselves earnest workers in the literary field. That is only natural.

You should watch the pictures on the screen whenever you can find the opportunity. You can learn more of the technique of photoplay writing from watching pictures, if you are observant, than you can learn from any book or treatise on the subject. Try and visualize the picture presented, and count the number of scenes in each reel, and try and figure out in how many words you could depict each scene and at the same time make it logical to the director. Remember that the fewer words you use, the better;—because condensation is one of the chief points to be observed in photoplay writing.

Most writers are easily discouraged; more is the pity; and because their first initial efforts are not immediately accepted they throw up the sponge and declare that

there is no chance for the novice to succeed as a photoplaywright. What do they expect? To jump in and make an easy living with little or no effort? They ask too much. Their brains, paper and typewriter are their stock in trade, and the initial outlay is not usually prohibitive. If a man opens a shop or starts in any kind of business he does not look for sufficient returns in the first month or so to enable him to count his profits. On the contrary, he is prepared to count on a loss at first, intending to, by zeal and energy and close attention to business, eventually make his venture pay and to found a business that will be ever growing. Well, scenario writing is a business, if you choose to make it so. It's up to you.

If you have the necessary stock in trade;—brains, paper, and typewriter;—start right in, and don't let the business fail for want of grit and pluck. If you are engaged in some other pursuit, as many are, and only write scenarios as a side-line, then bend your energies to the side-line in your available time. Make the side-line a business, too. It may prove to be a winner; but it won't if you don't consider it seriously.

You must bear in mind that all the scenario editors and staff writers who are at present holding lucrative positions had to make their beginnings the same as you, and that there is an ever increasing demand for writers to fill like positions with the new film producing companies which are entering the field. So there is every chance for the free-lance writers to secure lucrative and permanent positions in scenario departments, and once a writer becomes known as a sure-fire and experienced scenario writer, there will always be a demand for that writer's services.

These positions are open to members of both sexes, and the work is congenial to those who are ambitious. The market for original photoplays has been woefully dull for some months past, owing to the film producers trying to outbid each other in the matter of adaptations of published books and old stage plays. But that craze is already in the passing, as the public has not seen the value of old plots rehashed and thin material padded out into so-called

Free-lance writers have as much chance of selling their film adaptations of books, poems and plays as they have of selling the hole in a doughnut.

"Features" that do not warrant the title. They are beginning to realize at last that the *story* is the thing, and no story can possibly be so good for film production as the story that is especially written for the screen by the scenario writer with a vivid and original imagination. All good experienced producing directors know this to be so, and a mighty hard time many of them have had endeavoring to make feature productions out of time-worn meagre plots that the average scenario writer would be ashamed to submit to an editor. The day of adaptations is rapidly passing, and the free-lance scenario writer is going to find an ever increasing market for his original photoplays.

No less an authority than Mr. W. E. Shallenberger, the able Vice-President of the Thanhouser Syndicate Corporation, and owner of numerous moving picture houses, has voiced his views on the matter in the daily press, and there is no man in the world better able to gauge the sentiment and demand of the paying public. He has announced in a public interview, as follows:

"I think that the conversion of plays written for the spoken drama and of books written not to be visualized into multiple reel features, but solely to be read, has been overdone. Because I believe the motion picture industry is based on an art inherently and absolutely distinct from the art of the spoken drama or from the art of pantomime. The really good screen play is the play written by trained screen play writers especially for that most uncharitable thing in the world, the motion picture camera. The silent drama needs and deserves to have highly trained and well paid specialists writing for it. They should be men in step with big affairs, with ripe experience in life. They should know what 'footage' means, the limitations and the remarkable capabilities of the camera. We need men who can think in cartoons. All too often the present day feature is thin amusement diet, and the story might better have been told in two or three reels instead of the four or five or six to which the original idea has been expanded."

Thus has Mr. Shallenberger voiced the

opinion of not only himself alone, but of thousands of exhibitors;—owners of moving picture theatres—and the producing managers are already waking up to the fact that on the strength of the scenario lies the success or failure of the production. And they are also discovering, through dearly bought experience, that very few stage plays or published books lend themselves to successful adaptation for the screen.

So, there is not the slightest doubt that in the near future there will be an enormous demand for original scenarios especially written for film production. The public is clamoring for logical stories, replete with human interest and full of action and suspense. They want to see natural, beautiful settings; fine, substantial stage settings, and, above all, good clean comedies that do not depend on foolish acting or coarse vulgarity to win their favor.

All this, you may say, is irrelevant to "Hints on Photoplay Writing," but I have received so many wails from disgruntled scenario writers who complain that there appears to be such a small demand for original photoplays, that I feel it to be my honest duty to encourage them not to throw up the sponge. The motion picture industry is going through a certain phase, that is all,—a mere "try-out" of something new, for which some manufacturers are paying heavily, and is therefore, bound to be short lived.

If you have worked out a good practical scenario, with an original plot, you are certain to find a market for it sooner or later. The scenario editor to whom you submitted it six months ago may be more than glad to consider it now.

I had one one-reel comedy that I submitted twenty-six times—to every scenario department in the country—and which was eventually accepted by an editor to whom I had already submitted it twice; but bless his hard old heart, he never knew that. The third time he got it, it probably happened to be timely. So, you never can tell what may happen in this writing game. Take it seriously; look upon it as a legitimate industry. If a commercial traveler visits a merchant

Most writers are easily discouraged. Scenario writing is a business, if you choose to make it so. A man should not expect to count his profits in the first month.

with a sample of a certain line of goods and that merchant does not give him an order, does that traveler omit calling on that merchant the next time he pays a visit to that town? He does not. He makes it his duty to call, and more likely than not he will land him with a substantial order. The first time the merchant may have been stocked up, and the second time he was in the market. You never can tell.

But there is one thing that is absolutely certain. The moving picture industry needs scenario writers—good scenario writers—and there will be a growing need as time goes on. Many are going to make a fair living out of scenario writing; a better living than they ever dreamed to be possible. Why not you?

However, do not be content to submit a script that is not perfectly worked out, into the required number of scenes and a logical sequence. You may have such laid away in your trunk. The plot may be all right, but the continuity may be faulty. Do not try and do anything with it unless you are perfectly satisfied that it represents your best effort. It may prove a big stepping stone. If you have to re-write it, do so. Don't be lazy.

We have received a courteous request from Mr. Russell E. Smith, scenario editor of the Famous Players Film Com-

pany, 213 West 26th Street, New York City, to make it known that he will be pleased to consider detailed synopses of good strong stories that would make four or five reel photoplays suitable as vehicles for their present stars;—Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Hazel Dawn, or John Barrymore.

Also that any good original scenarios suitable for long features will receive serious attention. Top prices will be paid for really big themes and plots, but they must be of the highest grade of originality, novelty and strength.

Mr. Russell Smith always gives quick decisions, and scripts will be safely returned if stamped, addressed envelopes are enclosed. The Famous Players always pay promptly on acceptance.

Thus, when you have a foremost company, as is the Famous Players, openly in the market for original scenarios, you may be certain that all the other film producing companies will follow suit. I strongly advise all writers to watch the Famous Players' Productions on the screen whenever possible, so as to get a line on the sort of stories most likely to appeal to the stars they are exploiting.

In my next article I will endeavor to tell you how to become a "Staff Writer," which is not so difficult as you may suppose, if you go the right way about it.

There is not the slightest doubt that in the near future there will be an enormous demand for original scenarios especially written for film production.

Model Scenario in October Number

The October Issue will contain a complete model photoplay form, including a synopsis. This will be a scenario from which a picture has been made and will be a great help to all interested in photoplay writing.



JUST A FEW SCORES OF LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

A Tip! Bind Yours!

1812 Chicago Ave.,
Evanston, Ill.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I would not miss a copy of PHOTOPLAY for anything. I have all my last year's copies bound, and they certainly make a very attractive and interesting book. Everyone who sees it will not let it go until they have seen and read everything in it. Surely this speaks for the quality of the magazine you are putting out. My sincerest congratulations, and best wishes for a Bigger Future.

MARION FURNESE.

Ouch, Thank You!

4735 North Albany Ave., Chicago.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I think PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE the best in the field but why is it necessary to print the same photograph of Henry Walthall in two successive issues? Why so many stories by the same authors? Give us a change! I think the impressions by Julian Johnson are superb.

LILLIAN CRANE.

Fum Ole Ferginny

107 Kirk Avenue.
Roanoke, Va.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Ed.: I certainly would enjoy expressing my gratitude to the man, or men, who are responsible for such an interesting magazine as PHOTOPLAY. I can hardly wait for it each month. It is the height of my literary pleasure.

Allow me to extend my most earnest wish for its everlasting success.

CARMEN CARLISLE.

Still Here, Thanks

Richmond, Ind.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Please accept this as a small tribute to the par excellence of your magazine. To mention all the good and inter-

esting things contained in it is an impossibility, but as a passing comment, I want to say: "You're there!"

R. D. TAYLOR.

Paeon of Caruso's Countryman

Newark, N. J.

Dear Editor: I am delightful of reading a magazine so elegant as yours, your PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has within the beauty and art so strong, that it maintains from other popular magazines. It has those beautiful beauties as Pearl White, Mary Fuller, Anita Stewart, Helen Holmes, Blanche Sweet, etc. Their beautiful and they possess your elegant PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE of art and beauty. Yours truly and fully friend,

AN ITALIAN READER.

Ripping? Where?

Winatchee, Wash.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: Your magazine is just perfectly ripping. When I see the pictures of the Popular Photoplayers, I think all the beauties in the world must be lodged right in New York and Los Angeles. Ugly persons like me would surely feel out of place there. I wish you all the success in the world with your magazine, for it is the best magazine in the market today.

MAX ROMAR.

Wants Travelling Companion

2817 Lafayette Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Gentlemen: As your July number of PHOTOPLAY has not arrived at my newsdealer's, I am enclosing fifteen cents in stamps to cover the cost of mailing me the magazine. Would be pleased if you would fill the order at once as I am about to leave the city and want to have PHOTOPLAY with me when I go. There are surprises from cover to cover.

NEOMA VINCENT.



This is a little girl who lives in Fleming, New Jersey. She said she wasn't big enough to send a real rose to Photo-play Magazine, and would just enclose herself, hoping the compliment would be taken for granted. By the way one of the best roses Photo-play Magazine ever got.

Wars of the Film-Gods

Russellville, Kentucky.

Dear Sir: I want to compliment you on your page headed "Candidates for the Storehouse," which includes for proscription some very evident nuisances. I think you might add the man who gets into a fight, and finishes with his four-in-hand tie undone and his collar unbuttoned. It is a ridiculous aftermath of violence as wrestling, tugging and so on would only tighten the tie, not undo it. Here's hoping PHOTOPLAY continued success. Yours for realism,

J. H. RINGGOLD.

The Rejection Slip—'s Tough!

584 Ocean Avenue,
Jersey City, N. J.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: It may interest you to know that I am a regular reader of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and rush to get it as soon as it arrives at the news stand. Would you believe me, when I say that I am one of those fellows who think they can write a photoplay? Yes, sir! For the last six months I have hammered out quite a few. Regular every week I submit scripts and regular every week I get them back. But there is one thing all the editors agree on. They are unanimous in their regret that my scripts are unavailable.

R. P. NEILSEN.

Earle, You're a Prince

Hamburg, Ark.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: I surely enjoyed the July issue of PHOTOPLAY. I wish I knew of some way to make it better, but I am sure that it is not in my power to make such a great magazine as PHOTOPLAY any better than it is now. "Our Favorites" in their bathing suits is a fine addition to your magazine. Keep it up. I am also always keen to see Captain Peacock's department. I wish you more success.

EARLE BOOTHBY.

24 Irving St.,
Boston, Mass.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I think your magazine is great. I have only one suggestion to give and that is to have more chats with the players. Hoping your magazine the greatest success, I remain,
Your ardent admirer,

SARA LEVEN.

109 Atkinson St.,
Boston, Mass.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Editor: I received my August number of the PHOTOPLAY yesterday and have read it from cover to cover. I was so pleased with it that I am writing to tell you why it is the best number so far. I will wait patiently for the September number and here's hoping it is as good as the August issue.

DORIS G. HAY.

A New Zealand Rose

Cook Street,
Foxton, New Zealand.

Dear Sir: I have had many magazines about the house, and in fact get a lot now, but I can safely say that there is none to come up to PHOTOPLAY. The last few numbers cannot be beaten. I have enclosed money order and postage for the book. With best wishes from

RICHARD HUNT.

Where Does Cousin Live?

2824 Angus Street,
Regina, Canada.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sirs: I have been reading the last number of PHOTOPLAY and have been so delighted with it that I would like to have my cousin who lives in the United States to read this number. Would you please send her May number? I am only a school girl now, but by the first of July I will be a full-fledged stenographer, and out of my first earnings is coming one dollar and fifty cents for a subscription to dear old PHOTOPLAY. Thanking you in advance, I am,

BLANCHE WOODLAND.

Nothing Rocky Here

1930 McElderry Street,
Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR ROCKS AND ROSES.

Do you mind if "I slide into homeplate with a run" for your magazine? I did not know there was such a magazine until last fall, and then I thought it was more like an aenemic child than anything else. But the child grew up. We tried everywhere to get a copy of the July issue but all were sold out. I thought of a little suburban drug store I pass quite frequently, and they had one left, and how I did snatch it! I consider PHOTOPLAY the best magazine devoted to the movies on the market. No, I don't want any money either. And what is more I rarely pay compliments of any sort. My very best wishes for your future success.

VENIE A. MEYER.

Washington, D. C.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Editor: I beg to be allowed the privilege of expressing my appreciation of your very interesting magazine. I have heard several people praise it. I like it, and I think that is why most people like it, because it deals so much with "behind the scenes" of "movies."

ELINOR GUTHRIE.

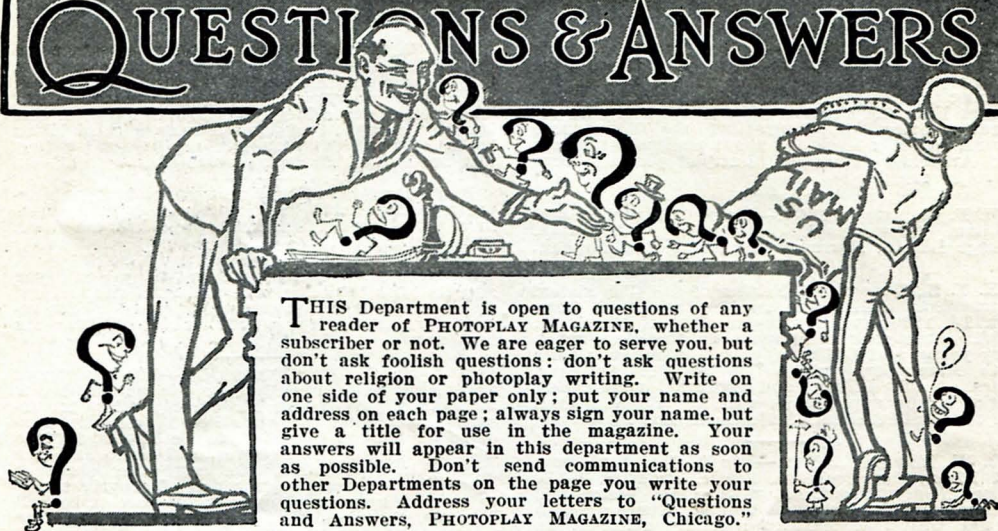
South Bend, Ind.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen: Just bought the August number of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and I simply could not wait to congratulate you on its great success. The pictures are fine, the stories splendid and the "Questions and Answers" simply great. You certainly deserve to be the fastest growing magazine in America.

TEDDIE DE KISSEL.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS



THIS Department is open to questions of any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, whether a subscriber or not. We are eager to serve you, but don't ask foolish questions: don't ask questions about religion or photoplay writing. Write on one side of your paper only; put your name and address on each page; always sign your name, but give a title for use in the magazine. Your answers will appear in this department as soon as possible. Don't send communications to other Departments on the page you write your questions. Address your letters to "Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago."

W. E. G., ROCKAWAY BEACH, N. Y.—It is said that the cameraman is almost as important as the director or the actor; he has to be the final judge of lights and shadows, of what is possible to picture and what is not. This is being recognized by the different companies through the publication of the cameraman's name on important films. In your case it would be a matter of making personal application to one of the companies, just as though you wished to be stenographer or general manager.

P. H. C., DESLOGE, MO.—Norma Phillips is Our Mutual Girl. She is not now appearing in pictures.

BILLIE THE OPERATOR—You have a perfect alibi if you are from Dallas; it doesn't matter where you are now. Honoria Blye in "Runaway June" is Ricca Allen.

M. H., SAN FRANCISCO, like thousands of other playgoers, notices details. The hero who comes out of the ocean with dry clothes is a wonderful work of filming indeed, but here is a new one: "He had no overcoat, until suddenly when he went into the depot to telegraph he had one on, and then when he comes out, just a moment later, it is gone again." Probably due to the changeable weather this summer.

K. L. B., BOISE, ID.—We should like to publish "The Girl Who Might Have Been," but as it is a past release it appears impossible. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE gives its readers the stories of the plays that are to appear very soon after the magazine reaches them, plays that are new and of the greatest interest.

R. V. P., OSTRANDER, O., in writing concludes: "Yours for better, cleaner movies." There are thousands of the best sort of pictures at the present time, and this spirit is sweeping the whole industry.

R. H., WILLOWS, CALIF.—We will not endorse anyone or any company which advertises to teach scenario writing by mail.

P. F. L., SAN FRANCISCO, appears to agree with M. H., quoted above. He says: "When he left the train for a stroll he was attired in a business suit and a cap. Later, after the train had departed and he was trying to find some means of holding it at the next station, he rushed into the telegraph office wearing a heavy balmacaan overcoat. Perhaps the conductor was considerate enough to throw it off the train after him." Continuing, in regard to another picture: "A man went to call on his lady-love. As he entered the house he was carrying a neat little stick. Later, as he left, he had an umbrella. Perhaps he feared rain!"

G. R., WHEELING, W. VA.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is not conducting the popularity contest that you speak of, and therefore can give you no light on what may have become of your votes. We have enough worries of our own.

A JOYFUL CALIFORNIA BOOSTER writes us "that Salomy Jane was taken in Marin and Sonoma counties, in the spring and early summer of nineteen fourteen, a great deal of it near Mount Tamalpais. Parts of Mignon were filmed in Marin county and parts in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. Beatriz Michelena is a neighbor of mine and is just as sweet as she is in the pictures." Go west, young man, go west!

G. E. S., NEVADA, MO.—The cast of the "Diamond from the Sky" is as follows: *Esther Stanley*—Lottie Pickford; *Arthur Stanley II*—Irving Cummings; *Blair Stanley*—William Russell; *Vivian Marston*—Charlotte Burton; *Hagar*—Eugenie Ford; *Luke Lovell*—George Periolat; *Marmaduke Smythe*—Orral Humphreys; *Quabba*, the hunchback—W. J. Tedmarsh.

G. L. S., ST. JOHNS, MICH.—Del Henderson is now one of the directors at the Keystone studio in Los Angeles.

C. M., LOCK HAVEN, PA.—In making suggestions to the manager of the theatre you attend, you are doing him a real service. As a rule theatre men are very glad to know of plays their patrons desire and welcome suggestions. Mr. Bushman's hair is light brown.

A. R. C., LOS ANGELES—Yes, William Worthington is a D. K. E. from Raensselaar. He is with Universal.

NEMO, PITTSBURGH—No, indeed, very few of the war pictures you see are faked. The American people are too well informed to have them foisted upon them. In many instances the photographers secured them at great risk and on several occasions they lost their lives in attempting to do so. The war has had a decided influence on the moving picture industry, as it has practically put an end to production on the continent. The Italia Company announces that hereafter they will take their pictures in this country instead of Italy; Gaumont announces that they can give no lists of players in France on account of enlistments, and it is said that at least 20,000 people connected with the photoplay business in Great Britain have gone to the front.

W. DEMS, LONG ISLAND—Why, don't you remember in Earle Williams' story "Sweethearts," in May, he characterized Anita Stewart as "a chestnut blonde, gray eyed and merry hearted"? She says that he ought to know her eyes are brown.

C. S. M., ROME, N. Y.—It is splendid to be able to buy PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE at your theatre, we know; you never miss going to the movies—the evening that PHOTOPLAY appears. Write the Than-houser Film Corporation, New Rochelle, N. Y., regarding prices of pictures of the Than-houser Twins, and ask Keystone about pictures of Swain and Arbuckle. Probably "Fatty's" pictures have to go by freight.

H. F. G., AUGUSTA, GA.—Herbert Rawlinson and William Garwood, Universal City, California. George Larkin, Features Ideal, Inc., Los Angeles.

X. Y. Z., BROOKLYN—Neither of the Gish sisters is married. Lillian was born in Springfield, Ohio, Oct. 14, 1896, and Dorothy in Dayton, March 11, 1898. Both took child parts on the stage when very young and Lillian appeared in dancing roles with Mme. Bernhardt on one of her American tours. Both Lillian and Dorothy made their initial screen appearances with the Biograph and are now with Reliance-Majestic in Los Angeles.

O. W., MARSHALL, TEX.—Big U, Gold Seal, Imp, 101 Bison, Universal Ike, Eclair, Frontier, L-Ko, Joker, Nestor, Powers, Rex, Sterling, Victor and Laemmle are the Universal brands. There are also special Universal features specially released, as The Black Box.

B. P. H., DAVENPORT, IA.—Undoubtedly you read the Dustin Farnum interview in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

B. B. K., AUBURN, WASH.—We doubt very much whether the film version of the story of your life from the time you were twelve until eighteen would prove a success. It certainly is an original idea, but would it be of dramatic interest?

L. L. O., BERRYVILLE, ARK.—Chester Barnett has been playing juvenile leads in the Peerless Features stock company, releasing through the World Film Corporation.

M. K. S., ST. PAUL—King Baggot of the Universal is a son of William King Baggot, whence the King's name. He was born in St. Louis thirty-two years ago, and joined the Imp company in 1909 after a number of years of theatrical experience. His height is five feet eleven inches, his eyes blue and his hair brown.

A. E. S., YORK, PA.—Mr. Edward Coxen may be addressed at the American Film Mfg. Co. studio, Santa Barbara, Calif.

G. L., SEATTLE—"My chum says that she read, in a magazine for the deaf and dumb, that Chaplin was the highest salaried deaf and dumb man in the world. Does this refer to the silence of the pictures?" So that is the way the rumor started! (No, of course he is not deaf and dumb.)

L. J. D., DENVER, voices a real protest in a letter to The Answer Man: "I am glad to see that they have about eliminated snakes from pictures, but was very sorry to see a movie the other night where there was a large snake, and as though that was not enough, they had to show a child bitten by it. I hope the time is right here when they will never show another picture of this sort."

B. S., DETROIT—The desert scenes in "The Carpet from Bagdad" (Selig) were taken in Arizona, in a part of what was formerly called the Great American Desert.

V. G., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Why don't you address Miss White, in care of Pathe, and find out whether she will answer your letter? Your request for an interview with Crane Wilbur has been noted.

G. J. W., COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—The Register of Copyrights says, regarding scenarios: "There is no method provided in the copyright law for securing protection for unpublished scenarios, synopses or stories intended to be developed into motion pictures. If, however, a scenario has been printed and published, like any other story or other literary work, registration of copyright may be secured by proceeding as in the case of books." You see, therefore, that it is impossible to secure a copyright of your manuscript before it is filmed, unless it is printed and published.

H. S. S., ASTORIA, N. Y.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has no pictures from the "Birth of a Nation" for sale; the Mutual Film Corporation may have some which they will sell, but it is doubtful. The story has never appeared in PHOTOPLAY; it is based on the well known novel, "The Clansman." Address Mr. Walthall, now in care of Essanay, Chicago, and Miss Cooper, in care of Reliance-Majestic, Los Angeles.

L. D'A., MONTREAL—Address Miss Barbara Tennant, in care World Film Corporation, and ask her regarding pictures.

F. T., CANTON, O.—Write the players personally in care of their companies or write the advertisers in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE regarding photographs. Norma Talmadge appeared in the February Art Section, also in the August issue. Your other questions are answered elsewhere.

J. W. J., BELLINGHAM, WASH.—"Who was the cute little actress in 'Under the Table,' L-Ko brand?" Gertrude Selby is the girl to whom you refer. Marie Dressler, who appeared with Mabel Normand and Chaplin in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," has now joined Lubin.

A. A. A., CONCORD JCT., MASS.—Ethel and Marguerite Clayton are no relation; how could they be when one is in California and the other in Philadelphia? Dorothy Gish is about two years younger than her sister Lillian.



Some impressions of an artist who wandered

TOMMY B., OKLAHOMA CITY—Anna Little may be addressed at Universal City, Calif. The post office department has recently established an office there. Miss Little is unmarried.

J. A. M., BUTTE, MONT.—"I feel so far away from moving pictures—the actors, authors and makers—here in Montana, that my only consolation is your delightful and interesting magazine and the questions I may put to you." Yes, Kathryn Williams was born in Butte and went to high school there. Do not send your manuscript to anyone except the scenario editor of some company—if there is value in it, he can easily see it.

W. A., RASBERRY, MD.—You have the names of the actor and the character slightly mixed: Red Joclyn in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," is John Hines.

RAMBLE, MINNEAPOLIS.—"Their One Love" (Thanouser) was filmed mainly at New Rochelle, N. Y., but the war scenes were taken at Glen Island.

G. J. G., TIMMONSVILLE, S. C.—The fire at the masked ball in the "Million Dollar Mystery" was very real indeed. Several pieces of scenery were completely destroyed so that it had to be replaced for later picture-taking, and Florence La Badie was severely burned before her rescuers arrived. Jimmy Cruze was unhurt, however, the only nice gentlemanly way of being a hero. Robert Harron is with the Majestic studio in Los Angeles. The mansion used throughout the "Million Dollar Mystery" was the residence of the late Mr. C. J. Hite, who was formerly the president of the Thanouser Company.

W. P., CHICAGO.—Max Figman and Lolita Robertson (Lasky) have been married five or six years, and Mrs. Figman's maiden name was the one she uses professionally—Lolita Robertson.

LUCILLE, ST. PAUL.—"Tige," the gangster, in Kalem's "The Face of the Madonna," was Robert D. Walker. Harry Millarde played opposite Anna Nilsson in the "Haunted House of Wild Isle."

D. G. D., WILMETTE, ILL.—You probably are not familiar with any of the players in "Cabiria," as they are all members of Italia's foreign company. However, Fulvius Axilla, the Roman patrician, is Umberto Moszato, and his slave, Maciste, is Ernesto Pagani. That's enough, isn't it?

A. G., PLEASANTVILLE STA., PA.—The casts of "Happy-Go-Lucky," and "The Egyptian Mummy" (both Vitagraph) are entirely different.

F. P., ELMWOOD, R. I.—Catherine Henry and Charles Gorman take the leads in "Bubbling Water." We suggest you communicate with Mr. Kerrigan personally upon this important subject as to whether he will answer your letter! Interview Earle Williams—where have we heard that name before? He is pretty busy keeping track of Celestia but we shall do our best.

E. J., SAGINAW, MICH., makes a good comment on the moving picture business: "This is one of the best movie cities of its size in the country. Almost every brand of films are shown here, but why do exhibitors accept foreign brands of films? It seems too bad, with so many good American actors and actresses; surely no one thinks these brands are as good as American made pictures. I should also like to mention the undignified way many theatres advertise their plays. Large circus posters are most unbecoming to a pretty theatre front and they look very tawdry. I do not think it helps the theatre owner very much and they do not elevate the motion picture industry." Saginaw's tall, whispering pines have sent a message.

G. E. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—Harold Lockwood was born in 1880, and is still appearing in the films, now with the American Film Company.

A. A. A., MACON, MO.—(Don't let this happen again: you and your friend above have used up six perfectly good "A's.") When a player is engaged by a company his contract sometimes so reads that he may take part in other companies' plays, but ordinarily this is not the case. The players in many of the feature pictures are engaged on short time contracts for the special production and when it is finished they are at liberty to make other engagements. Francis Ford is married to a non-professional, and the same is true of Miss Cunard. The "snob" in "The Small Town Girl" (which features Pauline Bush) is Rupert Julian.

B. N., ST. LOUIS, makes some pointed comments on the films: "The heroine plunged from the ship and a few minutes later the audience was astonished to see her rescued in perfectly dry clothing. We do not blame the pretty heroine in her desire for comfort but —! In another picture a charming country girl was feeding chickens out in the barnyard, attired in an old gingham dress and the latest Parisian boots! Again, the hero is fatally wounded, but with the aid of a friend, also badly wounded, he is able to walk to the piazza steps where he dies a beautiful death. And imagine a fair heroine turning a pitcher of water on a suitor who loved in vain." But why speak of the horrible, let's talk about lemon cream pie or the new Secretary of State, or Anita Stewart, or, oh, anything nice!

R. H. O'D., WORCESTER, MASS.—Joe Girard is with the Universal.

G. U., SAN FRANCISCO, writes, "Is Charlie Chaplin going to stay in Los Angeles or is he doing special pictures there? He has been taking pictures in our city and everyone thinks it great fun to see him act." Yes, Chaplin has moved his company permanently, as he felt that he was able to do better work in the city where he is most at home: he played in so many Keystone's there. Earle Williams was born in Sacramento in 1880 and Francis X. Bushman in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1885. Address Miss Ethel Clayton in care of Lubin.



J. M. G. TAYLOR, TEX.—Mabel Normand is not married. You will see a great deal about her very shortly in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Edna Mayo is not related to Margaret Mayo.

H. B. N. Y. C.—Ruth Elder took the part of the widow's daughter in "Love and Money." Bob Randall, in "The Wild Goose Chase," is Tom Forman, Betty is Ina Claire. Miss Claire at present is in the Ziegfeld Follies in New York.

L. B. MONTREAL.—Anita Stewart is on this month's cover. Mary Pickford will probably adorn a cover of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in the next few months. "The Goddess" and the little Super-Goddess!

A. B. KENNEY, ILL.—Jack Pickford is appearing in Famous Players' releases, one of them being "The Pretty Sister of Jose." Florence La Badie is with Thanhouser and constantly appearing in their releases.

W. W. NASHVILLE, TENN.—Helen North, the wealthy kleptomaniac in "Stolen Goods," is Cleo Ridgely. Margery Huntley is Blanche Sweet and Dr. Carlton is House Peters. Rather weak ending to the play, don't you think?

R. ST. G. BREMERTON, WASH.—Mabel Normand is with Keystone in Los Angeles. She would undoubtedly send you her photograph if you wrote her regarding it. We are certainly glad to be of service, Bill; write again.

H. F. BEAUMONT, TEX.—Harold Lockwood plays opposite Marguerite Clarke in "Wildflower." In the "Goose Girl," the King is Monroe Salisbury; Blanche Sweet plays in "Judith of Bethulia." "Tom Kane" is Charles Manley, and "Harry Wilkerson" is Harry Carter in "The Master Key." Your "Seen and Heard" contributions were turned over to the proper person; always send them on separate sheets, with your name on each.

E. A. CRYSTAL BAY, LAKE MINNETONKA, MINN.—"The Ghost Breaker" is a Lasky play.

K. P. C. DORCHESTER, MASS.—It is only Chaplin's company of the Essanay which has moved to Los Angeles; the rest of the western Essanay people are still at Niles.

J. E. P. OTTAWA, CAN.—We can give you no information of a specific character regarding the scenario market. Captain Peacocke has mentioned several companies which are not in the market, but the changing policies and wants of the other companies make it impossible to give you information. The best method is to write the companies and establish the personal relation and ascertain from them just what they desire.

L. C. NO. YAKIMA, WASH.—Mary Pickford has no children. Neither Kathlyn Williams nor Mabel Normand is married. You would have to apply at the film company's employment office personally, in order that your application might receive attention.

N. R., REIDSVILLE, N. C.—We will soon run an article on "What They Really Get." Don't miss it. Press agent salary announcements have been known to be exaggerated. Cleo Madison is unmarried; so is Ella Hall. Mary Fuller is twenty-two.

L. K. LOUISVILLE, KY.—Mary Pickford was never married prior to her marriage to Owen Moore; how many years make twenty-two anyway? Her hair is naturally curly. Richard Travers is married to a non-professional.

A. G. L. N. Y. C.—"Who's Married to Who" was mighty interesting but there must be variety in all things. We must build a magazine for everyone and to do that changes must take place.

J. F. J., SAN JOSE, CALIF.—William E. Shay is now with the Fox Film Corp. in New York City, and at the present time is working with Valeska

Suratt in the "Soul of Broadway."

G. V. S., PITTSBURGH—We shall have to interview George Larkin before long, inasmuch as you desire it so much.

B. L. NEW YORK CITY.—Robert Warwick of the World Film first appeared in George Broadhurst's "Man of the Hour," and followed his success in this, in "The Dollar Mark," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and "The Man Who Found Himself."

MISS P., MONTREAL.—Like all periodicals, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's sale is larger in the winter, than in the summer months, but our circulation has been increasing at such a startling rate that the August edition is practically double that of last January. It is on the newstands the first of each month. "How many Answer Men are there, that you always speak of yourselves as 'we'?" Only one, but he prefers the "editorial we."

L. B. AUGUSTA, GA.—You may address Beverly Bayne, at 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. She is twenty-one—a Minneapolis girl. With Mr. Bushman she scored a decided hit in "Graustark."

Y. R., TORONTO.—"I have come to the conclusion that I would like best of all to see and hear more than I do at present of Miss Jane Fearnly." Thought you had gone to the front!

M. M. M., WEST PARK, O.—Some of the past Mary Pickford releases are: "Such a Little Queen" (Sept., 1914); "Behind the Scenes" (Oct., 1914); "Cinderella" (Dec., 1914); "Mistress Nell" (Feb., 1915); "Hearts Adrift," "Fanchon the Cricket," and "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," being the more recent. James Kirkwood has left Famous Players. "M. M. M." closes by saying: "Oh, Mary Pickford, is great. I certainly can not understand how any one can but love her with all their heart."

T. H. B., RALEIGH, N. C.—James Cruze and Florence La Badie are not playing opposite each other at the present time: Mr. Cruze has left the screen for a time and Miss La Badie is still with Thanhouser.

B. F. WASHINGTON, D. C.—Earle Williams was born in 1880 and Kathlyn Williams in Butte, Montana, so you can figure out the difference by subtracting Pacific time from mountain time. Mr. Williams is a brunette.

E. R., WACO, TEX.—Miss Lottie Pickford's husband is a non-professional. There are three of the Moore brothers, Owen, Tom and Matt. Didn't you see the August issue? We have heard nothing regarding Miss Lillian Gish's love affairs, so we'll not take cards on that question.

V. C. VALLEJO, CALIF.—Lionel, John and Ethel Barrymore are brothers and sister. Your suspicions were very correct.

D. R., CAINSVILLE, MO.—Now get this thoroughly—Dolly Larkin is Mrs. George Larkin.

H. L. NEWARK, N. J.—Powers is one of the Universal brands, and may be addressed at Universal City, Calif. Mr. and Mrs. Cruze have one youngster, Julie. Mae Marsh's hair is golden brown.

M. D. M., ALLENTOWN, PA.—John Morning in "The Great Experiment" (Selig) was Thomas Santschi—opposite Bessie Eytton. Miss Eytton is married to a non-professional. Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn in 1888.

J. H., BOISE, ID.—Hazel Buckham is with Universal at the present time. Herbert Rawlinson is unmarried. Many thanks for the comments.

M. W., OAKLAND, CALIF.—Susan, Florence's friend, in the "Million Dollar Mystery," is Lila Chester. Alice Joyce is married to Tom Moore. Mary Pickford's brother Jack is playing regularly and he's coming right along too.

J. C. TORONTO, CAN.—"Little Pal" is Mary Pickford, and "Minty" in "A Phyllis of the Sierras," is Beatriz Michelena.

M. W., TULSA, OKLA.—"One thing I would like to know is, why do you always have a girl on the cover?" Perhaps because of "the eternal feminine," or may be just because it is always "ladies first." However, we shall have to think about it at that, but who will be the Turk!

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B. W., INDIANAPOLIS.—The final series of the Elaine pictures is called "The Romance of Elaine," already being released. There are to be about thirty-six instalments in the "Diamond From the Sky."

A. C., SO. TACOMA, WASH.—Neither Robert Leonard nor Charles Chaplin is married. No figures on salaries are given out, except in rare cases where the salary is a large one, or is claimed to be large.

N. C., SAN MATEO, CALIF.—Bessie Eyton, Thomas Santschi and Kathryn Williams are all at the California Selig studio. Marguerite Clark is twenty-eight.

L. F., SALINAS, CALIF., remarks, "Then the homes of the payers; you couldn't have thought of a better thing than that to please the movie fans, unless it is the baby pictures—they are splendid. PHOTOPLAY always seems to choose an actor or actress that is a favorite of mine; first an interview with "Little Mary," then the lovely Gish girls, then Blanche Sweet and now little Mae Marsh. I am looking forward to a nice long talk with Henry B. Walthall, and also "Bobbie" Harron and Jack Pickford, with lots of pictures." And the "Little Colonel" is the first August article.

K. L., FREEPORT, PA.—Virginia Pearson and Theda Bara are entirely different persons; the former, who is the wife of Sheldon Lewis, is with Vitaphone, while the latter is with William Fox. Miss Pearson portrayed the "Vampire" in the stage production, and Miss Bara starred in the screen version, "A Fool There Was." G. M. Anderson is at Niles, California. Warren Kerrigan's eyes are hazel and his hair black.

J. S., WINNIPEG.—Cleo Madison is unmarried; so is Herbert Rawlinson. George Larkin has recently joined Selig.

C. W. T., KANSAS CITY.—There are schools of photography, but the usual method of learning this profession is by working as understudy to other photographers or cameramen. To secure such employment with a film company it is necessary to make personal application at the employment office of the various companies.

L. L., INDIANAPOLIS.—Much as we should like to do so, we can give you no information regarding the scenario market. The best and most satisfactory method is to get in touch with the various companies personally.

PICKFORD-LOCKWOOD FRIEND, FROM ATCHISON, KANSAS., sends us the following item from a newspaper and asks us if there can possibly be any truth in it: "We don't suppose for one minute that it is true but it is being whispered around among the movie fans that Mary Pickford is about to marry Harold Lockwood." Why such stuff should be published about one of the happiest little wives in America is beyond us. Miss Mary's husband is Owen Moore of the Keystone Company.

W. E. M., SOUTH BEND, IND.—If you have read the May, June, July and August issues of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE you have covered all of Captain Peacock's articles to date. The article in the April issue was an announcement of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's determination to carry no further advertising of "scenario schools," and a statement of its attitude toward them.

J. F. J., SANTA MONICA, CALIF.—William E. Shay may be addressed in care of the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

V. A. M., BALTIMORE.—Mr. Bushman is about five feet ten in height; you seem to be mighty well informed—oh, well. Miss Bayne is with Essanay. Your contribution to "Rocks and Roses," was duly passed along.

E. L. M., OJUS, FLA.—Neither Mary nor Lottie Pickford has any children. Mae Marsh is not married. Ethel and Marguerite Clayton are no relation.

V. F. H.—Selig has recently located a studio at Las Vegas, New Mexico. The Fairbanks twins are thirteen years of age.

A. W., ATLANTA, GA.—"You told 'R. Mem.' to watch later for Ed Coxen's picture. Don't you dare to publish his picture unless you give us Winifred Greenwood's also." All right. Miss Greenwood is Mrs. George Field in private field.

O. M. D., GLOBE, ARIZ.—You will see Barbara Tennent in World Film releases. Minta Durfee is Roscoe Arbuckle's wife—she is a decided brunette, and a mighty pretty one too. Yes, your old friend John Bunny is dead; Flora Finch is not his widow. You will see Marguerite Clark in a new release very soon. Ella Hall is five feet six.

J. M. H., N. Y. C.—The two essentials to success in moving pictures are real dramatic ability and that indefinable quality of screening well. Many people do not make a good appearance on the screen. Your other qualifications would doubtless count for little. Make personal application at one of the numerous studios in New York City.

J. G., FOREST GROVE, ORE.—There are numerous studios on the Pacific coast and you should make application in person at one of them; that is, if the photoplays simply must have another star.

F. H., BELLEVUE, PA.—Earle Williams, Kathryn Williams, Mary Fuller, Edward Earle, Crane Wilbur, Matt Moore and Antonio Moreno are all unmarried.

G. J. W., HALIFAX, N. S.—Betty Schade is with Universal. Pearl White and Crane Wilbur are with Pathe, Wharton studio, Ithaca, N. Y.

H. T. and K. P., WINNIPEG, MAN.—Charles Chaplin is unmarried. If you follow the story of his life in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, all your questions will be fully answered.

B. S., N. Y. C.—Dustin Farnum may be addressed in care of New York Motion Picture Corp., Santa Barbara, Calif.

W. E. C., MONTREAL.—"Cabiria," was produced by the Itala Company, whose American address is 110 West 40th Street, New York City.

A. G., OUTREMONT, P. Q.—"Little Pal" is Miss Mary Pickford, certainly.

E. H., OAKLAND, CALIF.—Next above for the first. You may address Margaret Gibson at the New York Motion Picture Corporation studio, Santa Monica, Calif. Ethel Clayton is not married.

E. G., N. Y. C.—We have had so many requests for Herbert Rawlinson's picture in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE that one will undoubtedly appear very soon.

E. A. H., N. Y. C.—We do not furnish lists of prospective scenario purchasers; though the usual list of studios is contained herein.

C. C. A., LA CROSSE, WIS.—Ethel Clayton is with Lubin.

M. E. K., LOS ANGELES., writes us, "I must express my appreciation of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and I am particularly pleased with the pictures of 'The Clansman' ('The Birth of a Nation') stars in the July issue. Mae Marsh as 'little sister' is simply perfect. I am hoping to get a picture of Henry Walthall, in which we can see his inimitable smile, which makes 'The Little Colonel' glorious. Many of us in Los Angeles have seen 'The Clansman' several times and are still sorry to part with it. I do hope that Chicago people have the pleasure." (Since you wrote, M. E. K., Chicago has had the opportunity and we are making the most of it. By the way, the August issue must have made you a life-long friend of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE!)

R. L. B., CINCINNATI.—We can't have them all at once, you know, R. L. B., but you have undoubtedly noticed how a friend appears most unexpectedly in your PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE when you open it, and one of these days you'll stumble right on to William Farnum.

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E. T., SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.—Richard Travers has been married for several years, to a non-professional. Harold Lockwood and Edward Earle are both unmarried. Gerda and Rapley Holmes are with the United Photo-Plays Company.

A. C., FORT TERRY, N. Y.—The cast of "Commuters" (Kleine): *Hetty Brice*, Irene Fenwick; *Rolliston*, Dan Moyles; *Sammy*, Chas. Judels; *Larry Brice*, George Le Guere; *Carrie*, Agnes Marc; the mother-in-law, Marie Collins.

M. W. G., SHERBROOKE, P. Q.—Robert Mason in "Little Miss Brown" (World) is Chester Barnett; opposite Vivian Martin. Dorothy Gish is at the Majestic-Reliance studios, Los Angeles. Drop the film company a letter of inquiry if you do not hear from your manuscript promptly.

M. AND F. P., PENSACOLA, FLA.—In "The Black Box" *Lord Ashleigh* and *Professor Ashleigh* are Wm. Worthington; and *Laura*, Quest's assistant, is Laura Oakley.

A. H. S., WOONSOCKET, R. I.—The cast of "The Shoal Light" (Domino) is as follows: *Ezra Tucker*, Jos. Dowling; *Obediah Coates*, Roy Laidlaw; *Hettie Tucker*, Estella Allen; *Jim Coates*, Chas. Ray; *Adamson*, Scott Sidney.

F. B. W., VICTORIA, B. C., remarks: "In one scene, my hilarious but ragged Earl receives a typewritten letter from his solicitors. The scenes of this play seem to be laid in a period between 1700 and 1800, and it would be interesting to know how the director discovered typewriting at that early date." Probably the quill was out of order.

I. P., MORENCI, ARIZ.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE can supply all back numbers from April of this year. Chester Barnett is with the World Film Corporation. Your other questions are answered elsewhere.

M. L. P., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are both at Universal City, Cal.

B. L. B., MILBANK, S. D.—Barbara Tennent is with the World Film Corporation, whose address is given in the studio list. Thanks for the suggestion.

M. E., HOUSTON, TEX.—Address Beatriz Michelena in care of the California Motion Picture Corporation, San Francisco.

J. S., HUDSON, N. Y.—You agree, not disagree, with us; we have said all the while that Crane Wilbur was not married, and you back us up. Thanks.

G. I. C., ROXBURY, MASS.—"The Lips" appeared in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the solution followed in July. The answers to the "Eyes Contest" appeared in April.

B. H., DETROIT.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE does not furnish sample scenarios nor instruction sheets in play writing. If you are following Captain Peacock's articles you will receive very valuable advice and information.

B. H., DOUGLAS, ARIZ.—Matt Moore is still with the Universal; Miss Lawrence plans to return to the pictures very soon, and her husband will play opposite her.

E. B., HAMBURG, ARK.—*Stanley Hargreave* and *Jones*, his butler, were both parts played by Sidney Bracy. *Stella*, in "The Dancer," is Cleo Madison.

E. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Alice Joyce is not appearing in photoplays at the present time, but undoubtedly will do so again before long. She was married to Tom Moore a few years ago.

B. G., WASHINGTON.—We understand that neither Francis X. Bushman nor Charles Chaplin is married. Earle Williams was born in Sacramento in 1880.

J. B., EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Mary Pickford has no children. Miss Pickford passed through Chicago June 23d on her way to New York.

M. L. B., BAKERSFIELD, CAL.—Lila Chester has taken numerous prominent roles in the Thanhouser plays. Marguerite Snow has joined Metro and James Cruze is traveling to the Pacific Coast in an automobile.

V. A., OCEAN SPRINGS, MISS.—Mae Marsh and Lovey Marsh are sisters. You know the latter as Marguerite Loveridge.

J. C. C., WATERFORD, CONN.—Harold Lockwood is unmarried.

M. S., CLEVELAND.—"I am sure a four-page interview with our Answer Man—full length matinee idol poses, Rob Roy shirt, and an indifferent attitude—would be read as eagerly as an interview with Mary Pickford, or any of the countless other stars." This is just to show you that it is, as we have always said, a mighty good thing we do not take ourselves too seriously.

M. Z., LOS ANGELES.—Elizabeth Burbridge is with the New York Motion Picture Corporation and may be addressed in its care.

V. C., BALTIMORE.—Norma Phillips was born in Cambridge, Md., but she calls Baltimore "home." She was educated at Mt. Saint Agnes, in Mt. Washington, Md., and also abroad.

A. G., DETROIT.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has no connection with any other publication whatsoever—our entire efforts are expended on giving our readers the one best magazine possible. No, you need not indicate the number of reels in your scenario; in fact, it is better not to do so, but rather leave that phase of the production to the scenario editor. Your Seen and Heard contributions were turned over to the proper department.

I. L., MEDFORD, MASS.—No, Ethel Clayton is not married. *Vivian Gray* in "The Awakening" is Dorothy Leeds. "The Goddess" in a bathing suit—you would have us tempt the wrath of all Olympus.

M. M. M., SUPERIOR, WIS.—In Kalem's "An Innocent Sinner," John, who was murdered, is Robert Walker.

A. S. M., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—*Serge Palma* in "Hearts in Exile" (a World Film featuring Clara Kimball Young) is Claude Flemming.

E. H. G., GERMANTOWN, PA., is a Robert Warwick admirer—wish you could read the letter of praise. "The Face in the Moonlight" is one of his new plays.

E. S., ROCHELLE, ILL.—The Answer Man played football against your high school a long time ago, when he was in prep school—well, of all things. In the "Reformation of Peter and Paul" Arthur Ashley and Morris Foster take the leading roles.

L. W., DENVER.—"The Jeweled Dagger of Fate" (Reliance): *Marion Giles*, Winnifred Allen; *Martin Giles*, her father, Alfred Fisher; *Larry*, George Marlo; *Travers*, Gordon de Maine; *Batista*, Winnifred Bourke; her mother, Rica Allen. Your other questions are answered elsewhere.

M. M. D., COAL CITY, ILL.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will gladly furnish you a copy of "The Trey o' Hearts," in book form, upon receipt of 50c. Cleo Madison took the part of *Hermion* in "Damon and Pythias" and the two latter roles were taken by William Worthington and Herbert Rawlinson.

DID YOU SEE THE GHOST BREAKER? Do you remember the scene at the inn when the Duke came to the Princess' room to steal her string of pearls? In the version the Answer Man saw, the Duke started toward the handbag—dick, he was leaving the room! The censors had cut out the actual opening of the bag and removal of the pearls; we all visualized the part and it merely made a break in the continuity of the picture, and furnished another example of the microscopic censor mind.

C. B., PLAINFIELD, N. J.—*Aunt Josephine* in "The Exploits of Elaine" is Besse E. Wharton; *Wu Fang* is Edwin Adden.



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J. G. P., MCCONNELLSVILLE, OHIO.—If you read in the Zanesville Times Recorder and Signal that John Bunny was dead it certainly was true. Pauline Bush was recently married to Allen Dwan, who is Mary Pickford's director.

E. E., BEACH CITY, OHIO.—Why do we not have interviews with "some real stars like Kathryn Williams, Norma Talmadge or William Farnum?" Kathryn was interviewed some months ago. Norma's story decorated our August pages. William Farnum is on the way. Now that you have brought the matter to our attention in this light we probably will do so—if we can regain our self-confidence after such a reprimand. In "The Rose of the Rancho" Juanita is Bessie Barriscale and Don Luis is Monroe Salisbury. Ben Rolfe and Laurel Pike, in "The Sower Reaps," are William Garwood and Vivian Rich, respectively.

R. D. T., RICHMOND, IND.—There has never been a reissue of the "Reincarnation of Karma," a Vitagraph. Come again.

L. T. D. H., BILLINGS, MONT., and L. W. S., BUFFALO.—It appears that Marshall P. Wilder took the leading part in seven Vitagraph pictures released from January to June in 1912. The plays are as follows: "Heart of the King's Jester," "Chumps," "The Five Senses," "Marshall P. Wilder," "Greatest Thing in the World," "Professor Optimo," and "Mockery."

F. E. P., BALTIMORE.—Yes, Mr. Spoor and Mr. Anderson are the "S" and "A" of Essanay. The mountain scenes in "Two Women" and the wreck scene in "The Juggernaut" were taken at Haines Falls, N. Y., and Milltown, N. J., respectively. The mountain scenes in "The Goddess" were taken at Bat Cave, N. C. All Vitagraphs.

M. P., SACRAMENTO.—In "The Birth of a Nation," Florence Cameron is portrayed by two different persons. As the youngster, before the war, it is Violet Wilkey, but Florence, "your big little Sis," is Mae Marsh.

P. K., KENNEY, ILL.—In "Lucille Love," Loubeque parted with Lucille without hatred or enmity, because he had found throughout so many adventures that she was a worthy foe. He went his way and she went hers, marrying Lieutenant Gibson. There are fifteen episodes in "The Master Key."

G. H., N. Y. C.—The cast of "The Duchess" (Gold Seal): Nora Delaney, Cleo Madison; Squire Delaney, Wilbur Higby; Dennis Delaney, Joe King; Madam Delaney, Margaret Whistler; Katherine Cazalet, Hylda Sloman, and Maloney, the tenant, is Ray Hanford.

E. B., OKLAHOMA CITY.—Frank MacQuarrie and Murdock MacQuarrie are brothers.

A. B. W., HUNTINGTON, ARK.—Mrs. Honoria Blye in "Runaway June" is Ricca Allen. The Clutching Hand in "The Exploits of Elaine" is Sheldon Lewis, and Aunt Josephine is Besse E. Wharton. Muriel Ostriche is with Vitagraph. Pearl White weighs about 130 pounds.

F. M. B., N. Y. C.—Harold Lockwood is an only child; his mother lives in New York City.

A. B., MONTREAL.—In "A Gentleman of Leisure" (Lasky): Gertrude Kellar, Carol Holloway and Florence Dagmar take the parts of Lady Julia Blunt, Molly Creden and Kate.

N. L. B., PITTSBURGH.—Enid Markey (N. Y. M. P. C.) attended three boarding schools in Denver at different times: Miss Woolcot's School, Wolf Hall and Loretta Heights. Perhaps you did attend school with her.

O. B. M., ABERDEEN, MISS.—"Neptune's Daughter" was produced in Bermuda. Annette Kellermann took the leading role, and others in the cast were: Leah Baird, William Shay, James Sullivan, Edward Mortimer, William Welch, and little Catherine Lee. Yes, James Sullivan is Annette Kellermann's husband, and it is with him that she has the terrible struggle in this picture. This is Mr. Sullivan's only appearance in the films so far.

M. C., CLEVELAND.—Certainly, if you know Miss Stonehouse, introduce yourself when you meet her next time. She's a very pleasant lady. From your letter we judge she would be pleased to meet you again. Guy Coombs is with the Florida Kalem Company, the one with which Alice Joyce used to be.

F. T., YORK, PA.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has none of the bathing pictures for sale, as much as we should like to furnish them to our friends.

A. H. K., KEARNEY, NEB.—The cast of "The Link that Binds": *Fergus McClain* and his son, *Donald*, William Worthington and Herbert Rawlinson; *Angus Guthrie* and his daughter, *Jessie*, Frank Lloyd and Helen Leslie.

W. C. A.—The poor girl, *Rosalie Wood*; the rich girl, *Susanna Cross*, and *James Porter*, Rosalie's husband, in "Fairy Fern Seed" (Thanhouser), were Peggy Burke, Ethel Jewell and James Cooley. The two children, of course, were the Fairbanks twins. The girl in "The Girl of the Sea" was Mignon Anderson.

T. S., TIFFIN, OHIO.—Lillian Gish plays the part of *Elsie Stoneman*, the girl from Pennsylvania, who visits in the South and falls in love with the Little Colonel, in "The Birth of a Nation" ("The Clansman").

L. C., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Mary Pickford was born on April 5, 1893. Miss Mary lives in Los Angeles when at home, but at present she is in New York at the eastern studio of the Famous Players. Theda Bara in private life is Miss Theodosia Goodman, a Cincinnati girl. Wilmuth Merkyl plays the *Earl of Basset* in "Gretna Green."

M. N., BALTIMORE.—Anita Stewart, Earle Williams and Charlie Chaplin are all unmarried. It is said now that Chaplin is going into vaudeville in the fall. Who knows?

L. S. B., BURLINGTON, IA.—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are both married to non-professionals.

MARY PICKFORD ADMIRER.—Marguerite Courtot was born at Summit, N. J., on August 20, 1897. She is medium height and has auburn hair and blue eyes, a darling child indeed.

PICKFORD-BUSHMAN ADMIRER.—Mr. Bushman was born in Norfolk, Va., in 1885. Matt Moore is not married; neither is Pearl White. Mignon nor Mary Anderson is related to Broncho Billy.

J. E. M., N. J.—You may address Robert Warwick in care of the World Film Corporation, listed herein.

D. A. N. P., CHICAGO.—In the street scenes of "The Birth of a Nation," the camera was placed at a height of seven or eight feet from the ground, though the precise height of course varied in different scenes. In many of the interiors it was not over four or five feet from the ground. A camera rests on a tripod which ordinarily is about shoulder high, though in scenes where a large crowd must be photographed it is necessary to place it on a platform.

M. W., WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—Billie Ritchie, and not Chaplin, appears in "Father Was Neutral," and the girl is Peggy Pearce.

M. S., OAKLAND, CAL.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE does not furnish information regarding the market for plays except as you find it in Captain Peacock's articles.

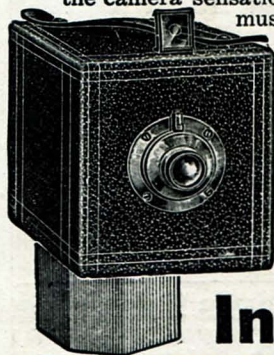
A. M. L., NEW YORK.—In Kalem's "Seventh Commandment," the daughter is Marguerite Courtot; the reporter, *Dick Wallace*, who later falls in love with her, is Tom Moore; *Simon Craig*, who fled from his home and afterwards, in new surroundings, runs for mayor, is Robert Ellis; the traveling man, whose home was wrecked, is Warner Richmond.

B. C. H., PRATT, KAN.—Miss Little's address is Universal City, Cal.

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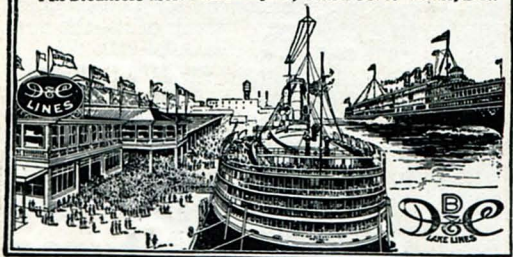
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L. M., BALTIMORE—The little girl who takes the child role in the first installment of "Who Pays" is Margaret Brotherton. Ruth Roland is unmarried.

P. G., CHICAGO, AND H. S., ROCKAWAY BEACH, N. Y.—The Italian organ grinder in "The Bomb Thrower" is Edwin August. There are three series of Elaine pictures: "Exploits of Elaine," "New Exploits of Elaine," and the "Romance of Elaine." The titles of the "Exploits" are "The Clutching Hand," "Twilight Sleep," "Vanishing Jewels," "Frozen Safe," "Poisoned Room," "Vampire," "Double Trap," "Hidden Voice," "Death Ray," "Life Current," "Hour of Three," "Blood Crystals," "Devil Worshipers," "The Reckoning," and "The Serpent Sign." The New Exploits: "Cryptic Ring," "Watching Eye," "Vengeance of Wu Fang," "Saving Circles," "Spontaneous Combustion," "Ear in the Wall," "Opium Smugglers," "Teatime Heart," "Shadows of War," and in the "Romance of Elaine" are "The Lost Torpedo," "Gray Friar," "Vanishing Man," "Submarine Harbor," "Conspirators," "Wireless Detective," "War Cloud," and "The Searchlight Gun." These are all Pathe pictures. Charlie Hitchcock is no longer with Essanay; some time ago he was conducting a school of acting.

L. F., SALINAS, CALIF.—The role of office boy in "The Stain" (Pathe) is taken by Creighton Hale.

B. B., PUYALLUP, WASH.—The different installments of the "Who Pays" series (Balboa films released by Pathe) are: "The Price of Fame," "The Pursuit of Pleasure," "When Justice Sleeps," "The Love Liar," "Unto Herself Alone," "Houses of Glass," "Blue Blood and Yellow," "Today and Tomorrow," "For the Commonwealth," "The Pomp of Earth," "Fruits of Folly," and "Toil and Tyranny."

L. L., MACON, GA.—The leads in "Frauds" were taken by Edna Mayo as Zelda and Bryant Washburn as Kendrick. In "Snobs" Ethel Hamilton is Anita King and the role of Laura Phipps is taken by Constance Johnson.

A. H. S., NEW YORK CITY—In many of Helen Holmes' plays her husband, Mr. J. P. McGowan, now of the Lasky studio, has taken the part opposite her.

E. T., FLORALA, ALA.—In the "Lion, Lamb and the Man" the man who married the heroine (Pauline Bush) is William Dowlan as the Rev. Hugh Baxton.

R. L., LEAVENWORTH, KAN.—In the "Walls of Jericho" (Lasky) Frobisher's wife, Lady Althea, is Claire Whitney.

R. S., MONTREAL—Robert Graves, the renegade, in "The Renegade," is Herschal Mayall; Norman, the Arabian slave girl, is Louise Glaum. The lawyer, Hobart Henderson, in the "House of Fear," is Hobart Henley.

M. T., WEST LYNN, MASS.—The cast of "Janet of the Chorus": Janet Carey—Norma Talmadge; Uncle John—Van Dyke Brooke; Barry Burnit—S. Rankin Drew; Mrs. Jenkins—Maud Milton.

N. F., SANTA FE, N. MEX.—Evelyn, the little girl in "The Winning Hand," is Runa Hodges.

O. A. R., KANSAS CITY—In "The Last of the Still" old Burt is E. J. Burton. He may be addressed at the Selig studio at Glendale, California.

F. N. Y., PATTERSON, N. J.—Little Helen Badgley is the youngster in the "Cycle of Hatred" (Thanhouser).

E. D. G.—In "Gretna Green" (Famous Players), Lord Chetwynde is Arthur Hoops; Lady Chetwynde is Helen Luttrell, and her sister is Lolly Erskine.

E. R. C., WORCESTER, MASS.—In "Hypocrites," the statue which is unveiled is not a statue at all, but is the real Margaret Edwards. Miss Rea Martin (Biograph) is not married.

M. B. M., BALTIMORE.—Neither Marc MacDermott nor Miriam Nesbit is married.

M. M. J., REEDLEY, CAL., writes us something of much interest to friends of Mary Pickford. She says: "None of your interviewers of Mary Pickford have told how on different evenings Mary and Owen walk or motor to a little Hollywood theater, a few blocks from their home, to see themselves and their friends in the pictures. Nor have any of them told how, on afternoons when they get through work early, Owen phones Mary to meet him some place on Broadway or Spring, to do nothing more than go to a moving picture show." Apparently even stars enjoy the humble pleasures of this life.

R. S., BUFFALO.—You will find an interview with Violet Mersereau in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE before very long.

H. H., WEST SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Miss Keller-mann is with the Ziegfeld Follies at present and we have heard nothing regarding her future plans.

H. U. B., ALTOONA, PA.—Address Miss Billie Rhodes and Miss Vera Sisson at Universal City; Miss Mabel Normand at the Keystone studio, Los Angeles.

B. C., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Arnold Daly and Creighton Hale are both unmarried. Sheldon Lewis is married to Virginia Pearson. Contests, did you say? There is one coming that will be the biggest surprise our readers ever have had. See next month's issue.

R. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.—You will find sketches of your favorites—Ella Hall, Robert Leonard, Grace Cunard and Francis Ford—in the other departments very soon. This department does not give you, as a rule, extended biographical notes.

C. S. C., WOONSOCKET, R. I.—Florence LaBadie is still with Thanhouser and she is unmarried.

H. M., ELK CITY, OKLA.—Lillian Gish is with the Majestic-Reliance studios in Los Angeles, and she is the daughter of *Stoneman* in "The Birth of a Nation." "The Lost House," "Enoch Arden" and "Captain Macklin," all by Majestic, are three of her more recent pictures.

V. M. N., SOMERVILLE, MASS.—But how did you like the "Hero Brothers" interview in the August issue? You will have to wait for Jimmie Cruze until he gets back into the pictures.

B. H. N., YAKIMA, WASH.—Pauline Frederick, of the Famous players, took the part of *Donna Roma* in "The Eternal City," by that company. Her next scheduled play is a 'Famous Players' picture, "Sold."

J. C., CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Dustin Farnum has been making a few pictures for Lasky, but now may be addressed in care of the New York Motion Picture Corp.

B. T., ALAMEDA, CAL.—Arthur Johnson was born in Cincinnati in 1876.

J. W. A., N. Y. C.—Rosemary Theby is with Universal; Lillian Walker and Wally Van are with Vitagraph; and Carlyle Blackwell is with Lasky now.

H. W., N. Y. C.—Henry King is with Balboa at Long Beach, California; he is married to Gypsy Abbott, and featured in Pathe's "Who Pays?"

H. K., PORT WASHINGTON, WIS.—The principal director of Gaumont Company is Mr. Joseph Levering, but the company can give no information regarding their French studios on account of the conditions in Europe.

R. LEWIS, MERIDIAN, MISS.—Helen Holmes was born in Chicago. Yes, and the Windy City is proud of it.



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M. E. M., OIL CITY, PA.—William Farnum and not Dustin takes the lead in "The Nigger," or the "New Governor," as it is also called. Edward Jose's friend in "A Fool There Was" is Clifford Bruce. Theda Bara will appear in several new Fox pictures. Dorothy Davenport is indeed the wife of Wally Reid. Jameson in the "Exploits of Elaine" is Creighton Hale.

P. C., BOONVILLE, MO.—Practically all the "Million Dollar Mystery" was filmed in New Rochelle, N. Y. Bryant Washburn and Grace Washburn are not related. Miss Mary Fuller is twenty-two.

B. J., BATON ROUGE, LA.—In Kalem's "Wife for Wife," the sisters, Edith and Grace, are Regina Richards and Nell Tarrin. Earle Williams and James Morrison took leading roles in "The Christian" (Vitagraph).

L. E. A., YOUNGSTOWN, O.—In private life Elsie Janis is Elsie Janis Bierbower; she was born in Delaware, Ohio, in 1889.

M. S. AND M. P., WALTHILL, NEB.—Yes, Mignon Anderson is married to Morris Foster. Molly Ames in "The Crook's Sweetheart" is Gladys Brockwell. Marguerite Snow and Mr. Bushman will be seen in "The Second in Command," their first Metro picture.

C. P., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Philip Hardin, in "The Juggernaut," is William Dunn; Senica Trine, in the "Trey o' Hearts," is Edward Sloman.

H. H., NEW YORK CITY—George Field is one of the directors for the American studio.

C. M. W., SEDALIA, MO.—Miss Edith Storey was born in 1892. The cast of the "Black Box" (Universal special release): Sanford Quest—Herbert Rawlinson; Lenora—Anna Little; Laura, Quest's assistant—Laura Oakley; Prof. and Lord Ashleigh—Wm. Worthington; Lady Ashleigh—Helen Wright; Lord Ashleigh's daughter—Beatrice Van; Ian MacDougal—Frank Lloyd; John Craig—Frank MacQuarrie; Inspector French—Marc Fenton; Mrs. Bruce Rheinholdt—Hylda Sloman.

R. L., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—John Emerson played opposite Lorraine Huling in "The Bachelor's Romance."

I. W., SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.—Oliver Wade and Charles Vincent, in "Man's Prerogative," are Robert Edson and Charles Clary. Harry Anguish in "Graustark" is Albert Roscoe.

H. O., SOUTH MILWAUKEE.—The cast of "Kreutzer Sonata" (Fox) is as follows: Miriam Friedlander—Nance O'Neil; Celia Friedlander—Theda Bara; Gregor Randor—William E. Shay; Raphael Friedlander—Henry Bergman; Rebecca Friedlander—Maud Turner Gordon; Sam Friedlander—John Daly Murphy; Olga Belushoff—Anne Sutherland; Gabryl Belushoff—Stuart Holmes; Ivan Belushoff—Sidney Cushing; the maid—Rhea Van Ola. "The Man of Iron" (Thanouser): Caleb Masters—Frank Farrington; Ben Masters—Harry Gordon; Belle Masters—Ruth Elder, and Mrs. Travers is Carey L. Hastings.

G. D. W., HIGH POINT, N. C.—Elizabeth Burbridge is "Marion" in "Her Alibi." Domino is one of the New York Motion Picture Corporation brands. The address is listed herein.

W. J., KANSAS CITY, MO.—House Peters plays opposite Rita Jolivet in "The Unafraid." In "Pretty Mrs. Smith," Drusilla Smith is Fritz Scheff; Ferdinand Smith—Louis Bennis; Forrest Smith—Forrest Stanley; Frank Smith—Owen Moore, and Letitia Proudfoot is Leila Bliss. Aunt Jinny, in "The Nigger," is Gertrude Clemons, and Georgia Byrd, Col. Phil Morrow's sweetheart, is Claire Whitney.

A. H., BALTIMORE, MD.—The cast of "Tess of the Storm Country": Tessibel Skinner is Miss Mary Pickford; Myra Longman—Lorraine Thompson; Teola Graves—Olive Golden; Old Mother Moll—Louise Dunlap; Ben Letts—Richard Garrick; Daddy Skinner—David Hartford; Elias Graves—W. R. Walters; Frederick Graves—Harold Lockwood, and Dan Jordan is Jack Henry.

M. M., ROXBURY, MASS.—Rosemary Theby is married to a non-professional.

T. F. P., VANCOUVER.—Jo in "The Awakening," is Anita Stewart. Bob Randall and Betty Wright in "The Wild Goose Chase" (Lasky), are Tom Forman and Ina Claire.

R. R., DALLAS, TEX.—Address Dorothy Gish at the Majestic-Reliance studios, Los Angeles.

J. G., HILLSDALE, MICH.—Helen Wolcott is with Universal, and Jean Southern with Fox films, appearing in "The Hunchback," recently filmed in Montreal.

T. W., N. Y. C.—House Peters has left Lasky and is now with the New York Motion Picture Corp.

Z. G., SAN ANTONIO, TEX., asks, "But do you think it fair that the companies or some of them refuse to read the beginners' scripts? How can they learn? How did the present writers get their present positions in the motion picture field? Do they forget that they were the beginners of yesterday?" All of which is very true, and brings out one of the sad features of the so-called scenario school humbug. It is because so many people of absolutely no talent whatever have been lured into work, of which they know nothing and for which they have no bent, that the companies have refused to read these scripts. Normally, the editorial departments are glad to read outside manuscripts, as they are always on the lookout for merit, but the market has been flooded with such a torrent of worthless trash that they feel, at present, that it is wasted time to wade through the daily offering; they forego the needle because of the haystack.

J. M. B., MANNINGTON, W. VA.—Miss Ethel Grandin is the wife of Mr. Smallwood, of the Smallwood Films.

L. F., SALINAS, CALIF.—The Little Colonel, Henry Walthall, is married.

N. K., MURRAY BAY, CAN.—Blanche Sweet is with Lasky studio in Hollywood, Calif.

H. O. K., EAST MAUCH CHUNK, PA.—Mary Pickford took the leading role in "Fanchon the Cricket" (Famous Players); her lover is Jack Standing, and this young man's former sweetheart is Lottie Pickford. Gertrude Norman is Fanchon's grandmother, Richard Lee is the brother of Fanchon's sweetheart, and Russell Bassett is his father.

B. F., KANSAS CITY.—In the "Odyssey of the North," Naass is Hobart Bosworth; Unga is Rhea Haines and Ael Gunderson is Gordon Sackville. Adele Farrington appears in "The Closing Chapter" (Universal released July 11th), in the part of Martha Walker.

G. M. L., SAN FRANCISCO, and M. F. L., MONTCLAIR, N. J.—"The Unafraid" (Lasky) was filmed in California and the cast is as follows: *Delight Warren*—Rita Jolivet; *Stefan Balsic*—House Peters; *Michael Balsic*—Page Peters; *Jack McCarthy*—Billy Elmer; *Danilo*—Lesandra—Lawrence Peyton; *The Secret Agent*—Theodore Roberts; *Joseph*—Al Ernest Garcia; *Irenya*—Marjorie Daw; *Bosnian valet*—Raymond Hatton; *the Countess Novna*—Gertrude Kellar.

J. F. H., CLEVELAND.—Billie Ritchie is at Universal City.

M. C., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—Grace and Mina Cunard are sisters, Miss Cunard being twenty-four and Miss Mina twenty years of age.

M. D., CROOKSTON, MINN.—Address Miss Clark care of the Famous Players' New York office.

N. Y. YORKVILLE.—Ruth Stonehouse is married to Mr. Joseph Roach of the scenario department of Essanay.

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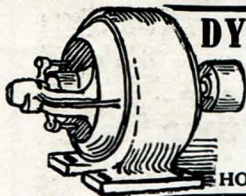
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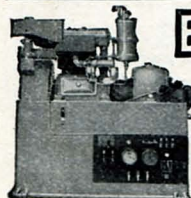
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Q. R. S., FERGUS FALLS, MINN.—The Lubin Company advised us sometime ago that they would be glad to mail a sample scenario to anyone enclosing a two cent stamp for postage. There'll be one in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY anyhow.

A. D'E. S., N. Y. C.—We cannot endorse any correspondence school of acting; nor do we accept their advertising. We feel it would be advising our readers to throw their money away, and a publication's first duty is to its readers.

A. N., ST. LOUIS.—As much as we should like to do so, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is unable to supply readers with pictures of players. Write to advertisers, to the players personally or to the company with which they are playing.

M. C. D., STOCKTON, CAL.—No, the American releases through the Mutual and not Paramount Program.

L. H., SAN FRANCISCO, wants a picture of Crane Wilbur's boyhood home in Athens, N. Y., and a picture of his bungalow in Jersey City; and then "a picture of Mr. Wilbur, smiling one of his big, good-natured smiles."

STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give below a number of the principal ones:

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. Co., Mecca Bldg., New York City or University City, Calif.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J., or 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City.

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 213 West 26th St., New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York City; Jacksonville, Fla., or Hollywood, Calif.

LUBIN MFG. Co., Indiana and Twentieth, Philadelphia.

MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, 71 West 23d St., New York City.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 120 West 41st St., New York City, or Hollywood, Calif.

SELIG POLYSCOPE Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago, or Glendale, Calif.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, East 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y.

BOSWORTH, INC., 220 West 42d St., New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

MAJESTIC-RELIANCE, 29 Union Square, New York City, or Los Angeles, Calif.

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, or Niles, Calif.

KEYSTONE FILM COMPANY, 1712 Alameda St., Los Angeles, Calif.

UNITED PHOTO-PLAYS Co., 29 South La Salle St., Chicago.

BIOGRAPH COMPANY, 807 East 175th St., New York City.

N. Y. MOTION PICTURE CORP., Santa Monica, Calif.

CALIFORNIA MOTION PICTURE CORPORATION, San Francisco.

GAUMONT COMPANY, 110 West 49th St., New York City.

WORLD FILM CORPORATION, 130 West 46th St., New York City.

GEORGE KLEINE, INC., 166 North State St., Chicago.

FOX FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago, or Santa Barbara, Calif.

Casts of Stories from Films in This Issue

Vitagraph

THE STORY OF MADAME BARASTOFF

General Alec Barastoff	John Costello
Constance, his wife	Edna Holland
Lieut. Kauvar	Gladden James
Capt. Kauvar, his brother	Claude James
Gen. Scarpava	James Lewis
Ivan, Barastoff's servant	Roland Osborne

William A. Brady—World Film THE CUB

Alice Renlow	Martha Hedman
Steve Oldham	John Hines
Capt. White	Robert Cummings
Becky King	Jessie Lewis
Stark White	Bert Starkey
Peggy White	Dorothy Farnum

Mutual Masterpiece THE FOX WOMAN

The Fox Woman	Signe Auen
The Artist	Elmer Clifton
Jewel, his wife	Teddy Sampson
Her Father	Bert Hadley

Selig

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

Jack Glenarm	Harry Mestayer
Marian Evans	Grace Darmond
Arthur Pickering	John Charles
Squire Glenarm	George Bachus
Bates	Forrest Robinson
Larry Donovan	Edgar Nelson
Don Jose	Effingham Pinto
Theresa Evans	Emma Glenwood
Olivia Evans	Gladys Samms
Carmen	Mary Robson

Famous Players THE SEVEN SISTERS

Klara	Madge Evans
Liza	Dorothea Camden
Terka	Georgia Furnstman
Mici	Marguerite Clark
Ella	Jean Stewart
Sari	I. Feder
Katrinka	Lola Barclay
Horkoy	Conway Tearle
Toni	George Renevant
Gida	Mayne Lynton
Sandorffy	Sydney Mason
Innkeeper	Charles Kraus
Mother	Mme. C. Dalburg
Bertha	Marjorie Nelson
Baron Rodvian	Edward Mordant
Servant	Dick Lee
Innkeeper's Wife	Lizzie Goode

Lasky

THE FIGHTING HOPE

Robert Granger	George Gebhardt
Anna Granger, his wife	Laura Hope Crews
Robert H. Granger	Gerald Ward
Burton Temple	Thomas Meighan
Craven	Richard Morris
Miss Gorham	Florence Smythe
Cornelius Brady	Theodore Roberts
Rose Fanchon	Cleo Ridgley
Detective Clark	Tom Forman
Detective Fletcher	Billy Elmer

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WHEN THE LIGHT CAME IN

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May	Justina Huff
Tom	Joseph Kaufman
The Boy	Jack McCloskey

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